





Robert Aitchison





HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS

OF THE

ADRIATIC,

INCLUDING

DALMATIA, CROATIA, AND THE SOUTHERN PROVINCES
OF THE AUSTRIAN EMPIRE.

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Cathedral of Zara

IN TWO VOLUMES WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

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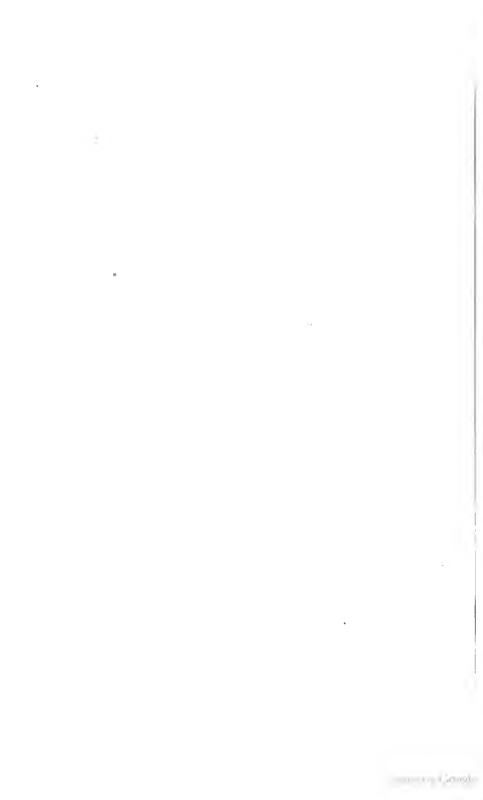
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THE
HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS
OF
THE ADRIATIC.

CHAPTER I.

THE DALMATIAN HIGHLANDS.

At length the hour came when I was to quit Spalato, as mountain travelling was not only unlikely to be attended with inclement weather, but bore every promise of being agreeable. I had no intention of crossing the high inland chains of Bosnia, for which a more advanced season is requisite. Carrara and other kind friends accompanied me to Salona, where, after a simple repast at our old haunt of the "Famous Fowler," a few toasts were drunk to the hope of meeting again, and I took farewell of those kind friends with whom I had passed so many happy and instructive hours. It was on the corner tower of Salona that we exchanged our last adieu; and, as I looked

back out of the carriage, with my eyes suffused with tears, I saw the little band, with their handkerchiefs tied to their sticks, waving me a prosperous journey.

Often, on standing on the hill above Spalato, I had cast my eyes across the gulf of Salona to the snowy heights of Caprarius, longing to plunge into the heart of the Highlands of Dalmatia, and penetrate to those fastnesses of antiquated manners, of which I had heard such curious accounts; and as the carriage slowly ascended the steep zig-zag road above Salona, the feeling that the hour of accomplishment was at hand reconciled me to the lively regret I felt at quitting Spalato and its kind inhabitants.

After a long and tedious ascent, a break in the chain was seen above me, and in the intervening space a castle, situated on a point of rock that commanded the pass over the mountain. This was Clissa, retained by the Turks from 1521, while the Venetians scarce dared to go out of Spalato, and considered of the greatest importance from its commanding position; but at length taken, in 1647, by the valour of Leonardo Foscolo, the Venetian general. The view from the platform that looks to the Adriatic is truly stupendous. Dalmatia Felix, with its groves and rills, is at the feet of the spectator; the spearhead-shaped peninsula of Spalato shoots between the placid gulf of Salona and the dancing Adriatic. A confusion of sea and

land, jutting cape and indented bay, form the Archipelago that fills up all the space to the distant western horizon. The campanile of Spalato, tapering like a tiny needle, appeared a mere speck in the realised chart that expanded itself to my view, and reminded me of what an eye-sore it had been to the Turks for above 120 years.

This proud and valiant nation held in its iron grasp all the lands from the Caspian to the Adriatic, save and except a few narrow townships scattered along this coast of Dalmatia, accessible to Venetian galleys. Often, when the voice of the Muezzin of this fortress of Clissa calling to prayer sounded at even-tide, was it said that this haughty campanile would give forth the summons to the worship of their only God; and, with the Moslem world at their back, well might Spalato seem contemptible from this commanding height: but the wished-for hour never came; and in 1647, yielding to the valour of Foscolo, the garrison surrendered on condition of a free passage to Bosnia without their arms. A thousand souls, men, women, and children, saw this fair prospect for the last time; and scarce had they passed out of the gate between a double file of Venetian soldiers and infuriated Dalmatians, when the latter, shamefully disregarding the articles of capitulation, commenced an indiscriminate massacre of the unarmed Turks. Foscolo, touched in the tenderest point of honour, flew to arms; but a half of those unhappy beings

had already fallen a sacrifice. The rest got to Livno, where a family to this day takes the surname of Clissa Capitan.

After seeing the fortress, the Turkish character of which has disappeared in unpicturesque modern fortifications, I re-entered the carriage, and, turning my back on the coast, found myself rapidly traversing the plateau of Caprarius. The yellow gravel of an excellent smooth road formed a distinct line on a wide table-land of blue-grey porous rocks. I had left Salona basking in the mildness of approaching summer; here the chill, clear air, although exhilarating to the spirits, reminded me that I had thrown off my winter costume in too great a hurry. Not a tree was to be seen; and before me was the higher snowy rampart of the Prolog of Bosnia, but separated from me by the unseen and deeply depressed valley of the Cetigne, which formed a sort of colossal ha-ha to the Bosniac rampart. As I approached the edge of the table-land, and saw the beginning of the cultivation on the opposite side of the great valley, I repeatedly rose in the carriage, curious to see the aspect of inland Dalmatia. Of the coast I had seen to my heart's content; but in a district of a new character, I felt as if about to enter a new country altogether. It was, however, a much longer affair than I expected; for what seems near in mountain scenery, may be, after all, a long way off. Wrapt in my cloak, I read a chapter of the

“Pickwick Papers;” and was almost angry with the fellow who drove me, for abstracting my attention from these *deliciæ literariæ*. Pointing to the valley of the Cetigne, which we now overlooked, I saw a blue lake, of oval shape, filling up a considerable part of the valley below me, formed by the river, which here spread out so as to form a lake, for the most part bordered by green pasturelands. On the opposite side of the valley, at the distance of four or five miles, the Prolog; which separates Bosnia from Dalmatia, rose majestically far above the level on which I stood; the snowy crest ranging far and wide, and pretty to look at, but undesirable for a nearer acquaintance at so early a season. A few miles down the valley the lake ceases, and the river is confined between approximating hills. Here was a small town, to which I cast a friendly eye—Trigl, where the farm of the President is situated. It shewed a few white specks of houses nestled in trees with all the drapery of April; a lowly place in the valley, but like his own in the world; having a better chance of ease, comfort, and security than those cold and splendid summits that invite the storm.

Sign, the town to which I was going, was at the upper part of the lake, situated on an irregular eminence, with cultivated fields and meadowlands sloping down to the waters; and the horses, feeling the approach to their night's quarters, could scarce be restrained in the descent.

As we entered the town, the last rays of the sun were gilding the ruins of the castle on an abrupt rock that rose in the middle of the town, and, the labours of the day being ended, the work-people were returning to their homes. But the figure that most caught my attention was a man on his abdomen moving along the road like a reptile. The coachman told me that he had some years ago lost his way on the Prolog, and, being out two days and nights in the snow, his hands and feet had dropped off. The town, as we drove up its main street, had a mixed character. Good Italian houses were mingled with old Slaavic ones of rude construction ; one of the best of the former being the inn, which was the café of the village, and had an unexpectedly prepossessing air of cleanliness. The walls were fresh painted, a new billiard-table stood in the middle of the floor, the bar had its neat ranges of liqueurs in their square-bodied and long-necked bottles, and my bedroom up stairs was the best I had had in Dalmatia, without any symptoms of picturesque semi-barbarism. The landlord, an elderly gentlemanly man in a green short jacket, pulled off a fur cap, and, addressing me in choice French, with an easy half-patronising deference, which I never expected to see in a Dalmatian Boniface, informed me that in his youth he had made a competency as contractor for the English fleet at Lissa (of course he never smuggled), and having bought a farm at his

native Sign, he kept the café for his own amusement.

Next day I called on the Podestà, or Mayor, to whom Carrara had recommended me, who inhabited much the same sort of house as the same functionary in an English country-town. He received me in a neat saloon, on the first floor, hung with newly-framed prints, one of which was the masterpiece of Paul Veronese, "The Supper in the House of Levi." This led on to a discourse of the fine arts, and I found a readiness and soundness of judgment on the best pictures and the best masters that rather surprised me, until I was informed that he had passed three years as a student in the Accademia of the Fine Arts at Venice.

Bosnia, that *terra incognita*, had furnished a treasure trove of 4000 medals and Roman coins to a person who had no notion of their numismatic value ; and the Podestà having, from his commercial relations, been enabled to purchase them, had arranged them so as to be easy of inspection. They were valuable, being mostly consular ; some of a very remote date, others of silver, with the unsullied frost of fresh coinage. One, struck after the assassination of Cæsar, had a head circumscribed Marcus Brutus Imperator, and on the reverse a cap of liberty between two daggers, with the memorable words, "Ides of March." The symbols of the Roman consular families were full of variety ; the handsome Apollo head of the Calpurnia family,

the elephant car of the Metella, the sea-horses of the Crepereia, and many others.

I then took an inspection of the town, and soon saw that the landlord and Podestà, with their Frank dress, were colonists in a strange country. Being market-day, the Piazza, an open space between the church and a convent-wall, at the end of a sort of bazaar of shops, was crowded with the true Morlacks from the neighbouring villages, who were all Christians, but all wore, as nearly as possible, the old Turkish costume of the last century, except the kaouk. Corresponding to the prints of the Turkish dress as they appeared in books in the beginning of this century, they looked exactly like the Turk as he used to be represented on the stage. They are in person a tall, rude, robust, and somewhat savage race of men; all armed, even in the market-place; some with pistols, others with dirks. These they are allowed to retain; as, in case of a war with Turkey, Dalmatia is much more exposed to Bosnia than Bosnia to Dalmatia, the latter being a higher and more rugged country. On their head is the fez, surrounded by the ample folds of a white-and-blue cotton turban; they are very fond of a red colour in their clothes; and all wear sandals with a sole of raw bull's-hide, but strapped on with cordage instead of goat-skin ties, as in old times. The women wear shoes, and the men to this day consider shoes effeminate. In Dalmatia, in the last century, people used

to say that every thing could be found in Venice, just as people say in England that every thing can be found in London; but a pleasant story is told of a Morlack declaring this to be a popular falsehood, for he had sought over all Venice, and could not find a pair of sandals, although they were for sale in the meanest village of his own country.

The rooted antipathy to change, which is the principal trait in the character of the Morlack, shews itself in nothing so much as the antipathy to the Frank costume. The civilisation of Venice varnished the coast, but remained only skin deep; and when a man threw off the native costume, he was considered as a sort of traitor to his nationality. Lovrich, a native of Sign, who wrote a refutation of the errors of the Abbate Fortis, gives a translation of a droll poem, expressing the lamentation of the Morlack for those of their chiefs who Italianised themselves—thus,

“There are certain Dalmatian Voyvodes,
Who, scarce arrived on the Italian shore,
Italianise themselves, and blush to be called Slaavs;
They cut their natural pig-tails and clap on a wig,
A hat replaces the turban.
They are in a hurry to shave their moustachcs,
And cast aside their silks and scarlets;
They despise embroidery, fine boots, and silver buttons.
And then, O God! they clap on a coat
Which is slit in two behind.”¹

¹ Lovrich, p. 117.

Such is their idea of the garb of civilised man. Some years ago the most contemptuous expression for a Frank was, *Lazmani rastrixem perkna*: "the man with the slit tail."

Talking of buttons of gold and silver, these Bosniacs and Dalmatians are very fond of them. They are a sort of investment in case of need; and a man getting short of cash cuts a button off his coat, and sells it, just as an Englishman, in case of need, realises some joint-stocks (if he can). Perhaps many persons would consider the buttons the safer investment of the two. This passion for buttons led to a curious circumstance during my visit to Dalmatia. A man in Bosnia left a silver cup mounted with precious stones to the Church, and the heirs, respecting his will, handed over the cup to the Greek Bishop of —, in Bosnia. Shortly afterwards, the nephew of the Bishop was seen with a new shining stock of silver buttons on his gala coat, upon which the flock demanded a sight of the silver cup, in order to convince themselves that it had not transmigrated to the coat of the nephew. But it appeared that the Bishop, unlike *Sylvester Daggerwood*, not having a soul above buttons, had melted the cup, keeping the jewels to himself, and giving his nephew the silver. The case was trying at Constantinople, but how it ended I know not.

Stalls of commodities were in rows along the convent-wall, and all characteristic of the people; fresh sandals, pyramids of flints for their pistols,

rough copper bells for sheep and goats, besides other paraphernalia of a warlike and primitive people. Seeing a construction like a fountain with four spouts, I was amused to see corn instead of water flow out of one of them ; and, going behind it, I ascended three or four steps, and found on the platform four semi-globular troughs, of different measures, scooped out of blocks of marble, which being filled, and a plug drawn out, the corn is all measured by a public officer, so as to prevent fraud. I remarked that most of the buyers and sellers were men somewhat advanced in years ; but this is easily explained by the fact, that the families keep together after their sons are married, and a Stareschin, or Elder, is the manager of the family concerns. So that the social existence of the Morlacks is literally patriarchal.

Sign is a thriving place of above 2000 inhabitants, and subsists principally on the trade of the Bosniac caravans, those good new houses having been built since 1814. Seraievo and Travnik are the principal cities of Bosnia ; the former the largest, with a population of 80,000 inhabitants ; the latter the capital, and the residence of the Pasha. As Ragusa is the port of Herzegovina, Spalato is the port of those two cities ; and in 1578 the lazaretto of Spalato was built, to enable caravans to come down to the coast, and then sell the produce and buy the manufactures of Venice. But the terrible plague of 1814 put a stop to the

caravans. The trade was restricted to the bazaar up in the Prolog, of which Sign is the nearest market-town. The manufactures of England are bought by the merchants of Bosnia in Trieste; and the Podestà and some others have a principal part of their income from the expedition of these goods in transit. But on the 21st November, 1844, the caravan was re-established direct to Spalato, guarded, of course, by health-officers; and the event was considered so important, that all the population, headed by the authorities, went out of the town several miles to meet it, with the most joyous demonstrations of welcome. This circumstance, however, by placing the merchant of Bosnia in communication with the coast, has filled the middle-men of Sign with apprehensions, although not much difference had been felt up to the time of my visit.

In the evening I had another highly instructive chat with the Podestà, M. Bulian, who was thoroughly acquainted with the Morlack character. He told me that the great obstacle to improvement was their obstinate antipathy to change. The environs of Sign are rich pasture-lands badly drained; and, under the idea that the best agricultural system for such land was that of Holland, he got the best implements imported from that country, procured the best works on agriculture, and, being the largest landed proprietor of the place, set to work with his new system of drainage

and culture, and, in a few years, added largely to the annual product of his estate. All the Morlacks around him saw the advantage with their eyes open, but not one imitated the example. They said, "We do as our forefathers have done from generation to generation, and we have no desire to depart from their usages."

The ground on which Sign is built rises gradually from the edge of the lake formed by the Cetigne, a short way off, to the foot of an abrupt rock, on which are the ruins of the Castle of Sign, and to which I ascended by a rugged path from behind. It was just such a feudal castle as one sees scattered all about this country, approached only on one side, where a deep cut under the landward wall separated it from the rest of the hill; while, from the breaks in the rampart that overhung the precipice, I looked down on the red spots on the crowns of the heads of the turbaned Morlacks below me.

If I were to recount the legends of all such castles in Dalmatia as are related by the local topographers and annalists, I should soon swell my volumes to an unwieldy bulk; but the siege of Sign is commemorated by the jousting I mentioned in my account of Spalato. These Turkish wars have knit the past history and political geography of Dalmatia so closely together, that it may be as well, for perspicuity's sake, to recall to the reader that, from 1521, when Soliman's troops conquered

Dalmatia, to the war of 1644, the possessions of Venice were confined to the islands and a few towns on the coast. Then followed the liberation of the Narenta, Macarsca, and, most important of all, of Clissa, the key of the Highlands; the latter an event so considerable, that couriers were despatched from Venice to the principal Courts of Christendom with the intelligence. At length, in 1669, peace was patched up between the Sultan and the Republic, and a certain Nani being named by the Doge to draw a frontier-line in common with the Turkish commissioners, the space conceded to the Republic was marked by a boundary called *Linea Nani*, and is termed to this day, in the books of the land register, the *Vecchio Acquisto*, or Old Acquisition.

The defeat of the Turks at the second siege of Vienna in 1684, with the assistance of the gallant Sobieski, and the subsequent evacuation of Hungary, having had an immense moral effect on the Adriatic, we then find the Venetians advancing with success into the heart of the Highlands; and Knin, Sign, and other important places having been taken by General Cornaro, a new line was drawn after the treaty of Carlovitz in 1696, by the Proveditor General Mocenigo, and the *Linea Mocenigo* embraces the so-called *Nuovo Acquisto*, or New Acquisition.

In the next war, which terminated with the treaty of Passarovitz in 1718, in which Eugene

gained his splendid successes at Peterwardein and Belgrade, Venice came badly off; the Morea was lost to Turkey in 1715, and at the treaty she was insufficiently compensated by a narrow stripe of territory lying next to Herzegovina, of which Imoschi is the principal town, and which is called the *Acquisto Nuovissimo*, or *Newest Acquisition*.

The whole of the district I am describing is in the *New Acquisition*, and therefore was in Venetian possession since 1696, but was again in great danger. In the summer of 1715 the Turks burst like a torrent from the impregnable fastnesses of the *Prolog*, designing to repossess themselves of the *New Acquisition*, and the district of *Sign* was occupied with 40,000 men, and the castle invested. But the resistance made by a gallant scion of the house of *Balbi* and the garrison was successful. As at *Saragossa*, the priests, with the crucifix in one hand and a sword in the other, helped to repel the attack; one of these, by name *Stephen*, a *Franciscan* priest, was killed in the act of pointing a cannon. On the 14th of August the Turkish commander made his last furious assault, and grey crumbling masonry peeping up among the grass is pointed out as the spot where the partisans of the Crescent and the Cross met pike to pike and sabre to sabre; but towards three in the afternoon, *Mohammed Pasha*, despairing of success, withdrew his troops.

The country-people, seeing the large Turkish

host depart, supposed that a miracle must have been wrought, otherwise how could a small garrison have resisted so successfully? and popular opinion ascribed the victory to the presence of an image in a church; but a violent dispute in the Turkish camp between the Albanians and Bosniacs is supposed to have marred their co-operation.

The jousting which commemorates the event, and forms the subject of Count Leonardo Dudan's poem, takes place at the entrance of the town, and is sometimes attended by 10,000 people. Wooden stands are erected along each side of the career and hung with carpets, and trees and shrubs placed in the ground seem to form an avenue. The jousting opens with a procession, in which the arms and dresses are of the antique national fashion, after which the judges take their places on the scaffolds appointed for them. Each joust, who must be a native of the district of Sign, has a heron's feather and a flower on his fez, a lance in his hand, and is attended by his squire. The ring to be pierced is formed thus :—



Advancing at full gallop, he attempts to ring the lance : the centre eye, if entered, counts three points ; the barred space below, two points ; and the unbarred space above, one point. Each jouster has three courses, the largest number of points gained conferring victory, for which he receives a hundred-florin prize, and treats the Morlacks with an entertainment afterwards.

There are few regular troops in the New Acquisition, except at Knin and some other places ; in their stead is the " territorial force," or militia ; so that the whole male population can be put in motion along the Turkish frontier in case of invasion ; an event, it must be admitted, not likely to occur. They are regularly officered, and would make good mountain troops ; but are not under the strict discipline of the Hungarian military frontier, the soldiers of which, when on duty, are, in respect of arms, equipment, and exercise, in no way different from troops of the line of a European country. At Sign I met one of the officers of this territorial force, in his uniform of blue faced with red ; I was sure I recollected having seen him somewhere before ; and, comparing notes, found that he had had leave of absence to the Spalato carnival. We had some small talk about the fun of the fancy ball, and I reminded him that he wore a " shocking bad hat," on which the word " Heirloom" was ticketed in large letters. When I asked him what he was doing, he told me that he was on duty,

that is to say, up in the Prolog among the snow, at the Bosniac frontier, without comfort or society ; so that the balls of the Casino of Spalato were to him the *ne plus ultra* of entertainment.

CHAPTER II.

KNIN.

FROM Sign I went to the baths of Verlicca, five hours higher up the valley of the Cetigne, which in the months of July and August are, from their mineral waters and cool picturesque situation, the popular Spa of those Spalatines and Ragusans whose circumstances allow them to go thither. The valley is from a mile to two miles wide, and the character of the scenery entirely different from that with which I had hitherto associated Dalmatia in my mind. Instead of the olive, the aloe, and carob, were the saplings of the north, the white bud of the thorn, the verdant grassy slopes, and the clear Cetigne murmuring its winding way over the dark-brown pebbles, while the birds, in chorus, whistled a joyous welcome to the genial spring. Winter shewed himself no longer, except by the snowy cornice that topped the Prolog, which continued on my right to be the wall that separated me from Bosnia; and every now and then a Customs revenue officer, armed with a long gun, and asking my name, and the object of my journey, reminded me of my vicinity to the frontier.

The people, if better dressed than the peasantry of the north of Europe, were infinitely worse lodged and appointed. The agricultural utensils are of the rudest description; the houses are square cabins, with a framework of wooden beams, and built up with shapeless stones, joined by cement of cow-dung and ashes; most of them have a chimney; and in those I saw, the cattle and humanity were not intended to be under the same roof, as in Montenegro. The floor is the bare earth; the roofs are quite black with the smoke, and take on a jetty lustre that looks better than any abortive attempt at whitewashing. The furniture consists of a few low three-legged stools, beds of blankets without sheets, a large chest or two, a low round table, and earthenware dishes for food, with wooden spoons. Fire-insurance is unknown; and when a man's house is burned, all the country side has a pride in assisting him to rebuild it, his neighbours offer him hospitality till he be replaced, and on the completion of the house, all bring their offerings of utensils and provisions; so that a fire is seldom a loss.

Lovrich mentions the curious circumstance, that in the earlier half of the eighteenth century it was common to dwell in wooden huts that ran upon wheels, as shewing their descent from the ancient Scythians. Thus Horace :

“*Campestres melius Scythæ,
Quorum plaustra vagas rite trahunt domos,
Vivunt et rigidi Getæ.*”

This is possible ; but I suspect that this mobility of chattels may have arisen from the apprehensions, vicissitudes, and uncertainties of the Turkish wars in the two previous centuries.

Verlicca has a pleasing situation, but is not half the size of Sign ; and I put up at the boarding-house of the water-drinkers, there being no regular inn. A gravel road led out of the town, down a slope, to a dark wooded angle between two mountains ; and in this nook, at the extremity of an alley of trees, was a wall, breast-high, forming a circular enclosure, within which were stone benches, and without, well-grown shady planes. Here were the principal people of the place, playing bowls.

I then proceeded to taste the water ; and going out of the circle, descended a few stone steps to the wall, where three sources gushed out into a basin facing the landscape of broken ground, with undulating pastures and willows straggling by the side of the brook in which the waters were conveyed away. A sharp Morlack urchin, who had been picking up the bowls, held a tumbler to a source ; and as he presented it, glistening and dropping like quicksilver, one might have imagined it to be a figure of Gerhard Douw in a landscape by Wynants. The water is largely impregnated with magnesia, but is almost tasteless.

Instead of returning to the town by the alley, we made a detour to the other side of the town, and, as we approached, perceived a large assemblage



of male and female Morlacks, enjoying themselves with music and dancing; this being Sunday, which, as the reader probably knows, is kept all over the continent just as it used to be kept in this country up to the eve of the Great Rebellion. The dance, which the women performed in a circle, is called the Kolo; it is the national Illyrian amusement, and probably a legitimate descendant of the Pyrrhic dance. The sexes were not mingled; and the females taking each other's hands, made a slow perpetual round, rising and falling, without any other figure, their head-dresses jingling with zwan-zigers, quarter-dollars, and old Turkish pieces. The spring pasturage, and the large subscriptions and gifts, had materially alleviated the distress arising from the dearth; but whether from their being a great deal in the open air and exposed to the sun, or from the sufferings of the past winter, I did not see much female beauty.

The music they made was a slow, droning, humming chorus; and without the circle, and seated on a low piece of wall, was a man playing the gusly, or Illyrian violoncello. The sound is not unpleasing. Like oriental music, it appears at first hearing to the European to have no beauty in it; but custom soon reconciles the ear, and at length we prefer it to hearing no music at all. The airs usually played on the gusly are monotonous, because they are confined to the repetition of a few bars, but they have a profound plaintive-

ness that induces melancholy. Of all instruments, the violoncello is the most touching in solo, and the most resembling the human bass voice ; so these airs being all in the minor key, the sounds have an effect on the human ear which resembles that of low wails and lamentations.

There being no company at that season at the waters, I now prepared to visit the wonderful caves of Dinara, and then cross over to the basin of the upper Kerka, the lowest fall of which I have already described. I therefore hired stout, well-shod pack-horses, and an active guide ; and next morning early, leaving the high road on my left, I ascended to the visible source of the river ; the high peak of the Dinara, another mountain of the Vellibitch, that separates Bosnia and Dalmatia, serving as a direction. In about a couple of hours we arrived at a circular plain, about a mile in diameter, where several streams that flowed through the meadow formed the Cetigne by their junction. Under a dark-coloured rock were deep blue basins, boiling up like a caldron ; these were the visible sources of that Cetigne which a few months before I had seen entering the Adriatic at Almissa. Above the rocks from which the sources issued rose the mass of Dinara, its ribs bare, and its peak square and precipitous. There is something invariably pleasing in a river-source ; the virgin lymph in clearness and beauty, filtered by Nature herself, comes to the light in a fountain scooped

out by the same hand, and as yet uncontaminated with the impurities of cities; the remoteness and solitude of its origin adds to the peculiar charm.

My guide now, applying his hands to his mouth, gave a loud holla, and four wild, uncouth-looking men were seen descending a bushy hillock from a cottage, holding torches of pines in their hands; leaving our horses, we went up a sterile waterless valley till we came to a hole in the rock not larger than would admit one person; and one of the Morlacks, of tall stature, doffing his greasy red cap, took out of it a flint and steel, and striking a light, he entered the cave, and taking my hand, I followed. The others then lighted their pitch-pine torches until they blazed up, and following several turnings, windings, and descents, I perceived that I was in a natural hall, of which curious stalactites were the columns, with the fresh pendicles glistening and gleaming. The ground was black from the pine-torch smoke, which first fastened on the roof, and then dropped off again. The fantastic shapes the stalactites take are endless; and the successive chambers have all names from the resemblance of their rocks to various objects, one being the chamber of the bull, another of the tomb, and so on.

I was bewildered as I walked further and further, for the caverns are certainly many miles in extent. To these chambers, with a comparatively level ground, succeeds a chaos of up-heaved rocks

and dark abysses, which compel the traveller to grasp firmly the arm of his guide, for assistance in progress and safety from danger, while the flicker of the pines is almost lost in the surrounding gloom. Not a sound is heard but the echo of our voices and the melancholy drop of the moisture that in darkness has slowly reared those columns and fretted those crypts of nature.

These caves have never, I believe, been fully explored; and Lovrich says that he was informed, by persons who had attempted to go to their furthest extremity, that to go and to come would be a day's journey. In the midst of the cavern is a considerable river, which glides through these dark recesses, and is unquestionably the invisible source of the waters which form the Cetigne. As before remarked, the whole coast-chain abounds with those subterranean rivers, and the faculty of vision being useless to the fish that dwell in these gloomy recesses, nature leaves them unprovided with the organ; thus the eyeless Proteus of Illyria, found also in the caves of the United States, is one of the most remarkable curiosities of natural history.

I now retraced my steps, and again found myself in the welcome light of day; and mounting my horse, ascended to the broad barrier that separates the valley of the Cetigne from that of the Kerka, and which may be called the roof of a portion of those dark chambers to which I penetrated. The Dinara, 5669 Italian, or about 6000

English feet above the level of the sea, was on my right, and a continuation of the Caprarius on my left. There is no sharp ridge separating the two valleys, but a table-land almost devoid of vegetation; and as I looked up to the Dinara, which presents a face of 4000 feet of rock very little out of the perpendicular, the thought often struck me that a huge section had been rended from its front by some great convulsion of nature, and falling over the whole breadth of the valley, had provided an everlasting roof to the caves I had visited.

The Kerka itself was as yet invisible, but some seven or eight miles off was the castle of Knin, on a jagged rock, that was the beacon of its position. It was now afternoon; and although I could not reach it before night-fall, the sight of its battlements relieved the loneliness of the landscape. After several miles of further progress, the table-land overlooking the basin of the Kerka broke off even more abruptly than at the source of the Cetigne. The loud roar of a cataract was heard a long way off, and, descending a steep zigzag declivity, I had the upper fall of the Kerka before me, where the river makes one bound of seventy feet from the chaotic region of sterile rocks to the rich flat plain of Knin, with its cottages, fields, and gardens. This is the highest step of that natural staircase of cataracts, the lowest step of which I have described at Scardona.

The sun had set before I left the fall; and jour-

neying along a boggy road, often overflowed by the river, Knin at length presented itself, with the lights gleaming under a high isolated rocky fortress. The inn was miserable in the extreme: a dirty-looking landlord stood at a bar of liquors; and deal-tables and benches occupied the middle of a dingy room on the ground floor with bare walls. The landlord was the barber of the place, and evidently had not shaved himself for a month, probably on the same principle that a working tailor is generally out at the elbows, or the apothecary a homœopathist in his own case. At one corner of the apartment a ladder was seen to lead up to a trap-door; and taking a dirty olive-oil lamp, the landlord led the way up stairs, which had a somewhat more promising aspect; and having ordered clean sheets, I slept soundly after so long and fatiguing a day; but next morning exchanged my quarters for a German lodging-house, where I found much more cleanliness and comfort.

Knin is marked on all the old maps in much larger letters than Sign, and formerly was the most important inland provincial town in Dalmatia, being the first place on the old road that entered Dalmatia from Croatia; and when the French held both kingdoms, Knin had always a considerable garrison, being considered by Marmont as an important strategical point. But from the moment that the new road was carried to Zara, direct over the precipices of the Vellibitch, above Obrovazzo,

and steamers began to ply between Trieste and the towns of the coast, it has remained quite out of the way of the world, and is a mere shell of what it was, the principal families having all emigrated.

Next morning the weather was as fine as on the previous day; and I proceeded along the main street of the town to the house of Dr. P——, to whom I had been recommended as a person of great local experience, having lived so many years at Knin. I found him to be a most intelligent and obliging man, and regretting that the best years of his life had been spent out of the world in a place like Knin, with no resources. He plied me with questions about England,—which I always have found an unerring symptom of profitable and pleasurable acquaintance; and his conversation, although invariably that of a gentleman and a man of education, was indicative of the seclusion of Knin. He was firmly and conscientiously persuaded that the advantage of the new direct road over the Vellibitch did not repay the cost of the undertaking. He shewed a good taste for music; and opening his piano-forte, indulged in an operatic excursion, which shewed that the music and taste of Knin was like every thing else about the place, a generation old at least. He had heard nothing of *Nabuco* or *Ernani*; but truly I was not displeased to renew acquaintance with the earlier operas of Rossini; and as the careless inimitable beauties came thick and three fold with the unconscious

prodigality of genius, my mind reverted to the memorable years 1813 and 1814, in which *L'In-ganno Felice* and *Tancredi* revealed a new creative genius.

The town, which we now sauntered through, exhibits signs of decay, and its situation is at the very foot of the castle-rock, and intervening between it and the river Kerka. Herons abound as much on this upper part of the Kerka as pelicans do at the Narenta. Calling at the house of a gentleman in the place, we found a beautiful newly killed heron lying on the table. Of all plumes, that of this bird is certainly the most beautiful, from its fineness, whiteness, and elasticity, and in old times used to be an essential ornament of the head-dress of the Bans and Zhupans of Croatia and Dalmatia.

We then ascended by steep viaducts to the Castle over head, from which we had a general view of town and country: the chain of the Velibitch bounded the prospect to the north-east, and this part of it was the point where the frontiers of transalpine Bosnia, and Croatia, and cisalpine Dalmatia, all meet together. At the foot of the mountain, the fall of the Kerka, which I had seen on the previous evening, was distinctly visible: and the perpetual motion of its white sheet of foam looked in the miniature of distance like those curious little imitations of mill-streams in German clocks.

Going round to a bastion that hung over the

river, just where it quitted the town, we found the surgeon of the garrison digging for his amusement among a few beds of flowers and vegetables, and from time to time tossing the weeds over the parapet. It was fearfully dizzy to look down; and the two doctors entering into conversation, I learned that in autumn the hospital is full of patients, owing to the fevers arising from the river overflowing its banks and heat following; but, as at the Narenta, there was much less misery among the common people than elsewhere. In winter the climate of Knin is much colder than is usual in Dalmatia, for the town itself, on the bank of the river, is, although so near the Adriatic, 900 feet above the level of that sea, and, moreover, quite close to the Vellibitch, so that a winter never passes without snow, and frost continues for sometimes three weeks at a time together.

The castle of Knin was originally a stronghold of the ancient Croat family Neplice, and was taken by the Turks in 1521, under Solyman the Magnificent, and held by them 167 years, until it was retaken by the Venetians on the 11th September, 1688, four years after the last siege of Vienna.

Not far from Knin is Dernis, where I saw more extensive ruins of the Turkish occupation of Dalmatia than any where else; it is situated on a high bank, overlooking a level, fertile, well-cultivated plain, and appears at a distance like a straggling Turkish town, every house with its walled garden.

A mosque had the minaret torn down ; and a campanile being reared in its place, it had become the parish church ; and the key being procured, I entered it, and saw a transmogrification that had an odd effect. An altar-piece and crucifix veiled the mihrab or holy niche of the mosque, and *Allah Hy* had given place to Ave Maria. The honey-comb and stalactite ornaments in the corners still remained ; and I was amused at seeing that they had struck the fancy of the last house-painter that had decorated the church ; for, no doubt ignorant of the original character of the ornaments, he had carried an imitation of them all round the church.

The present Dernis is only a large village, but the Turkish town must have been a place of ten or fifteen thousand inhabitants. As I walked onwards, a konak was unroofed, grass growing on its pavement, and the castle that terminated the hill was a heap of ruins. One solitary minaret, without its mosque, rising on the brow of the hill, had such a melancholy monumental air, that I experienced a transient feeling of pity for the colonists of the Crescent, intruders though they were. What a dread hour, when the rapine of their fathers was visited on the unoffending descendants ; when the settlement of a century and a half must be abandoned ; when the mother and her tender babe must seek a new home, and eyes dim with age and tears take a last lingering look of the abode of youth and happiness !

CHAPTER III.

MORAL, SOCIAL, AND POLITICAL CONDITION OF THE MORLACK.

THE Morlack himself is the greatest curiosity in the whole land : he is inured to a hardy life from infancy, the new-born child being allowed to be in its swaddling clothes and to cry or be quiet at discretion, while the mother attends to the household offices regardless of the infantine humours which are a source of such disquiet to the civilised matrons of the towns. There is no set time of weaning, the milk being continued to the next pregnancy ; and if none succeed, the child may suck for several years. As the children grow up, they are allowed to gambol on the floor of the hut, and to find their legs and learn to walk by themselves ; in short, the Morlack principle is to allow the man to grow as the beast of the forest, strong, healthy, and savage, averse from every labour, and untamed by any discipline. The consequence is, that in the statistical tables of crime in the Austrian monarchy, the Morlack occupies the lowest position ; and in the courts of law at Zara there are three hundred cases a year of damage and

injury done through vindictiveness alone, where the perpetrator derives no personal advantage from his crime. But his daring gallantry is incontestable; and his rough breeding, a hereditary military spirit handed down to him from the Turkish wars, the high opinion Napoleon had of his Illyrian regiments, and many other circumstances, lead me to believe that the Morlack is the best soldier and the worst citizen in the Austrian empire.

Their food is simple, consisting of milk, in the various preparations of which they shew some art; bread, not of the oven, but flat cakes baked on a smooth stone; and a meal-porridge, with butter, for which, on fast-days, they substitute oil or chopped garlic. Like the peasantry of France and Italy, they make an immoderate use of garlic; but the frogs, which are eaten by the Venetians and Lombards, are an object of horror to the Morlack. When a festival comes round, pigs and poultry are roasted, or a sheep killed; and they eat to repletion, and drink brandy to inebriation. The Morlack is generally in misery from his dissipations and anticipations of income; but if a Saint's-day come round, although he has scarce bread to eat, a feast must be provided with the profusion and extravagance of the East, rather than the reasonable hospitality of Europe. On an average, no family has more than a few florins ready money; and to provide for the Saint's-day, grain or sheep are carried to Sebenico, which is the port of this

district, to procure the means; followed by unavoidable misery. Those who have no agricultural produce, borrow money at usurious interest, and when unable to pay, keep sending propitiatory gifts to the creditors to keep off the evil day; thus their substance diminishes, and the debt remains intact.

There is still much of the distinctive peculiarity of the southern Slaav in the Morlack: he is, in fact, the Servian of the Adriatic, but far inferior to the Servian proper. While the latter burns for modern civilisation and advancement, the Morlack has still a rooted antipathy to modern European usages. The vengeance of blood is rare, yet does not appear to be entirely extirpated; runaway marriages in the old Servian manner sometimes take place, though with the previous consent of the parents of the bridegroom, in order to secure the bride a peaceable existence. But the position of women among the Morlacks corresponds somewhat to that of their sisters in Servia; the husbands being indisposed to concede a European position to the wife.

There is very little romance in the courtship. Inquiries are made as to the disposition of the maiden, on the principle of their own proverb, "Choose your wife by your ears rather than your eyes;" inquiries even go to an amusing length, such as the household qualities of the mother, even to the question of the soundness of her bodily con-

stitution, and the quantity of milk she could give to her own children. When the male and his friends are satisfied with the maiden, the parents of the latter also satisfy themselves of the position of the lover, and then the father of the girl gives an entertainment, at which the maiden acts as waitress; and when each guest has drunk three times, the head of the friends of the suitor offers her a glass of wine, and her acceptance is a sign that her parents consent. The suitor then pops the question by giving her an apple with a gold zechin stuck in it; which, if she accepts and presents to her father, corresponds to the tender affirmation of the courtship of civilised Europe. A great hubbub and confusion attends the bride to the church, all the people being in gala costume; and after the benediction, they return to the house of the spouse; when the father-in-law comes out to receive the daughter-in-law, bringing with him a child of the house to kiss, and even a neighbour's child to fulfil the ceremony, if there be none in the house. The rest of the day is spent in feasting; and on the following morning at day-break, the bridal companions present themselves at the nuptial couch, and offer the newly-married couple a refreshment of hot meal-porridge with wine.

Superstition is the natural companion of ignorance, and we find the Morlack full of portentous signs and astrological inferences; the most ordinary customs of cattle and domestic animals are

supposed to have some reference to the accidents of meteorology. From the croaking of a frog, or the position of cattle and sheep, are drawn prognostics of rain; and the successful weather-prophet is supposed to owe his gift, not to experience and observation, but to higher inspiration. Hail is supposed to be scattered by witches who dwell in the dark clouds; and thunder is the rolling of the wheels of Elijah's chariot while he is taking an airing in heaven. Famine, which often desolates the country, is supposed to be a giant, sometimes visible and sometimes invisible, that roams through the world.

One of their popular tales is illustrative of this idea. Simo Simonich went to a distant vineyard to bring home skins of wine that he had made on the spot. Simo was poor, and he had a heavy heart, for a famine covered the land, and he must sell the skins of wine which he had intended for the festivities of Saints'-days. The horse that carried the wine had been half-starved, and could go only at a slow pace; the day was cloudy, and the height of the sun unseen. Simo was plunged in a reverie or stupefaction from his difficulties, and seeing the sun about to set when he was still far from home, bethought himself of going into a wood close by, and passing the night under a high tree or thick bush; so he turned the horse aside and entered the thicket; but what was his surprise to see a thick smoke rising from the trees. "I know of no cottage

here," said Simo; "what can it be—robbers? Why they would surely never deprive a poor man with a family, of two miserable skins of wine. I will advance." Simo approached, and saw through the trees a blaze of faggots, and a large ox roasting whole, and the spit turned by a human arm larger than the trunk of the sturdiest oak. The hair of Simo stood on end, his knees knocked, and he fell to the earth senseless with terror and amazement.

When Simo looked up, and saw the head of the figure with a face as large as the door of a church, and eyes like the skins of wine looking over him, he cried out, "I am a poor man, with scarce enough to feed my children; all I have is two miserable skins of wine; exert not your power to injure one that never injured you; take the two skins of wine, and spare me my life for the sake of my family."

The giant gave a loud laugh, like the neighing of a horse, and telling him to be of good cheer, for that he must be hungry and in want of his supper, beckoned him to approach, and told him that he was the giant Famine, then on a visit to Dalmatia. Simo then went up to the giant, and found him sitting on the ground, and turning the spit, and his bed made of a hundred loads of hay. So when the ox was roasted, the giant gave Simo something for his supper, and ate all the rest of the ox, and having drunk the two skins of wine, he paid for them generously, and sent him away in the morn-

ing ; good humour having succeeded to terror and dismay.

If astrology be cultivated, the same cannot be said of astronomy, for their science consists in the belief that there were formerly no less than three suns ; two of them were swallowed by a great serpent, and only one has remained. Even now, the Dalmatian summer is not very cool, but it must have been then more warm than comfortable ; and what would become of us if the fire-eater should take a fancy to the sun that remains !

They are great believers in the influences of good and bad geniuses—a relic of old Slaavic mythology ; and so late as the last century, the priests were often called on to exorcise devils which had lodged themselves in men. Lovrich gives a droll case of a Morlack who was seized with diabolical contortions, and believed to be possessed of a devil. A friar began to exorcise him, and, with the assistance of all the saints, to expel the devil ; but the man having merely eaten and drunk to excess, the demon disappeared by a sudden fit of sickness ; and the priest, forgetting his cloth, gave way to a violent fit of anger, while the Morlack, relieved of his demon, rose up and walked away home. Another superstition is the belief in sorcery ; but it must be admitted that it is losing ground. In some remote houses the tail of a wolf or a cow is still used as a protection against enchantment, and is probably a relic of the Roman custom of the wolf's head fixed

on doors for the same purpose. Even the echo is supposed to be a mocking spirit, and is not considered a human voice.

In every district or pretura there is a government surgeon, generally a licentiate of Padua; but it is often not easy to persuade the people to take medicine; and in the remote villages, they are still strongly prejudiced in favour of their own drugs, of which the chief is a purgative of brandy with a little gunpowder mixed with it. Even mole's fæces figure in the strange catalogue of their simples. But their great forte is bone-setting, in which mechanical tact appears to be so much more important than mere science. Instances have been known of persons suffering excruciating pain from slipped limbs, which, having defied the skill of licensed surgeons, have been subsequently replaced by the mere handicraft of an uninstructed Morlack.¹

Many schools have been opened by the present

¹ I have been much edified in my acquaintance with Dalmatia by the perusal of a very able manuscript by Dr. Menes, Proto Medicus at Zara, the principal part of which are the medico-statistical returns.

The population of Dalmatia in 1814, after the fall of Napoleon, was 310,267; in 1843, 400,777; and in 1847, 428,000; the increase being every year progressive, except 1819 and 1829, the breaks being in consequence of the contagious fevers following the bad nourishment of the previous years, wine and oil having both failed. The best proof of the excellence of the climate is the fact, that the average of deaths is only one in forty-eight individuals; and calculating from 1830 to 1840, the

government, which have done some good, but are very far from presenting any thing like a really satisfactory result on the progress of the population, and I suspect that generations may elapse before the Morlack is civilised. The great obstacles to education and improvement seem to be, not only an obstinate antipathy on the part of the people themselves to change, but the political circumstances of the country, arising from their vicinity to Bosnia. This prevents the government from disarming the population. No measure would tend so effectually to the civilisation of the people as a general disarming; but with all Bosnia and Herzegovina nominally and not really subject to the Porte, and all armed, I must confess that a general disarming in Dalmatia would be rather a perilous measure. Another great obstacle to *civilisation*, in the most literal acceptance of the word,

dominions of the ills that flesh is heir to in Dalmatia are divided as follows :

One human being in 51 lost his life by ordinary disease.

„	„	1157	„	endemic	„
„	„	1102	„	epidemic	„
„	„	10,428	„	small-pox.	
„	„	52,147	„	suicide.	
„	„	182,000	„	hydrophobia.	
„	„	7449	„	murder.	
„	„	3411	„	accidents.	

Thus the climate of maritime Illyria, the scene of the delicious Twelfth Night, is not so unhealthy as the names of Sir Andrew Aguecheek and Sir Toby Belch would lead us to suppose.

is the dispersion of the population in remote groups of houses, too small to have a schoolmaster. This rudeness and uncouthness of the Morlack is only to be combated in one way, and that is, by imprinting a mercantile character on the population, as far as can be done by enactment.

Let the Morlack, therefore, retain his arms and his rude military organisation, but let there be a total abolition of the Customs' duties in Dalmatia, and the prosperity of all the little towns on the coast would be the infallible result of such a measure. It would bring a greater fusion of the two populations, and consequently greater facilities for education. Many points of resemblance to the Servian suggest themselves, from community of language, race, and even manners; but in one circumstance the comparison is untenable. The Servian patriarch, from his great territorial wealth, has the easy means of sending his son to a Hungarian or Austrian university, or at least to his own gymnasium; but the miserable Morlack, scooping a wretched mountain soil, is from hand to mouth. It is, therefore, free-trade alone which can make Dalmatia prosper.

The Heyducks, or brigands, of whom Lovrich in the last century gave such a formidable account, have quite disappeared from Dalmatia; these were gentlemen of the road of a superior description, who prided themselves on doing their business in a genteeler manner than the common thief: like

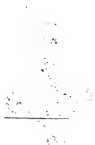
Robin Hood's men, they robbed the rich, and let the poor man pass. They considered a rich Bosniac Moslem to be fair game, and infested the two frontiers; but were most formidable on the Turkish side. The race, however, has been long extinct: though a few real miserable robbers occasionally skulk about, and are called *Malviventi*, or people of an ill life. These consist of Morlacks who have fled from justice, or deserters. As they never sleep twice in one place, and as the country is thinly peopled, and every Morlack offers such hospitality as he possesses to all strangers, known or unknown, they can vegetate in this way for weeks and months together, but are always caught at last. Several instances have been known of such people taking advantage of the vicinity of the Turkish frontier, and turning Moslems; but it is curious to observe, that in many instances the bad treatment they experience, or remorse of conscience, impels them to return, although with the certainty of being again in the hands of civil or military justice; while in other cases the same propensities to crime which have made them fly from Dalmatia drive them into it again.

A great many are of the Greek rite; and for many years the so-called United Greek Church, corresponding to the Greek Catholics of the Levant, who acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope, but retain their own liturgy, and much of their own discipline, made great progress. Most of the

United Greeks became in the second generation pure Romanists; but this proselytism has been much on the wane for some years. Riots of the Greeks took place, and in several instances blood was shed; till the government prudently admonished the Catholic clergy to let alone the work of proselytism.

If I were to judge of the Catholic clergy by the specimens I have known best, such as the Bishop of Ragusa, the Abbate Carrara, and Professor Kalugera, I should rate them very high; but a large proportion of the rural clergy are badly fitted to advance the moral and intellectual culture of the people, from the want of inducement in the salaries to embrace the career of a parish priest in remote uncivilised districts. A well-instructed body of clergymen would do much to civilise them; but with a salary of perhaps 20*l.* a-year, the priest seeks by all indirect methods to raise his living by fees. He will not confess a man till he brings him a burden of faggots; thus mixing what Romanists consider the most sacred things with the meanest temporal considerations. I was spending a few days with a gentleman at his country seat, and, without mentioning names, in came the parish priest to pay his visit, and began to exercise his curiosity on me, and asked me if Lord Byron was still alive, and whether the Protestants believed in hell. I answered that they believed all the doctrines of the Christian Scriptures; and that if he

knew what the Christian Scriptures contained, he knew the sum total of the belief of the Protestants. Our host then said to him, "How can you ask such a question as that?" to which he replied with the greatest possible simplicity, "How should I know? They disbelieve many essentials."







A. M. 1840. 24. 3. 1840.

CHAPTER IV.

ZARA.

My journey from Knin to Zara presented no topic of interest; and it was in the end of April, on the eleventh day after leaving Spalato, that I again came in sight of the capital. I was traversing the same dreary road as that by which I had first set out on my travels to Sebenico. The land around me was stony, and the broad and high walls of loose stones shewed that the cultivator had more trouble in getting his fields clear of them than in procuring material for his fences. Before me, at the distance of a few miles, and a few hundred feet below the level I was traversing, was the canal of Zara, a sound of the sea separated from the main Adriatic by two long parallel narrow stripes of islands; and although the environs of the city are far from being attractive, yet the villas and gardens dotted on both sides of the Sound, and the capital itself (originally a peninsula, and now an artificial island), rising out of the bright blue waters, and fenced all round with bastions and curtains, surmounted by alleys of trees, were a

welcome sight after the monotonous glare of the rocky soil around me. At length the road brought me to the edge of the Sound itself; and as I heard the gentle ripple of the waters, and saw the tremor of the bright noon-day sun on the Adriatic, I felt all the pleasure of renewing acquaintance with an old friend in his most cheerful humour.

Traversing the outworks, I found myself at the so-called gate of Terra Firma; but the country car I had hired from Bencovatz, after dismissing my mountain horses, was blocked up for full five minutes from the throng of peasants with their carts and cars; for the town of Zara can contain no more than the six or seven thousand inhabitants within the walls, and as the rayon of the fortification must also be clear, the real population strictly belonging to the capital is scattered in the villages of the Sound to the amount of twenty or thirty thousand. The only gate to the land is this Porta di Terra Firma, which overlooks the draw-bridge that spans an artificial cut, rendering the oval peninsula of Zara an island; so that, like mice and rats, the people of Zara always go out and in at the same hole. But truly such a noble hole as any city in the world might be proud of. The Porta di Terra Firma is another work of Sammicheli, that looks as if the genius or patriotism of the architect intended those of the Republic to last as long as humanity has a lease of time. It was built by Gian Girolamo Sammicheli in 1543, after a design of his uncle,

Michele, of a sort of Doric architecture. Robust and ponderous, without even a suspicion of clumsiness, it is admirably suited to the character of a fortified town.

Passing through its resounding vault, I entered the town, and put up at the Tre Mori, Calle dei Tintori, the only decent hotel in Zara. A sign of three Moors' heads dangled from a bar of iron over the door; and going through a passage on the ground-floor, I found myself in a square courtyard, with a few lofty trees, the houses built round it being very high; for the Zaratines, restrained by the fortifications from spreading the town outwards, build their houses a story higher than elsewhere in Dalmatia. A long outside stair within the court led up to the door on the first floor; on the right was the dining saloon, and on the left the kitchen, in which stood the landlord, who was also cook, with a very red, Bardolph countenance, and clad all in white. He had a formidable carving knife in his right hand, and was in a towering passion, and swearing a whole round of oaths at the waiter, who stood shrugging his shoulders and casting his eyes up to the door-lintel in meek resignation. No sooner did the couple see a stranger, than the landlord stopped short, and casting a withering glance at the waiter, threw down the knife; both coming forward, the landlord all smiles, and the poor waiter (with a towel under his arm) perfectly stupefied.

"This is a small Venice," said I, as we ascended the stairs to my room.

"A very small Venice indeed, sir," said the landlord; "a Venice without St. Marco and the Palazzo Ducale." The room I was shewn into was newly stencilled, it had no carpet, and at the head of the bed was a crucifix and some holy pictures. In our northern clime, front windows are usually luminous, and back ones dark; here in Zara, the back window looked on the tops of the trees waving lightly in the maestral, with the clear sky beyond them, but the front window looked into the narrow Calle dei Tintori, eight feet wide, the bright crimson plaster of the opposite house partly pealed off, and an elegant balcony, with a fanciful balustrade of the sixteenth or seventeenth century, looking more shaky than safe to stand upon.

After changing my dress, I proceeded on my visiting. But before I introduce the reader to the people, let me say something of the town itself. Zara is a small oval island, one end of which touches the land, and, in fact, it was originally a peninsula, till rendered an island. Three main streets traverse it lengthways, and the others at right angles; all very narrow, and most of them impracticable for carriages; but being lined with well-filled shops, and a good foot-pavement of flags stretching across from house to house, walking in the town is very pleasant, especially in hot weather (for in May the thermometer was for some days at

80° in the shade), in consequence of the narrowness and coolness of the streets, and the absence of the noise and inconvenience of carriages.

Not far from the gate of Terra Firma is the principal public square, the Piazza dei Signori, smaller in size than that of Spalato, but far more neat and elegant. On one side is a Loggia, of the school of Sammicheli, constructed in 1565. It is simpler than the Loggia of Lesina, but its proportions are perfect. I spent six weeks in Zara, and there was scarce a day in which I could resist the seduction of standing in the middle of the Piazza, and deriving a calm, solid pleasure from the contemplation of its lineaments, and feeling that, if they were reproduced on a larger scale in some frequented European capital, the edifice would become one of the most renowned in the world. On the opposite side of the square is the guard-house, constructed three years before, in 1562, with a pyramidal elevation and niches for statues, producing an effect so abominable, that one might almost take it for the abortion of some English architect of the reign of George the Second.

The Piazza itself being paved with flags, and impervious to carriages, is a favourite lounge of the upper classes, and is therefore well named the Piazza dei Signori. When I passed through Zara in autumn, all the doors and windows were shut, and the inmates wrapped in their ample blue mantles. In May, all wore white trousers, from

the early and excessive heat ; the doors and windows of the shops and cafés in the streets gave way to curtains, agitated with the maestral, which blows refreshingly from the north-west ; a high screen of blue cloth drawn across the Piazza excluded the glare of the sun that played fiercely on the flags ; and ice became in general demand.*

Here, in the Casino, you find the prim, clean-shaven Austrian officer, with his stiff neck, reading the *Allgemeine Zeitung* ; or the young native noble, wearing moustachios, grave in manners, and literary and philosophical in his tastes, is poring over the *Journal des Débats* ; while down stairs is Count Carpe Diem, a genteel figure of the old school, with incomparably easy and attractive manners. Light-hearted as a school-boy, he remembers, with a sigh, how much gayer the carnivals used to be forty years ago ; he misses no play ; and has just been enlivening his moral and intellectual faculties with a long morning at dominos ; he is now skimming through the *Gazzetta* of Venice, making his remarks aloud, while the wealthy maraschino-maker beside him is alternately immersed in the *Austrian Lloyd's Journal*, or plunged in a brown study on the last rise of sugars in Trieste.

But a far more animated scene is that presented by the Piazza Marina, a few streets off. Here are monuments shewing Zara to have been a place of importance long before the banner of St. Mark floated from her battlements. We are here

just within the high rampart, which forms one side of an irregular square, filled with a motley crew of peasants, fishermen, and sailors, shouting in the ardour of brandy or bargaining, or perhaps of both. An elegant archway pierces the rampart, through which one sees the harbour, crowded with coasting vessels. This is the *Porta Marina*. The arch is genuine Roman; and the modern Zaratine still uses, in the year of our Lord 1847, the same issue to his *trabacolo* from Venice or Trieste, as the Roman used for his galleys when Jadera was the capital of *Liburnia*. The foundation of Jadera or Zara is said to go back to ten centuries before Christ; but it is beyond our purpose to travel so far back. It is enough to know that it was a flourishing Roman colony, and, besides this gate, has other remains of the Roman town. In the lower empire, Zara was called *Diodora*; and close to the gate is a very curious relic of the period of the Greek emperors—the Church of *San Grisogono*, of the ninth century, which is the oldest church now extant in Zara, and, on that account, historically interesting; but constructed in the very lowest depth of the architectural corruption of the Lower Empire, the pillars twisted like screws, and the body of the church barbarous in its sculptures, without a single reminiscence of the classic frieze, or a single foreboding of the coming elegance of the Gothic period.

San Grisogono and his church are held in as

great veneration here as San Biagio in Ragusa. He is the recognised protecting saint of Zara, and lived in the time of Diocletian, and being taken from Rome to Aquilia, was decapitated there. In this church the bones of the saint are supposed to afford the highest sanction to the most solemn vows ; and here, in 1403, Ladislaus of Naples was crowned king of Hungary.

Passing under the archway, I found myself outside the boulevard or rampart, and standing on a quay crowded with sailors and porters, with broad shoulders, brawny legs, and sun-burnt faces. Here one sees the harbour to be formed by the narrow nook between the artificial island and the mainland ; and looking a few hundred yards across the water, one sees the outworks on the mainland, the stony-fig and almond gardens rising beyond them, and, in the extreme distance, the high range of the Vellibitch, with the very highest peaks now denuded of snow. The harbour itself is shallow, and vessels of above three hundred tons cannot enter, but must lie on the other side of the town in the open sound ; yet there is a surprising number of small coasting vessels ; and could Austria only adopt a different system of Customs, their number might be considerably increased. The principal trade of Zara is the import of manufactures from Trieste, and the export of maraschino, anchovies, almonds, and other productions peculiar to the district. Returning to pass under

the archway, I found that the gate was Roman only when viewed from the interior of the boulevard, and that the outward façade was Venetian, with an inscription commemorating the renowned battle of Lepanto in 1571.

At the other side of the town is the market-place, or Piazza delle Erbe, of a quite different character from the Piazza Marina. Instead of looking to the narrow harbour and the broad mainland, it opens on the broad open sound of Zara, with the narrow island of Ugliano a few miles off. The Piazza delle Erbe is the favourite resort of the country people; instead of a tempting display of gloves and cravats, or female finery, as in the environs of the Piazza dei Signori, you have here the cheap shop of the common people, the general store of the countryman, the coil of new ropes, the pile of macaroni, and the needful of a rural household. The quarter is the humblest in Zara, both in houses and population; but in the middle of the square rises a lofty antique column of marble, the solitary remains of a Roman temple, which, to judge by its existing proportions, must have far exceeded in extent and magnificence any edifice now remaining in Zara. Opinion is divided as to whether it was dedicated to Juno Augusta, or Diana—probably the former.

Here you seldom see a man of the middle class; but there goes a well-dressed, substantial-looking woman, wearing no bonnet, but her black glossy

locks glistening in the sun. This is a padrona di casa, or housewife, who has been making her market; and is followed by a brown Morlack girl as her servant, with the vegetables she has been cheapening with that Albanian herb-woman from the village of Erizzo. Close by is the noisy dram-shop, out of which reels a peasant of the Contado of Zara, the most malicious and disorderly of all the peasantry of Dalmatia, joining the vicious dissipation of the town to the savage obstinacy and revenge of the mountain Morlack. With his inveterate drunkenness and improvidence, he is always a beggar; and, as in some deluded parts of Ireland, the improving landlord is regarded as his enemy. In the hour of distress every circumstance of soil, climate, or social condition, gets the credit of being the cause; except the real root of all evil, his utter neglect of industry and economy.

Between the Porta Marina and the Piazza delle Erbe I have just described, is the cathedral; of Lombard architecture, as the term is understood in Tuscany, built in the years immediately following the conquest of Constantinople in 1202, by the French and Venetian Crusaders. A tradition exists that a Roman temple stood on the spot, and that it was consecrated as a Christian church; the first authentic account of the previous edifice being given by Constantine Porphyrogenitus in the beginning of the tenth century, who praises the columns, the marble pavements, and the pictures,

which were considered ancient in his time. By what accident it was ruined does not appear; the present edifice is built of a very excellent quality of freestone, of close texture and tawny mellow colour, uninjured by the six centuries that have elapsed since its construction. Above the great gates are stone figures of saints and kings in alto-relievo, of the size of life, minutely and elaborately chiselled, but the composition in the most barbarous taste, as grotesque as old German wood-work, without its quaint vitality. At the other end of the church is the campanile, begun in 1496, of a florid Lombard Gothic style, and causing our regret that it had not been carried aloft to its full height; for Zara is deficient in a few domes or campaniles to bristle over the roofs and fortifications.

The cathedral is dedicated to St. Anastasia, a pious female who lived in the third century. Her parents, Prætestatus and Fausta, had the position of Roman citizens; and Grisogono imbued her with Christianity, notwithstanding the opposition of her husband, who was an Olympic idolator. In the celebrated persecution in the time of Diocletian, she was one of those who was accused before Florus, prefect of Illyricum, and after imprisonment, was burned alive on the island of Palmaria. Thus much is considered authentic; but after a leap to the ninth century, we find the Emperor Nicephorus making a present of her ashes to the city of Zara. The protection of St.

Peter is forthwith declined, and the cathedral is supposed to possess the identical ashes of the funeral pile of the island of Palmaria.

I note two other circumstances in the annals of the cathedral. On the 31st of January, 829, the pretended body of St. Mark, on its way from Alexandria to Venice, was shewn in the old cathedral. On the 5th of January, 1669, a serious riot took place. After the benediction, it was usual to let fly a dove in the church, to express the descent of the Holy Ghost at the baptism of Christ; but a prelate, who appears to have thought that the cause of religion was in no way advanced by such clap-traps, caused the flight of the pigeon to be omitted; when such a tumult and hissing occurred, that the practice was resumed, and continued to an advanced period in the eighteenth century.

The disadvantage of Zara as a residence, in consequence of being shut in by fortifications, is much alleviated by the circumstance of the rampart being made an agreeable promenade, high over the town within and the water without, in many places planted with alleys of trees, and at one angle of the bastions, near the gate of Terra Firma, having a small but most agreeable garden. The immediate environs of Zara being sterile and uninteresting, it is evident that the town took its origin from the port, which was large enough for Roman galleys, and has maintained its title to be

the capital from its insular security. The present fortifications are Venetian, of the sixteenth century, by Sammicheli's nephew; and nothing remains of the old defences, where Marino Faliero earned his laurels (1346), but a pentagonal tower ninety feet high, which flanked the old gate of Terra Firma, and, in consequence of an extended horn-work erected beyond it, is now fairly within the town. The walls of it are six feet thick looking to the land, but only two and a half feet looking to the town. After the completion of the modern fortifications it became the prison, and during the late war served the purpose of a telegraph; but it is now quite disused.

The environs being so sterile, I greatly preferred the walk round the fortifications to going out in the dusty roads of the Terra Firma, from the variety of scene not less than the fine gravel walking. To the shade and solitude of the garden succeeds the bustle of the harbour, and a wide view across the territory of Zara. Looking over the inward parapet to the town, one sees the narrow streets crowded with people; and in a retired nook, a façade of a Roman temple, almost perfect, which is the entrance to the barracks. As we proceed onward, about the hour of two P.M., we meet half the town taking a constitutional walk before dinner; at the further end of the oval or egg-formed town, we find stone benches; and having left the view of the harbour behind us, we

seat ourselves, and look along the sound, bordered by the mainland and the islands, with a narrow rim of villas and gardens at their feet. Returning by the other side of the town, the promenader has a view of the sound that runs to the southwards, the placid waters of which are a mirror to the sun; but the reflection of its rays on the parapet being rather inconvenient, I retrace my steps by the shady side of the rampart; or descending one of the staircases to the level of the town, find my way to the 'Three Moors' Heads, through the narrowest and darkest lanes I can find.¹

¹ Although domestic architecture in Zara is Venetian, it is not so easy to define the ecclesiastical style. Both San Grisono and the Cathedral belong to that style of round architecture which was in vogue in Italy between the Ravennese of the sixth century and the introduction of the pointed style from the north of the Alps; and if I might be allowed to coin an expression, I would call it *Barbaric Romanesque*, a style of which our own Saxon is the rudest translation, and the Cathedral of Pisa the highest and most beautiful form, and of which the round early Lombard, with its clerestory and wheel-of-fortune windows, is only a variety.

CHAPTER V.

HISTORY OF ZARA.

DALMATIA is like a modern French romance, the interest of which does not arise from any moral or intellectual superiority to what other nations can shew, but from the enchanting variety and contrast of character and situation. In Spalato we have classical antiquity; in Ragusa, classical Slaavism; in the Highlands, romantic Slaavism; but Zara, having been the seat of the proveditor-general of Dalmatia for four centuries preceding the fall of the republic, became of all the cities of the coast the most thoroughly impregnated with the Venetian element. When Epidaurus and Salona were destroyed, and the middle-age kingdom of Croatia and Dalmatia covered all the country, the Slaavic element remained foreign to Zara, and it invariably preserved its character of Roman Dalmatia. Zara has been under Roman, Constantinopolitan, Crusading-Latin, Hungarian, Venetian, French, and Austrian rule; but the key of Dalmatia was never under Slaavic institutions, although surrounded by them.¹

¹ That is to say, unless the aboriginal inhabitants of Dalma-

In the time of the Romans, Jadera, as Zara was called, was the capital of Liburnia, and famed for the vigour and number of its maritime population; a natural consequence of the hydrographical configuration of this part of the Adriatic, scattered amid creeks and bays. And looking over a collection of strange prints from ancient pictures relating to Zara, I found what appeared at first sight to be a steamer laden with oxen; but this was simply a ship with paddle-wheels, worked by their performing a perpetual circle on the deck. The remains of antiquity lead us to conclude that it was an elegant provincial capital, with at least one temple of large and elegant proportions, one of the columns being still standing on the Piazza delle Erbe, and the other in the Piazza San Simeone; but the most perfect relic of ancient Jadera is the façade of the present barracks, which, with the exception of one column, is uninjured, and supposed to be the temple of Diana. It is just what one expects in a Roman provincial capital, elegance shewing itself on a small scale; the doorway being in the most florid style of ornament, but all the rest of the façade of the severest simplicity.

On the fall of the Empire of the West, Zara became a sort of republic, using the Latin lan-

tia were Slaavs, which Gaj and many erudite men maintain, in opposition to the theory that the language of the antique Dalmatians was a parent of the modern Albanian.

guage, but under the feeble protection of the Greek emperors; and so late as the year 986, in the reign of the Emperor Basil, we find Majus Prior of Zara styling himself Pro-consul of Dalmatia. The peninsular situation of the town, which has preserved to it a sort of metropolitan pre-eminence from the time of the Romans to our own age, has also rendered it a perpetual object of contest, and the sieges it has sustained have been so numerous as almost to confuse the reader in the perusal of Kreglianovich, who is the best authority on the history of Zara. In the tenth century, when the Narenta was infested with pirates, the Zaratines were the allies of Venice, and, as Zara was even then a place of considerable trade, they joined the Venetians, and extirpated the Narentan pirates by their common efforts; but, after the fall of the Slaavic kingdom of Croatia and Dalmatia, Coloman, king of Hungary, besieged and took Zara, in 1105, and from that time to 1409, when Zara became definitively Venetian, the struggle between the great republic and the kings of Hungary for its possession was unceasing. The study of the Zaratines was, always to preserve their independence through the reciprocal jealousy of these two nations; but, having pretensions to maritime power themselves, they leant to the Hungarian rather than the Venetian interest, and the stronger the Venetian power became, the more jealous and apprehensive were they of the great republic. The

trade of Zara with the Levant was extensive ; and, during my stay there, I was shewn the maritime and commercial code of the municipality, dating from the twelfth century, the details of which bear evidence of the necessities of the trade having compelled the erection of a tribunal expressly for maritime and commercial matters.

The two most celebrated sieges were those of 1202 and 1346. In the first of these, Dandolo, on his way to the Latin conquest of Constantinople, made himself master of the city for the Venetian republic. The French had, in 1202, arrived in numbers at Venice, to embark on the crusade undertaken by the Venetians, and the latter insisted on beginning with driving the Hungarians from Zara. The French demurred to attacking a Christian king for objects purely Venetian ; but the capture of Zara being made a *sine qua non* by Venice, who disposed, or rather held, the whole means of transport, it was agreed to ; and, on the 10th of November, 1202, the Zaratines and Hungarians were astonished at beholding the whole sound covered with Venetian galleys, and manned with an imposing array of the flower of the chivalry of Europe. Next day Dandolo broke the chain that stretched across the harbour, and Zara, being invested on all sides, in five days capitulated. The autumn being well advanced, the crusaders resolved to remain there all the winter ; but no sooner did the Pope hear of the siege than the

thunders of the Vatican were about to be fulminated on those who diverted the armies of Christendom from crusading purposes; when, to mitigate Papal wrath, Dandolo and the Latins, including Montferrat, and Baldwin, earl of Flanders, caused the rebuilding of the cathedral on the site of the dilapidated Roman temple. Such is the origin of the present cathedral. But no sooner was Dandolo well involved in the establishment of the Latin emperors of Constantinople, than the Zaratines again received their virtual independence and nominal subjection to Hungary.

The other celebrated siege of the city was that of 1346, when Marino Faliero made prize of it for the republic in the teeth of a large Hungarian army, who lost 7000 killed on the occasion: but the Zaratines were far from being contented to submit; and one of the most curious coins in the collection of Count Borelli is a silver piece, with seven hydra heads, representing seven rebellions, which the Venetians, in the wantonness of power, wished to substitute for the impress of the old arms of Zara, which were a knight armed *cap-à-pied*.

Zara was in the meridian of its middle-age splendour about the year 1403, when the crown of Hungary was disputed by Sigismund, then king in possession, and Ladislaus, king of Naples, claimant as son of Charles of Durazzo, and supported by a powerful party of Hungarian magnates. He arrived on the 9th of July in the harbour of Zara,

with a fleet of ships, with many knights, with abundant provisions, and last, not least, with an apostolic legate to support the temporal with the spiritual power. Two days afterwards, a deputation of Hungarian magnates and bishops entered by the gate of Terra Firma, and, on the 2d of August, in the church of San Grisogono, he was crowned king of Hungary, in presence of two Austrian archdukes, and a concourse of Hungarian, Bosniac, Neapolitan, and Dalmatian nobility. A distribution of titles followed, one of which was Duke of Spalato, to Hervoje, a powerful warrior of the period.

But the royal aspirant was unable to stand his ground in Hungary; and, nothing remaining to him in 1409 but the mere city of Zara, and some other minor places, he sold all his possessions in Dalmatia to Venice for one hundred thousand ducats, and went back to Naples. On the 30th of July, four Venetian proveditors came to take final possession, accompanied by a large body of troops as a garrison. No sooner, however, did the Neapolitan garrison get notice to quit, than they resolved to kill the goose to get at the golden eggs at once; and commencing a general sack of the city, accompanied with bloodshed, on the approach of the four proveditors, seized the principal inhabitants and took them on board their own Neapolitan galleys, expecting to extract further sums as their ransom. But the Venetians, who had now arrived, threat-



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ened to sink every galley if the prisoners were not set on shore; upon which the Neapolitans, being reluctantly obliged to comply, departed for their own coast.

Next day the proveditors, making their public entry into Zara, were received by the citizens and the confraternities bearing their banners, the procession headed by the Archbishop; and in memory of the occasion, the 31st of July ever afterwards was a festival, accompanied by the strange license, that on that day, and for a week previously, no debtor could be arrested, and those in hiding were allowed the liberty of the town without molestation. This matter settled, twelve citizens of Zara were deputed to go to Venice to offer their homage to the head of the republic, and on the 5th of September they were received by the Doge Steno, in solemn audience, in the hall of the Maggior Consiglio of the Ducal Palace. There it was agreed to bury all past animosities, and from being the most obstinately opposed to Venice, Zara became, in course of time, in the expression of their own addresses, most attached (*attacatissima*) to the great republic.

Zara then became a flourishing commercial city until the year 1461, when the Terra Firma being overrun by the Turks, and the country laid waste with fire and sword, the olives were cut down and the villages abandoned in the course of the eleven incursions successively made by them. Despair

and apprehension succeeded, and from 1521 it almost appeared that the settlement of the Turks in Dalmatia was to be perpetual; but the capture of Zara, often attempted by them, was never achieved.

A few extracts from the chronicles of the period shew what Zara was in the sixteenth century. Giambattista Giustiniano, on a tour of inspection through Dalmatia in 1552, writes thus :

“The circuit of Zara is a mile and a quarter, and the position of the town is naturally very strong, being on three sides surrounded by the sea, so as to be almost impregnable. At the mouth of the harbour a boom runs across two thirds of it, and the other third is secured by a chain, which is guarded night and day, and opened and shut as occasion requires. The population is most devoted to the interests of the (Venetian) Signoria, and the noble families are seventeen in number (the names follow, only one of which, Gliubavatz, is Slaavic). These nobles live most cordially together, and form a council of seventy persons (*sic*), who live, speak, and dress in the Italian manner, which probably comes from the frequenting of strangers, Venetian nobles, proveditors, captains, *sopracomiti*, and others. The people all speak the *lingua Franca*, but have Slaavic usages; they do not sit in the Council of Nobles, but have a chapter in which they discuss their interests, and this has some revenue; but most of them live by traffic and manual

occupations. The population of the town is 6536 souls, of which 1389 are militia, for defensive purposes."

Nothing could exceed the anxiety of the Zaratines during the great naval struggle between the Venetians and the Turks in 1571, when the fleet destined to conquer at Lepanto put in at Zara on its way from Venice thither. In the *Rammentatore* of the ingenious Ferrari Cupilli, are the following extracts from the journals of eye-witnesses :

"Giralomo Zane, Captain-General of the Venetian armada, arrived at Zara on the 13th April, and remained to the 12th June ; but being unable to maintain so many people, he started for Corfu, Zara having suffered so severely ; for the Turks were making continual incursions in the Contado, carrying off cattle, cutting down corn, and destroying and burning ; so that people scarce dared to go out of the town without running the risk of an ambuscade. The cavalry often made sorties from the town, accompanied by sufficient infantry, but difficulty of subsistence always compelled them to return. It is true that bread, biscuit, and other provisions came in large quantity from Apulia, the March (of Ancona), and Venice ; but from the town being crammed full of people, and the insufficient nourishment, an epidemic disease broke out, and, on the 12th June, Zane and his seventy galleys set off for Corfu, where he arrived on the 21st."

The renowned battle of Lepanto took place on the 7th October following, Pietro Bortolazzi, who commanded the Zara galleys, having nobly distinguished himself; but bravest of all the Dalmatian galleys were the seven of Trau, which lost the greater part of their crew in the thickest of the fight. The most intense anxiety prevailed as to the result of the war. Dalmatia having suffered more severely than any other country, the Adriatic was infested with Barbary and Turkish pirates; and the towns of the coast were full of families, who, instead of lands broad and wide, possessed mere parchment titles. Every city had done its utmost to fit out galleys, and every sail looming in the southern sound was an event to bring the whole town in a buzz of speculation to the landing-place.

At length, on the 16th, several large galleys were descried from the Torre di Bovo d'Antona; as they approached Zara, the walls were covered with anxious groups; and on the joyful news being at length authenticated, the joy was inexpressible; it seemed the turning of the terrible tide,—the first symptom of the receding of the waters of an overwhelming deluge; the inhabitants embraced each other with tears of joy in the open streets, and the roar of 109 pieces of artillery kept time to the ding-dong of every bell in the town. During the three days, processions and diversions took place, and the victory was com-

memorated by the inscription on the Porta San Grisogono, which we have already alluded to.

The reader already knows how the new and the newest acquisitions were added to Dalmatia. The treaty of Passarovitz, in 1718, having at length freed the land from Turkish rule, the Proveditor-General was henceforth more a man of pomp and pleasure than a stout warrior; he usually belonged to one of the first families of Venice, and the proveditorship, which lasted three years, was generally considered a resource for those grandees who needed to recruit their domestic finances. The forms of a Vice-Ducal Court were kept up, and he lived in much splendour, sitting on a throne in both church and palace. The income of the three years was from 80,000 to 100,000 gold zechins, and the half was usually considered sufficient for his expenses.

Zara being his residence as long as the republic lasted, the vicinity to Venice, and the foreigners who from time to time settled in it, made it a sort of suburb of the capital, and gave it a polish of manners and a taste for the arts which might be placed beside that of Ragusa; but the extreme jealousy of the Venetian government, which prevented conversation on political affairs, or the agitation of plans for the amelioration of the people, was not equally favourable to the intellectual development of the Zaratines. There was considerable elegance in private life and in do-

mestic architecture, the Palazzo Fenzi and some others being worthy of the environs of the Rialto ; but the framework of society had all that superfluity of the privileged classes, which was a characteristic of the 18th century. This crowd of *far niente* priests and nobles did absolutely nothing for the education and the elevation of the people ; not from jealousy or design, but simply from that love of ease and pleasure which marked the last century all over Europe. In the midst of their gaieties, the French Revolution and the invasion of Venice came like a clap of thunder on the Zaratines, and opened up an entirely new phase in the history of the town.

Andrea Querini, the last of the proveditors, having invited Austria to occupy Dalmatia, Zara was garrisoned by the Imperialists from 1797 to 1806 ; when, by virtue of the stipulations of the treaty of Presburg, it became a French fortress, and, from various causes, experienced a decline of prosperity. The abolition of the law of entail was probably no disadvantage to Dalmatia at large, but the principal properties were then divided, and the aristocracy fell into decay. This was called the *svincolo*, or unbinding, and the properties being once dispersed, the aristocracy has never recovered its former position. Zara had no longer its Proveditor or Governor-General. Marmont's headquarters being generally at Spalato, clearly a better and more advantageous position for Dalmatia in

general, but not to the profit of Zara; and last, not least, the continental system of Napoleon was a great disadvantage, for if trade was not prevented altogether, it was attended with all the evils and inconveniences of contrabandism.

At length the eventful year 1813 arrived. Napoleon, unwisely rejecting the terms of mediation proposed by Austria, went to Leipsic to be ruined, and an Austrian force of Croats descending from the Vellibitch, laid siege to Zara by land, while two English frigates blockaded it by sea; and landing some artillery taken from Fort Nicolo of Sebenico, threw up batteries on the side of Terra Firma. This, Cattalinich asserts, is the only occasion on which British troops operated on the mainland of Dalmatia. In spite of the natural strength of Zara, the gallantry of the besiegers and the discontents of the garrison (principally composed also of Croats) brought about a capitulation; and the cause of Napoleon verging on the desperate, the other places on the coast quickly surrendered. The solitary tower of the Narenta was, as we have already said, the last place that submitted to Austria.

CHAPTER VI.

SOCIETY, LITERATURE, AND AMUSEMENTS IN ZARA.

MY first visit was paid to the Governor, to thank him for the handsome reception and instructive information which his letters had procured me; and shortly afterwards I received an invitation to dine with him and his amiable wife at the vice-regal palace, formerly the residence of the Proveditor-General. It is a very large and extremely inelegant edifice, but in the best situation in the town. On one side is a small open space, with an antique column of the same size as at the Piazza delle Erbe, and on the other side is the public garden, crowned with a mount and Belvidere, in which the cactus and laurel rise from verdant turf, and where we have what is nowhere else visible in Zara, that subdued beauty which we may call *amenity*. The guard, belonging to a Hungarian regiment, with white coats and sky-blue pantaloons, were at the entrance to the palace (which formed a quadrangle, one half being devoted to the Chancery, the other to the

residence of the Governor); and after getting through several ante-rooms of extensive dimensions, with inlaid wooden floors, but with very little furniture, I was ushered into the drawing-room of his Excellency, fitted up in modern style.

The Governor of Dalmatia, Feld-Marechal Lieutenant Turrsky, was a frank, fiery old soldier, who had made his first acquaintance with these provinces in the stirring times that preceded the general peace, and asked me particularly after the fate and fortunes of sundry English officers he had known at Lissa. I had sometimes heard the choice of a military man for a governor of Dalmatia criticised, as if a civilian were preferable; but, as far as I have been able to see, without justice. The example of England in her colonies shews that military men are well suited for the government of exceptional countries; since the command of an army or a regiment is one of the best schools for the acquisition of that practical acquaintance with human nature which is the most important part of all government. For the technicalities of law a lawyer is indispensable; for the details of finance a man of cyphers; but for a general view of the whole of the administration of a province composed of an unruly population, lying close to the most unruly province of the Ottoman empire, an experienced military man is certainly one of the best choices.

The state apartments, which adjoin this modern drawing-room, are large. The grand Consiglio has no Doges, but portraits of the Emperors Francis and Ferdinand in their coronation-robcs ; a long table covered with a green cloth occupied the centre. "Here," said the Governor, "the weal and woe of Dalmatia are deliberated upon." The Council consists of eight individuals, one of whom is Baron Ghetaldi, a great great grand-nephew of the renowned Marino Ghetaldi ; and when I subsequently made his acquaintance, I did not scruple to tell him the pleasure it gave me to find the representative of so great a genius, after the lapse of two centuries, sitting in the high places of Illyricum. As the conversation grew animated, I found in the Governor, what I had often remarked in successful men, a variety of talents and experiences ; and, what I least expected in an old soldier, a great taste for middle-age history, one of the results of which he shewed me after dinner. This was a collection of manuscript volumes containing—as far as the library of Vienna could afford the materials—the ancestors, male and female, of the House of Austria ; the labour, with its comments, of several years' leisure. Being traced through females and males, the variety of blood was truly curious. To say nothing of the Henri Quatres and Charles the Fifths, there were the Mary Stuarts, the Lucrezia Borgias, and the Catherine de' Medicis ; and then their ancestors

again, Hamiltons, Anguses, Lennoxes, Atholes, Estes, Scaligeri, Viscontis, and Gonzagas.

The only occasions on which the Governor affects any state are, on levee-days and at church on Sundays, where he attends with a brilliant staff, and a military band assists the service. The church is next to the palace, and dedicated to St. Simeon; and, as if it were not enough to have the ashes of Saints Anastasia and Grisogono, it is pretended that here are the real bones of St. Simeon. At all events, the arc in which the supposed bones are deposited is of silver, and valued at 12,000*l.* sterling. It was given by Elizabeth, a Hungarian Queen, in 1380; and if Marmont had not left a good character in Dalmatia, it would have been difficult to understand how it escaped the French occupation; for the Venetian wags used to say, that the French illuminati and illuminanti were very fond of massive silver candlesticks; and that the votaries of the goddess of reason had a happy knack of mingling the abstraction of metals with the abstractions of metaphysics. It is quite certain that they would not put so high a value on them as Cornelio Musso, Bishop of Bitonto, who, in 1558, preached as follows: "Thou blessed Zara, that alone hast above all the cities of Christendom a part in the solemnity of this day (Purification of the Virgin). Thou hast not the flesh of Christ, nor His blood, nor His bones, except in the most holy sacrament of the Eucharist; but thou hast indeed

the flesh, the nerves, and the bones of that most holy old man Simeon." It appears that the Morlack peasantry of the environs have much the same veneration as the Bishop of Bitonto; they will violate an oath under the sanction of the Almighty, but would be horror-struck at the perjury of an appeal to this box of old bones.

We sat down to dinner at two o'clock, and dispersed after coffee at five, thus leaving the evening clear for promenade, visits, or the theatre. Each nation in Zara preserves its peculiar customs; the Germans shewing attention to a stranger by these mid-day dinners, the natives by small conversazioni and musical parties.

Zara being a place of legal appeals and political business, there is less of art and literature than at Spalato and Ragusa; but the mixture of both renders it quite as interesting to a traveller who occupies himself with the modern relations. At the head of the first is Chief Justice Borghetti, a profound jurist, and a man of a remarkable range of information in politics and general literature; who lived in a singularly constructed house, a Venetian palace of Palladian architecture, but in a shabby street, little more than six or eight feet wide, and consequently dark, with the fine façade perfectly useless. He informed me that he had lately seen a manuscript copy of the laws of Stephen Dushan, the Servian Emperor, in the hands of a Dalmatian peasant,—a great bibliographic curiosity. The ap-

peals of all Dalmatia being carried to Zara, the limbs of the law are rather numerous in proportion to the population, and the principal advocates soon get rich. The pleadings being not *viva voce*, but in writing, the *avvocato* is more an attorney than an advocate, as we understand it.

I find an extract from my private journal as follows: "10th June. To-day went by appointment to Count Begna, who was to take me to the great advocate. Count Begna belongs to one of the few surviving Hungarian families in Dalmatia, but, of course, is completely Italianised; his house, instead of being locked up in a narrow street, is approached through a large garden in the very middle of the town, where so little room is to spare; and the trees and statues seen through the iron grated door have a pleasant but most unusual effect on the passengers. The lawyer lives not far off, and every thing wore the air of prosperous business, clerks scribbling, neat house, clients waiting turn, &c. After the first generalities, the Legale expressed great alarm at any prospect of changing the appeal court to Trieste, or the capital to Spalato, and the arguments pro and con were briefly discussed. Spalato is the natural capital of Dalmatia, from its being more in the middle of the kingdom, from having a good port, and from being at the termination of the great commercial road into Bosnia; and lastly, from the general amenity of the environs. On the other hand, the Zaratines assert, that the value of

house-property in this town would experience a great depreciation from the change, and the handsome new houses recently built would prove ruinous speculations ; that if it is not in the centre of Dalmatia, it is nearer Trieste than Vienna ; and lastly, that it is a fortified town, and secured from immediate danger. Having surrendered to the Allies in 1813, the fortress of Zara was held in light esteem in Vienna, and an order was made for spending no more money on the works ; but an engineer officer, named Shilling, was of a different opinion, and agitated the subject so much and so frequently, that he was found troublesome, and told he would be pensioned if he persevered in the matter. The pertinacious, wayward officer said nothing, but continuing his studies in private, at length fell upon a note from Napoleon to Marmont, placing great stress on Zara ; and the case being again taken into consideration, the fortifications are to be kept up. The general opinion of military men is, that it is not easily defensible if attacked by both sea and land ; but the fall of Zara has so great a moral effect on the population of the rest of the province, as to leave no alternative between total destruction of the fortifications, or rendering them of the first efficiency. I had often discussed this matter with the Spalatines ; but they obviated this objection by mentioning that Spalato, being situated on a peninsula, could be rendered secure by traversing lines from the

Gulf of Salona to the outer Adriatic. In short, there is a great deal to be said on both sides of the question."

Zara, without having a University, has a Lyceum, preparatory to the Italian Universities, and an excellent normal school, which I visited. Entering one of the rooms of the latter, I took up the class-book, and found it to be one of Catholic devotion. While I was turning over the leaves the clock struck ten, and in came a fresh bevy of youngsters. Having asked who they were, I was informed by the Master that they were of the Greek religion; that they commenced the studies of the day in a separate room with their own clergymen, paid by the state; and that, notwithstanding the great jealousy of the two faiths, the system worked harmoniously. The Greek clergy and bishops being paid by the state, secular education is combined with religion; but in this manner even the suspicion of its being made the vehicle for proselytism is obviated. It is surprising that in our own islands we cannot come to similar arrangements on these matters satisfactory to all parties.

Slaavic literature is not so much cultivated in Zara as elsewhere in Dalmatia. One literary periodical, the "*Zora Dalmatinska*," although ably conducted, scarcely vegetates on this Latin soil. The superior classes have the Italian and German periodicals, and the educated Morlacks are few in

number. The editor, one of my most pleasant and useful acquaintances, was Professor of Midwifery in the Lyceum, and a native of Spalato. He lived in the corner house of the Piazza dei Signori, and had espoused a scion of the house of the Cornaro family of Venice. He disapproved of the Bohemian spelling that had been adopted by Gaj and the learned Illyrians in Croatia; and in his Zora he is guided in the spelling by the Ragusans, and by an Illyrian copy of the Gospels, in his own library, in Gothic characters, printed at Venice by Bernardino Spalatino, as the title-page says, in 1495—thus an incunabulum. We used occasionally to spend the evening at the house of a Bohemian officer of the garrison, also of great erudition, who had married a highly informed Milanese lady. But his enthusiastic Slaavism entertained me; for instance, he made out that Slaavic was the original language in which God spoke to the world. In vain I urged that it must have been Arabic, the language of Abraham, as *Adam* must mean “man.” He maintained that it was *Odam*, “Oh, come,” &c.

Zara cannot, like Ragusa, boast of a long line of men of science and literature. The historian Davila (whose book is described by Clarendon to have been Hampden’s favourite study) was for some time military governor of the town. In his biographical memoirs it is said, that after 1620, he being then in the Venetian military service,

went to Zara, taking his wife and children with him. There is extant a letter to his nephew, Pier Antonio Davila, asking him to provide an able tutor for his children, who were at that time under the care of the Archdeacon of the cathedral—"a sufficient man," said he, "but much occupied with his own clerical functions." Of the native Zaratine literati none have a European, and only one an Italian, reputation,—Giandomenico Stratico, a writer born in 1732, died 1799. He wrote poetry, criticism, and theology; and was a hot opponent of the French encyclopædism of the eighteenth century. He was, in 1760, at the personal instance of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, made professor of Greek literature and biblical criticism in the University at Sienna, and rose to be Bishop of Istria.

The amusements in Zara are, the promenade in the public garden, where the band plays on Sundays and holidays. Here the fair sex shew off their finery, and ices and lemonades are discussed. The ordinary public amusement is the theatre; in winter an operatic company, and in summer a comedy. Most of the pieces given during my stay were translations from French vaudevilles; that incomparable school, which, without the pretensions of high comedy or high tragedy, contents itself with holding the mirror up to nature—French nature, to be sure, which is a hot-house or conservatory; but no fault of the mirror, which is

fidelity itself. I confess I did not enjoy them here ; for only French light comedians understand that business now-a-days ; but when a good comedy of Goldoni was played, it invariably proved satisfactory.

Occasionally recitations from Dante were given ; and I went one evening to a performance of this description. The curtain drew up, and in came the principal actor, in the dress of the period of the poet,—the cap with the pendant ear-flap, the brown tunic, and the braced girdle. A sensation ran through the audience, as, pointing to the lintel of a door, he appeared struck with the superscription, and dead silence succeeded as he began to read the solemn memory-graven lines—

“ Per me si va nella città dolente.”

The dress, manner, and subdued action of the reciter were striking and admirable ; but as he advanced, it seemed to my northern notions that he tore the passion to tatters, abandoning himself to such cries and contortions, that the ears of the groundlings and boxlings were well nigh split. But, as Paley says, “ we are a bundle of habits.” It was quite in the Italian taste, and the applause was as vociferous as the performance.

The principal manufactory in Zara is that of maraschino—the liqueur made from the marasca, or black cherry, which is grown mostly in the

neighbourhood of Almissa, between Spalato and Macarsca. Bordeaux is not more famous for its wines than Zara for its liqueurs, and in the manufacture of them they surpass all other places. I visited these distilleries one day, and found them to have nearly all the same appearance: a low ground-floor, opening on a little back garden; large coppers of the liqueur closely covered, so as to exclude air; the shelves filled with various-coloured rosolj; the Portogallo, or orange, clear as amber; and the delicious Garofalo, or clove, the prince of liqueurs. Spanish wax was boiling in a pot over a brazier, and the corked bottles, being reversed, are dipped in it, and sealed with the name of the firm. The fruit is picked and skinned in June and July. Drioli and some of the houses pretend to have secrets for mixing the proportions, which are transmitted to the women of the family from generation to generation; but, in truth, it is like the secret of the protean Jean Maria Farina, of Cologne, the true secret being the possession of adequate capital and a current sale. The best maraschino is that of Drioli, Luxardo, and Kreglianovich. The maraschino of the first of these is reckoned by the native Dalmatians as the best of all, but it is dear. Luxardo makes good maraschino, and has a large sale; the maraschino of Kreglianovich is very good in quality, and moderate in price, but not strong enough for the English and Russian taste; for

while the Sicilians prefer weak and sweet maraschino, a more powerful liqueur is requisite for the English, Dutch, and Russian. There are, altogether, about a dozen distilleries in the town; and several of the proprietors have made handsome fortunes.

CHAPTER VII.

EXCURSIONS FROM ZARA.

WHAT a contrast between the eastern and the western shores of the Adriatic, which are separated by so short a distance, that on a clear day the peak of Gran Sasso d'Italia, the highest of the Apennines, may be seen from some of the out-lying islands of Dalmatia ! On the other side, no ports of any consequence, except Ancona and Brindisi ; on this side the ports are innumerable. Yonder, few or no islands ; here, a whole archipelago. The islands of Zara form a distinct group, stretching from Sebenico to the Gulf of Quarnero, and have the peculiarity of being two parallel ridges of high ground, here and there broken by inlets and passages, but still preserving the character of two chains of mountains, parallel to each other and the coast ; the water between the mainland and the first chain of islands being called the Canale di Zara, and the sound intervening between the two parallel chains of islands being called the Canale di Mezzo.

One festival-day I went with a large party of friends on a trip to Ugliano, the island opposite

Zara,—our rendezvous being at the early hour of five in the morning, at the public garden, as the heat during the day was oppressive; and proceeding to the Porta di Terra Firma, we got into the pinnace of the frigate in station, some of whose officers were of the party, and were rowed across the Sound, a distance of about four miles. It was bright sunshine; and as the tower of Bova d'Antona, rising above the long line of curtains and bastions, lessened to my sight, I looked with renewed curiosity to the expanding shores of Ugliano. As we approached, it was evident that, instead of being desolate islands, they were populous, and possessed more of vegetation and culture than the mainland. As in Lebanon and on the coast of Syria, the olives were all in terraces, rising one above another from the water's edge; and in the midst of some groves of trees, with dense foliage, were groups of white houses; and the solemn bell of the red campanile was heard tolling across the waters to church.

We landed in a pretty bay, enlivened with several country-houses of Zaratines; but they are very different from Venetian villas of Terra Firma. A square white box is built close to the waters, with the view of Zara; a garden behind, fenced with a high wall, has straight walks, with oleanders and trellises, with creeping plants for shade; a few rooms contain the refuse of the town furniture, all under the care of an old Morlack woman; shewing

that the Zaratine finds little in country life to replace the casino, the opera, the *chiaccheria*, and the busy leisure of town life. There are exceptions, but such is the rule.

We landed on the beach, and entered the village of Oltre ; soon afterwards, mass being ended, the peasantry came out of the church ; and it was not difficult to perceive at once their superiority to those of Terra Firma. Their dress and appearance was much more Italian ; the man of the Terra Firma is the Morlack—here it is rather the Schiavone, who frequented the riva of Venice, the man of the insular asylum during the hottest Turkish wars.

After resting some time in a house in the village, we began our ascent of the mountain above, on the peak of which is the ruined castle of St. Michael. Leaving behind us the groves of Oltre, we came upon the steep face of the hill, with rocks intermingled with furze ; and after an hour and a half, stood at the gate of the castle, and looked down the other side of the hill upon the Canale di Mezzo, or intermediate sound, and beyond it the outer line of islands, and the open Adriatic farthest of all. The key being produced, we entered ; found ourselves in just such a feudal castle as I have repeatedly described in my work on Servia ; and, ascending the tower, looked all around with wonder rather than with pleasure.

Beautiful the prospect certainly was not ; for

without the soft magic of green hill, umbrageous forest, and the river meandering in the wide verdant meadow, no scene can deserve the qualification; but all was strange and gigantic, sublime and unlovely, and a continent seemed to have been shattered into a thousand fragments by the wrath of the Changer who never is changed. Turning from the islands to the land side, the canal of Zara was at my feet; the narrow stripe of vegetation close to the water, and the immensity of the hill-wastes beyond, being a contrast that repeated in colossal proportions the Nubian valley of the Nile, with its puny margin of verdure. Zara, reduced to a nut-shell, juttet out with its Liliputian peninsula from the shore of the Sound; and beyond the Contado, which is comparatively level, was the range of the Vellibitch, all bare, brown, and burnt, sweeping precipitously across the horizon, from the lofty Dinara to far far away in the direction of Fiume; Mount Ossero in the island of Cherso rising prominently to the north, and veiling the farther peaks of Istria from our view.

The church, or chapel, was a mass of ruins, and gave its name of St. Michael to the castle, from having been dedicated to that Archangel. In the early ages of the Church it was a hermitage, was fortified, and became a refuge to the Zaratines after Dandolo's capture and sack of Zara in 1202. It was between the years 1366

and 1373 that Louis of Hungary completed the present fortifications; it thereafter became a fortified abbey, with good revenues from the arable lands at the water's edge—"Pingue possedimento di campi," as Ferrari Cupilli styles them; and its importance was further increased by the Turkish war; being considered the last resource and asylum, if Zara should be taken. With the modern art of fortification, it fell into desuetude, till the late French war, when, from its commanding position, it was used as a point of observation for the surveillance of all the naval movements in the sounds and passages, and communicated with the telegraph of the tower of Zara.

After descending again to the water's edge, we filled up the interval to dinner-time with sauntering about the fields and conversing with the people. It is impossible not to be sensible of the enormous difference which the insular security during the Turkish wars has made. If I had not heard the sounds of the same language, I should have thought them a different people. All the fields are fenced; and venerable trees, at pleasant spots, cast their wide and welcome shades to invite a moment of repose. The islander is provident, from a hereditary consciousness that all he saves he can keep. The Morlack, driven to desperation in the Turkish wars, knew not what an hour might bring forth. For more than two centuries subject to rapine and injustice, he begot

habits of disorder that have never been eradicated. "To-day let us eat, drink, and be merry; for to-morrow we die," is a sentiment that has survived the wars a century and a half.

The fishing of tunny and anchovies is a great resource to the islanders of the Sound; and a very curious lawsuit was at that time pending before the tribunals, which was the topic of much conversation. A great shoal of tunny, worth 400*l.*, was discovered by the fishermen of Cale, pursued into the Creek of Sestrugn, and there enclosed and taken; on which the commune of Sestrugn claimed a large portion of the haul as belonging to their territory. The fishermen of Cale said, "No; the shoal was discovered on the open Adriatic, and pursued into your bay and taken with our nets, otherwise nothing at all would have been captured." The case being unforeseen by the civil code, and no precedents having occurred in the present generation, great curiosity hung on the result; but how it ended I have not heard.

One of the villas had been lent to our party for the pic-nic; and after a most social day, we re-embarked. There being no moon, it was quite dark; but the water being smooth, and our party being about a dozen in number, one chorus after another kept time to the splash of the oars, until we again landed at the boat-jetty of the gate of Terra Firma.

Count Borelli having given me a hospitable invitation to accompany him for a few days to his estates, I had an opportunity of seeing something of country life in the Contado of Zara, and of visiting one of the most celebrated castles of Dalmatia, in the vicinity of which an old Turkish caravanserai and mosque have been changed into his country residence. We made two easy stages of it; first, to a villa a few hours off, and next day to the castle. The route to the first lay along the shore of the sound of Zara going southwards; the water on our right as smooth as if it formed part of an Italian lake, and fenced in from the outer Adriatic by the double chain of islands. The first village we passed on our left, a quarter of an hour from the gate of Terra Firma, is not Dalmatian but Albanian, and is called Borgo Erizzo. At the beginning of the last century, Vincenzo Zmajevich, who had been formerly Catholic Archbishop of Antivari, received a colony of Catholic Albanians who were flying from Moslem rule; and at his instance Nicolo Erizzo, provveditor-general, established them here in 1726, where they have a few kitchen-gardens that help to supply the town. Their houses are just constructed as those in Albania; they still speak the Albanian language; and although within a short walk of Zara, which is as neat a little capital as any in Europe, they preserve to this day the filth and barbarism of the mother province.

For some distance after leaving Zara, the Terra Firma on our left was barren; but as we advanced, the downs were gradually covered with that luxuriance of shrubbery which I had seen at Curzola; the villages were thickly scattered on both shores of the Sound; and the further we removed from the capital, the more smiling and cheerful became the prospect. The Terra Firma which we traversed sloped gradually from the waters; but the chain of islands preserved the character of a range of high hills, with a very narrow base between their ribs and the waters of the Sound. On our left were occasional remains of Trajan's aqueduct, from the Kerka to Zara; and so superhuman did a chain of arches fifty miles in length appear to the early Croat invaders, that they called it the Vilenska Zeed, or wall of the Vilas,—the elves or spirits of old Slaavic mythology,—which name it retains to this day.

As the shades of evening approached, the scene grew softer and softer. The western sun had sunk behind the islands, leaving a luminous halo on the ridges of the hills of Pasman, which vaguely reflected itself on the tranquil Sound. All was gentleness and beauty; even the waters of the Sound rose and fell in a low measured cadence, that soothingly harmonised with the tone of the scene.

As we came in sight of San Filippo, the coachman could scarcely restrain his horses; and seven

was striking on the village-clock as I gave my hand to the Countess, and we entered a summer villa facing the Sound, which, with its white painted columns and green blinds, looked so very smart, as to put the other houses of the village sadly out of countenance. There were no pleasure-grounds, properly so called; but all within doors shewed freshness, nicety, and comfort, as far as it is understood in an Italian climate. The only object being, apparently, a good position projecting on the Sound (a Roman traditionary custom, and not a bad one), when we got up stairs, the view from the window of the drawing-room, opening like three sides of a lantern, up and down the Sound, was better than any that could have been found in the seclusion of a park; and when we returned from supper, we stood at the windows amusing ourselves with the tunny boats moving slowly along, the seductive torches glaring in the blackness of night, and the dark figure of the harpooner with his trident uplifted ready to strike the deluded fish.

The carriage was left at San Filippo; and next day we started for Vrana in a jaunting-car drawn by three strong horses; for we now left the Sound behind us, and by a rough country road crossed over inland. The good soil extended a very short way from the shore; and here I saw some tender olive-twigs growing from their trunks, which had been cut off a couple of feet from the ground. It

appears that, some years before, certain *mal venti*, or outlawed Morlacks, had demanded twenty dollars of the cultivator ; and being refused, had cut down his olives. This is by no means a rare occurrence ; and notwithstanding some good traits in the character of the Morlack, his vindictiveness and disposition to agrarian outrage bear too unhappy a resemblance to what we daily read of in Ireland. After mounting a moderate acclivity, we crossed a low broad bridge of barren stony land ; then descending again, saw the Lake of Vrana ; and six or eight miles off, at the other end of the waters, the ruined castle and modern residence, forming a few yellow specks in the wide expanse of green grass and blue lake ; in fact, the scene looked more like a new polder in old Zealand, or on the shores of the Zuyder Zee, than a scene in Dalmatia. It was of the richest land imaginable, but in want of drainage ; the snowy-white plumes of the heron glistened in the long green grass, and the fowler or falconer had endless sport ; but it was lamentable to see such a valuable soil lost for want of capital to drain it. The property was, altogether, fifty-eight miles in circumference, and was granted to the ancestors of the Count for services rendered to the Venetian government ; but the shallow lake covering such an extent of ground, the net revenue was under 1000*l.* sterling a year ; or, taking the proportion of the value of commodities, not more than 2000*l.* a year in England.

The worst of the matter was, that through some error of taking the levels, a canal cut to the Sound, with a view of draining off the water, was, through this blunder, rendered the means of letting in a larger quantity of salt water. It is evident that, in such a case as this, by shutting the canal next the lake, and treating it as a Dutch polder, a single powerful steam-engine would soon empty it, and decuple the income of the estate.

After making a wide detour by the lake, we approached Vrana; and on a gentle eminence was the old extensive castle, which had been blown up, masses of cohering wall six or eight feet thick being tumbled down into the fosse; and at a short distance below it, the modern residence, a large straggling building surrounded with trees and out-houses. The jaunting-car was driven into the court-yard through a pointed archway; and on looking around, it was evident that the edifice had been originally either a khan or a convent of Derviches, built by Moslem piety; and some disproportionate large stones in the wall shewed that the masons must have appropriated the fragments of some Roman edifice to their purpose. The mosque itself was in ruins; but side-cells of the cloister, whether used by Derviches or travellers, had become the household offices; and in the midst of the court was an abundant fountain of water, now long divorced from the ablutions of prayer. Opposite the archway by which we entered was an iron gate;

and beyond it, the garden, in deep shady luxuriance, which, with the well-constructed but now rather dilapidated arcades, had a strange sequestered quaintness, that, if depicted by the master-hand that threw off Tully Veolen, would have made a striking opening to a romance of Dalmatian life.

Ascending the staircase, I perceived the windows to be more modern, with stone flags placed across from one side to the other, and with horizontal loop-holes, so as to allow the parties within to defend the house with musketry in case of need ; for in the last century a Turkish visit was by no means an impossible event. The hall on the first floor had good but old-fashioned Venetian furniture ; and prominent on the wall was a framed and printed copy of the grant for services rendered to the Republic, and beside it a bird's-eye survey of the property, with the inscription, "*Pianta ossia disegno delle pertinenze di Urana, ricercate e concesse in fevdo nobile e gentil col titolo di Conte al fidel Francesco Borelli,*" &c.

The Count shewed me to my apartment, telling me that it had the reputation of being haunted by hobgoblins, and that there was not a Morlack in Vrana who would pass a night there, as the devil had appeared several times in a red dress ; but that the King of Saxony had, a short time before, occupied it, on a visit to Vrana, and had been in no way troubled. I looked round the

haunted chamber, but could perceive nothing peculiar ; no arras trembled, no painted portrait stepped out of its frame or altered its expression of countenance ; but looking about, I perceived a dark cabinet between the walls of the front and back rooms, which opened with a door disguised as that of a cupboard ; and, examining it more closely, I perceived at once that it was the hiding-hole without which no Oriental house is constructed. I was amused with observing that its original designation was unknown to the Count, some generations of piping peace having brought it into oblivion and desuetude ; and I have no doubt that some true tale of hiding was the origin of the fable of the haunting.

Our party consisted of, besides the Count and Countess, a clergyman of the neighbourhood, in the dress of the old school, with cocked-hat, knee-breeches and buckles ; and the chief civil engineer, on a tour of inspection of roads and bridges,—a remarkably intelligent man, who had been an officer of the line in his younger days, and fought at Leipsic ; but having a turn for mathematics, had shewn great activity in the Vellibitch road, and became the engineer of the circle of Zara. We conversed of railways and many other things ; and it is evident that there is no chance of Dalmatia having them for years to come, from the thin population, the enormous fissures and cracks to be bridged, and the rivalry of the sea in cheap-

ness, the kingdom being so long and narrow. The Count, whose favourite study was political economy, was well acquainted, not only with the modern authors on that science, but with the original Neapolitan school of the seventeenth century. The Countess was a most accomplished person, with a voice and style such as many a *prima donna* would envy; and the delightful freemasonry that exists among musical dilettanti, when their lines do not jostle, gave a charming variety to the conversation. But most of all we delighted to dwell on the great and beautiful literature of old Italy; Dante and Petrarca; and the rousing thunder or Lydian measures in which the overture of modern song was composed. Even their prose writers demanded our admiration. Annibale Caro, the prince of letter-writers; Giorgio Vasari, the Boswell of art, whose book we read with such avidity, although apt to laugh at the author; and so on through the long list to Cesare Cantu, whose *Universal History* I see adopted as a standard in every good library in Dalmatia.

Next day, the engineer having started for Bencovatz at daybreak, we devoted the forenoon to excursions. Westwards were the meadows, sloping down to the lake; but in the opposite direction was a narrow valley, shut in by rocks, through which came the stream that watered Vrana, and thither we ascended in the morning, just before the heat of the day began. After a pleasant walk,

we came to the end of the valley, where we found a tunnel cut in the rock, through which the stream entered the open ground; and on our flanking the hill above it, we saw a sloping fissure, twenty or thirty feet wide, down which we scrambled to a large natural hall, at one side of which clear river-water issued from a dark opening into a large trough of rock below, and then passed through the tunnel into the open valley. From the heat and light of day, we suddenly found ourselves in coolness and gloom; the sunlight glistened from above through the shrubs that surrounded the fissure, and was reflected downwards to the dark green creeping plants that, in graceful festoons, overhung the sombre crystal pool. A graceful recumbent water-nymph, with features obliterated by Turkish violence, or the irresistible hand of time and humidity, was cut out of the rock; and, coupled with the fact of the large stones in the mansion, made me more than ever think that a Roman city must have existed in the neighbourhood: a point, however, which my restriction to the middle-age and modern relations of Dalmatia, prevented me from investigating. Close to the nymph was a high-sterned Venetian galley rudely engraven, with the date 19 Marzo, 1477; recording, no doubt, the visit of the crew of some argosy, before the valley had received its Turkish masters; nay, more than one of the party might, in his younger years, have seen in the

Hippodrome the last occupant of the throne of Constantine.

Retracing our steps to the north of the valley, we now turned to the old castle, built on a very slight eminence; and therefore, being considered not very strong by nature, was strengthened by art. Except at the castle of Semendria, in Servia, I have rarely seen such a mass of stone and mortar in those countries; and it was evidently intended, "not for an age, but for all time." The earliest records mention a Benedictine convent; but it was in 1138 that Bela II. of Hungary erected this extensive edifice for the Knights Templars, and the Prior of Vrana became one of the great dignitaries of the kingdom, with many subsidiary castles in Croatia and Dalmatia. At the abolition of the order of the Templars, in 1212, it appears that they continued to reside here on sufferance, or in defiance of the abolition of the order; and it was not till 1392 that the Ban of Bosnia defeated the Prior, who had been conspiring against the Hungarian queens, Elizabeth and Maria, and confiscated his lands. It then became Venetian, along with Zara; but being taken in 1587 by the Turks, a large Moslem colony sprung up, and a certain Ali Bey, hereditary feudator of Vrana, constructed a palace, with pleasure-gardens and fountains, in the Oriental manner; of which there are minute accounts existing, but the only part of it that remains is the present house

of the clergyman of the village. The Venetians took the castle again in 1646, and finding it unadvisable to keep a garrison in it, they blew it up.

Next day we visited a village. A good part of the marshy meadow had been trenched all round ; it then formed a square enclosed space, and not only kept the dwellings dry, but was a certain defence against intrusion of any sort. The houses and the peasantry were just what I had seen elsewhere. The Count was an improving landlord, as far as the ground already cleared ; but he told me the same tale of the obstinate resistance of the Morlack to lay aside his slovenly improvident habits, his readiness to revenge, and his slowness to adopt the most palpable improvements in agriculture. We then saw a young almond-plantation, on drier ground, the tree of which, with the dense small bright green foliage, is one of the pleasantest to the eye ; and the quality of the Zara almond is said to be equal to any in the Mediterranean. The route by which I returned to Zara being the same as that by which I had come, offered no fresh cause for observation.

CHAPTER VIII.

CROATIA.

MY original intention was to have confined myself to the Austrian ports on the Adriatic, and to have embarked by the steamer from Zara to the islands of the gulf of Quarnero, and thence to Fiume; but in Zara I was advised that the land journey would enable me, with a moderate additional sacrifice of time, to see the Highlands of Croatia, one of the most romantic regions in Europe, and entirely unknown to most readers. The Governor of Dalmatia, on my making known my intention, with spontaneous kindness offered me letters to the officers of the districts I was about to visit, which is entirely in the military frontier. He had been, in his younger days, a colonel of the Ogulin regiment, and still took a strong personal interest in the welfare of the land and the people.

As the region in question is elevated, it was not advisable to attempt the journey before the month of June. May was ending in a glow of heat; and an aide-de-camp of the Governor and an officer of the garrison having got a few days'

leave of absence, we made up a pleasant party to Gospich, the nearest regimental district on the other side of the Vellibitch.

On the 24th of May, at four o'clock in the afternoon, I went to the palace, and took leave of the kind circle from which I had received so many attentions. The diligence having called for us, we rattled out of the Porta di Terra Firma, and found ourselves on the high-road to Obrovazzo, the ground quite parched up with the premature heats, and even the dust preferable to closed windows.

This was the same road as that by which I had first come to Zara; we arrived in time for a late supper at Obrovazzo; and shortly after re-entering the carriage, I fell asleep, awoke in the morning as the horses were dragging the carriage up the last zigzags of this wonderful road, and soon found myself at that very pillar where, six months before, I had made my first acquaintance with Dalmatia. Seldom had six months of my life passed so instructively and amusingly; and if I have not succeeded in infusing into the reader an interest in its peculiarities, the shortcoming lies with the writer, and certainly not with the land that he visited.

Here, when I passed in winter, I saw nothing but snow and icicles, and welcomed Dalmatia, with its mild southern air, in the gloomy month of November; now, equally pleasing were my sensa-

tions on leaving the atmosphere of the fig, the olive, and the bare, parched rocks, and finding myself in the land of wide-spreading forests and open brakes of firm verdant turf, sloping down to the plains of Licca, on which the early dew glistened in the rising sun.

While the horses were changing, we went into the post-house; and, entering into conversation with the post-master, he gave us a sad account of the condition of the plains of Licca, to which we were now descending; the crops of the previous year having failed, they had consumed in many places even their seed-corn and potatoes. The post-house and village being a few yards to the east of the pillar, is, consequently, in Croatia, and not in Dalmatia; the language of the people is still Illyrian, the very same language I heard through all Dalmatia, in Servia, in Bulgaria, and on the heights of Montenegro; but the varnish of civilisation here ceased to be Italian, and here I heard the first German again. While we were chatting, I perceived a carbine hanging from the wall which had not an Austrian cut, and looking closer, found it to be a memento of the French empire, being marked, "Manufacture Impériale de Charleville."

How different might the destinies of the French nation and language have been, had Napoleon, instead of burying a million of men in Spain and Russia, turned his power to the basins of the Save and the Danube! Lower Bosnia,

Slavonia, the Banat, and Servia, communicating with the ex-territories of Venice through Croatia, might have received a horde of military settlers, that would have given a French impress to Illyria. By offering temptations to Austria in some other quarter, the thing could have been done by force or fraud more easily than a conquest of Spain or Russia. It must often have rolled through the brain of this wholesale kingdom-monger. Fortunately for humanity, affairs took another turn; for had there been in him a will to it, doubtless there would have been a way. The holding of provinces so inconveniently situated for France as those on the other side of the Adriatic, and the number of Croatians sent to France to receive a French military education, and some of whom I met in these provinces, seemed to indicate that, if the military power of Russia had been broken (for every body knew that conquest with a view to occupation was impossible), the basin of the Save would in all probability have been the next sphere of his boundless ambition.

The pillar at the pass being about 3400 feet English above the gulf of Morlackia which laves the feet of the mountain, and the plain of Licca, to which I was now descending inland, being 1700 feet above the level of the sea, the descent was about the half of the previous ascent from Dalmatia. As we rolled downwards, the verdant North, smiling in her summer attire, welcomed us

with all the attractions of her own style of beauty. I no longer recognised the repulsive features of November; the birds whistled their softest notes; the air was fragrant with the mountain flora, and mild with the early summer; the bee buzzed in the open sunshine; the sound of unseen rushing waters echoed through the deep shades; and a few patches of snow, seen in the rocky recesses of the Vellibitch, and caught at glimpses from the open parts of the road, were all that remained of grim winter. The night and morning seemed a week; so totally different in character is the Dalmatian from the Croatian side of the Vellibitch.

Croatia has been, as a kingdom, associated with Hungary since 1190; and the provincial or constitutional part of it, which lies to the northward, is divided into counties, and sends members to the Diet; but this division I am now entering upon, intervening between the north-west corner of Turkey in Europe and the Adriatic, is governed by a military administration which took its origin in the wars of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, and, developed as an offensive and defensive system during the long struggles with the Porte, subsists to this day. There is no landed aristocracy in the country; the King of Hungary is the only landlord; the peasantry pay no rent, and scarcely any taxes, but in lieu thereof maintain a military force in proportion to each family. A house with three sons furnishes a sol-

dier ; five sons, two soldiers ; and so on ; nourished by the family, but receiving uniform, arms, and accoutrements from the government. The active service is from twenty to twenty-three years of age ; they are then enrolled in the reserve, and the district is divided geographically into regiments instead of counties ; so that it is one vast camp, every soldier being a peasant, and every peasant a soldier.

On arriving at the plain of Licca, the road proceeds parallel with the Vellibitch ; but this chain, instead of being on my right, as it had been from Ragusa to Zara, was henceforth on my left, and intervened between me and the Adriatic. The plain itself, being pasture intermingled with plantation, is green and pleasant to the eye ; but the soil is poor, and does not furnish provisions enough for the inhabitants. As we passed along, I saw that all the work in the fields was done by people in the ordinary costume of Croatia, which is a sort of cross-breed between the semi-oriental costume of the Dalmatians and that of the Hungarians ; but the officers, who, besides drilling the men, are land-bailiffs and bookkeepers, wore invariably an undress costume of dark-green faced with yellow. The villages have some resemblance to those of Servia, being formed of straggling houses, the kitchen-gardens and yard all fenced round with high wooden palings, so as to protect whatever stock they have from wolves in winter, which are very daring in this part of the country ; but Gos-

pich, the head-quarters of the regiment, at which we arrived in the forenoon, has quite the appearance of a small German town, with a church and pointed spire, and continuous houses forming some streets. None of the houses were in the Italian or Dalmatian style, with doorways flanked with twisted pillars, and surmounted by coats of arms cut in stone; no shining floors of pounded marble and cement; but the inn where we put up had its low-roofed dining-room, its stencilled walls, and its wood floors, in which a corpulent officer was taking a long pull at a foaming glass tankard of beer, and then, having lighted a meerschaum pipe with a portable phosphoric apparatus, resigning himself to the delights of a Dutch elysium.

Colonel Reichenbach, who commanded the Licca regiment, of which Gospich is the head-quarters, was absent at Graschatz that day, to devise the means of getting all the lands sown, and deficiencies supplied from Bosnia; for while Dalmatia and Croatia were afflicted with a failure of corn-crops and the potato rot, Bosnia was blessed with great abundance, and, had it not been for the resources of this fruitful province, their straits must have been much greater. One of the officers did the honours of Gospich, a Bohemian of highly polished manners. The social resources of Gospich were indeed few. The lieutenant, however, had a piano in his rooms, and a library of the German muses and literature. Schiller and Uhland, Beetho-

ven and Weber, filled up the gaps in the diversions of Gospich. I expressed agreeable surprise, on seeing the piano. "What!" said he; "could I be a Bohemian, and not have a feeling for song and music?" and, opening the instrument, a pleasant musical excursion succeeded to the conversation on my trip thither. What an accomplished people these Bohemians are! Besides being well acquainted with their own professions, civil or military, your Bohemian has often half-a-dozen other acquirements, which would make him an accomplished man in the west of Europe — thinking at the same time very little of the matter. There are frequent instances of Bohemians knowing three or four languages, and playing four or five instruments, and yet being very far from unusual Bohemians. Altogether, they seem to be one of the ablest races of the Austrian monarchy; a probable result of the mixture of blood, by which the defects of the German and Slaavic character are reciprocally corrected.

Gospich is situated in the midst of the plain of Licca, which is about thirty miles long, and six or eight broad, and takes its name from the river which waters the plain. This river, running through the middle of the town, plunges into a subterranean hollow; and, passing through the dark unfathomed caves of the Vellibitch, re-appears, on the other side, near St. George, to flow in tranquillity into the Adriatic; a peculiarity in many of

the rivers on this coast, which the Slaavic bards compare to the entrance to the ocean of eternity, through the valley of the shadow of death. Most of the plain is in pasture, with very little corn or other crops; but close to the town is a large forest of oaks, the open glades of which are the favourite promenade of the officers and their families.

On the next Sunday I had an opportunity of seeing the men of Gospich in their uniforms at church. They are a race having the thews and sinews of giants, and the physical courage of heroes; one of the last deaths in the regiment was that of a veteran seven feet high, and eighty-six years of age. They are not only brave, but most affectionate in all their immediate domestic relations. When they are ordered on service, either abroad, or to some other part of the monarchy, it is impossible to form the men in regular marching order, as the whole village, men, women, and children, go with the company a day's journey, and then take leave with loud wails and tears. Their return after an absence offers a contrast equally joyous and violent. Like the Morlack, they are excessively headstrong and difficult to manage; but there being no landlords, and all the land being apportioned to the actual cultivators, there are no agrarian outrages, as in Dalmatia; murders among themselves, however, from revenge, are by no means rare occurrences. The majority

are Catholics, but are excessively superstitious; and priestcraft flourishes to an extent that even an enlightened Catholic must disapprove. A circumstance occurred in the course of my tour through Croatia, which seems strange in the nineteenth century. The long drought had created apprehensions of a second failure of crops, and the priest of a church had been strongly solicited to allow a procession for rain; but he refused resolutely, saying that it was a punishment for sins: at length, seeing the barometer fall, he forthwith ordered the procession; and lo, a miracle! although not a cloud was visible at the procession, the sky was overcast on the same day, and down came the rain in torrents; hence processions are as highly esteemed as ever.

After church-service, I met the principal officers at dinner, at the house of the Colonel, who had returned from his tour, and who assured me that the hardest-worked colonel in the line, in time of peace, was an idler compared to what he had been, with the responsibility of a regiment of seventy-six thousand souls in the midst of a severe dearth. He stated that the purely military part of his duty was, from practice, comparatively easy; but, as the whole of the economical government of the regimental district lay upon him, it was a series of struggles and exertions which tasked the body and mind to the utmost strain.

Most of the other officers were native Croats, and had something of the homeliness of the yeoman in their style, in consequence of not having the same advantages in seeing the world as the officers of the line; but they are kind-hearted, honest men, and, possessing the essential qualities of thorough knowledge of their duties, they improve on acquaintance. The officer of the line, who is a bird of passage, is a more attractive companion; but there is no point of local relation on which the officer of the frontier is not generally able to inform the traveller to his heart's content. Instead of the great world, they live in a little world of their own; but that they know perfectly. Being, from their profession, ultra-loyal to the government, and incapable of a subversive act or thought, they discussed with me, during the week I passed in Gospich, the advantages and defects of their system with the greatest freedom; and I propose to give these political results of my tour in a separate chapter.

The day of the officer of the frontier begins at four or five o'clock in the morning; and, from one duty to another, he is occupied till mid-day, when he dines; he finishes his business again at six or seven, and in the evening plays whist or tarocco, for small points, till supper-time. Comparatively few of the officers are married, from the obligation to lay in caution-money, as a set-off for a pension, in case of decease; so that a military dandy who

lives only for parade, theatres, and society, would find it a monotonous existence ; but those who relish agriculture and field-sports, who desire a fixed sphere of usefulness to their fellow-men, and have a thirst for labour (which habit makes as insatiable as any other passion), have ample means of gratifying their wishes in the military frontier.

In the evening the band played on the little green plat between the church and the house of the Colonel, not with the tone of the grand bands of the line, but in a manner to please and satisfy any ear not painfully fastidious. The pieces were either the airs of the last operas of Verdi, or the last waltzes of Strauss ; and I was agreeably surprised to have a smack of our own country, in an air from Balfe's *Falstaff*. Just before leaving Vienna to commence my tour, I had been an auditor of the applause with which Mr. Balfe and his operas had been received on the scene of the greatest triumphs of the greatest masters, and was amused by a bull, which almost betrayed a Milesian descent. In the stall behind me sat a gentleman, who, before the overture of *Zigeunerinn* (Bohemian Girl), said to his neighbour : " This is the only Englishman whose music is good ; and this Englishman is not an Englishman, but an Irishman."

Next day, I saw some Hungarian soldiers of the line standing in front of the inn ; and inquiring

what they were doing here, was informed that they were on their march from Dalmatia to Pesth, under the charge of Lieut. F—— and two other officers. Lieut. F——, who soon after entered the inn, is a Milanese, and had a sharp paper-war with Carrara about the ruins of Salona; but having been stationed in one of the islands, I had seen nothing of him; as we had both heard a great deal of each other, however, we were at once on good terms, notwithstanding my partiality for Carrara and the anti-sarcophagites; and the evening ebbed agreeably away in literary conversation, unexpected in this outlandish part of the world. He calculated on being several weeks on the route to Pesth, as the men march by short stages; and the following day being one of rest in his way-bill, I went to see him in his billet, an empty room above a grocer's shop, where all the paraphernalia of a military march, chakos, tin pots, and sumpter-bags, almost filled the room; and we made it up to march together as far as Ottochatz, an adventure that pleased me mightily: but when I mentioned it to the Colonel, he was against it, as, besides the delay, I might get very bad quarters on the road; and, moreover, if bad weather came on, would infallibly regret the protection of the diligence to myself and baggage.

I followed the Colonel's advice, and when the weekly diligence passed, took advantage of it; and starting at two o'clock in the afternoon, arrived the same evening at Ottochatz, at about ten

o'clock, the road being mostly from one plain to another. The inn was newly opened; and I was shewn into a large hall, dimly lighted with a couple of thin tallow candles, which made darkness visible; the table-service was fresh, but every thing somewhat raw. Next morning, looking out of my window, I saw that Ottochatz was more pleasantly situated than Gospich. Before me stretched an esplanade covered with green turf, in the midst of which is a sort of Tivoli temple for a military band; all around were new regimental offices, as fresh and neat as paint could make them. Mingled with alleys of trees, and encircled at a moderate distance by an amphitheatre of hills, Ottochatz looked like a watering-place in a petty principality of Germany. A few full-grown trees shaded my window, and under them were the peasants of the regiment occupied in the business of market-day; but instead of the semi-Turkish costume of the Dalmatian of Licca, here begins the broad-brimmed peasant's hat of Hungary. In Tyrol, the peaked hat of the sixteenth century has remained in the same shape since the days of Rudolf II. In Swabia, the peasants preserve unchanged to this day the costume of the middle of the eighteenth century, with the cocked hat. The Hungarian peasant's hat, like that of the Quaker, dates from the seventeenth century.

I then went to present my letter to Colonel Mastrowich, who commanded the regiment of Ot-

tochatz ; and was shewn into a study with a Turkish divan, windows of stained glass, and all the symptoms of the abode of an *arbiter elegantiarum*. When the Colonel made his appearance, I was surprised to find on so rough a service as this, an officer who, by his distinguished air and manners, at once stamped himself as a man that had lived in courts and the great world ; but quite the reverse of frivolous is Colonel Mastrovich. A Dalmatian by birth, he had begun his career as an aide-de-camp to Prince Eugene Beauharnais in Italy ; and, endowed with restless activity, had planned and executed all those improvements which had given Ottochatz so advanced an aspect. As he had lived fifteen years in Vienna, I asked him if he did not feel this an exile ; but he assured me that there was no life that suited him so well as that of a colonel of a regiment on the frontier, who has a position of great independence, with heavy duties ; but, at the same time, has a power of following all impulse to improvement much greater than that of any colonel, or even general, in the line.

Next day being the festival of Corpus Domini, the regiment was on full parade. Five altars were erected on the esplanade, and adorned with pine-branches stuck in the ground. The troops presented a fine appearance, and one must have looked very narrowly to distinguish them from those of the line. After the service was a procession round

to the several altars ; the Colonel with his officers, and then the ladies of the colony, headed by the Frau Oberstinn, or Lady Coloneless, all in their regular order, the wives of the officers in places corresponding to the rank of their husbands ; then the reserve battalions in undress, and their females last of all.

Nothing could exceed the kind ingenuity with which the Colonel and his amiable lady sought to render varied and agreeable the few days I passed at Ottochatz. Baron Jellachich, then regarded as the head of the Croatian national party, who has since been promoted to the office of Ban, or civil governor, of Croatia and Slavonia (at that time on a visit to his brother, the Lieutenant-Colonel of Ottochatz), was also of the party ; and, from his talents, experience, and information, proved a most valuable acquisition to the society. He is of small stature, with an eye of fire, denoting high intelligence and iron energy ; but withal, so frank and modest, as to recall Cardinal de Retz' characteristic of the great Marquis of Montrose, who reminded him of the heroes of antiquity.

Baron Jellachich was born on the 16th Oct., 1801, in the fortress of Peterwordein, and is the son of Field-Marshal Lieutenant Jellachich, who took so affecting a leave of the Illyrian regiments when this part of Croatia was handed over to Napoleon's kingdom of Illyria in 1806, after the battle of Austerlitz. With tears in his eyes, he

said, that "he was persuaded that the Almighty reserved better days for Croatia." What would he have said, had he lived to see his son the principal agent in the regeneration of the Illyrian nation; one of the most glorious events in the annals of the east of Europe? Young Jellachich was educated in the Teresianum of Vienna, entered the Austrian army at eighteen years of age, and in 1831, when only a Captain, his talents were made known to Marshal Radetzky, at the great manœuvres at Verona, when a camp was formed of 60,000 men there. After being for some time adjutant to Count Lilienberg, Governor of Dalmatia, he was, in 1842, made Colonel of the regiment of Glina, to the north-west of Ottochatz; but had soon afterwards a very unpleasant adventure, which made much noise at the time.

The Bosniacs, or, strictly speaking, Turkish Croats, in his neighbourhood, had at various times crossed into the Austrian territory, and committed robbery; but the Aga of the district had given no satisfaction. On the next occasion of insult or depredation, the Baron knowing that a complaint to Vienna, followed by one to Constantinople, and back to Bosnia, would end in smoke, he, on his own responsibility, gave the alarm on the frontier, stormed the village, burnt the Aga's house, and, after many killed on both sides, retired. The Baron admitted to me that this was rather an undiplomatic proceeding; but maintained that it

was the only sort of argument those people were capable of appreciating.

Promoted successively to the ranks of major-general and field-marshal lieutenant, and having the military command-in-chief, as well as the civil office of Ban, he has been the pillar of the Illyrian party in Hungary during the late troubles; and, as the causes that have brought about the breach between the Slaavic and Magyar populations in Hungary have been fermenting for the last twenty years, and are not generally or clearly known to the British public, I presume that a chapter of Croatian history and politics will not prove unacceptable.

CHAPTER IX.

THE ILLYRIAN QUESTION.

OF all the nationalities of Austria, not one has an interest and importance for us equal to that of the Illyrian population; for it is on the sympathies of this nation for Russia, that, according to travellers' tales, the integrity of the Ottoman Empire is to depend, if a breach should ever take place between those two powers. Undoubtedly Russia can exercise a great influence over the Illyrian population, for good or for evil; but, as four and a half, out of the eight millions of Illyrian population, are subjects of the head of the house of Habsburgh, either as Emperor of Austria or King of Hungary, the power of Russia to abuse her influence would very much depend on the policy pursued by Austria, and the state of content or discontent in which Russia would find the Illyrians in the event of hostilities.

According to the laws of international courtesy, I have no right to attribute to Russia designs which would flatly belie her engagements to

Europe and the Porte ; but, at the same time, I am not disposed to shut my eyes to the prospective power of that empire. While the countries of Western Europe are “cabined, cribbed, and confined” by a growing scarcity of land, in consequence of emigration not keeping pace with the increase of population, Russia, occupying the vast space between the Baltic, the Black, and the Caspian Seas, presents, on this side the Oural, the spectacle of between forty and fifty millions of men, for the most part united by one language and one religion, occupying a contiguous territory, and free to propagate, without the apprehensions of pressing on the limits of the means of subsistence for ages to come. It is true that she has latent elements of domestic discord ; bloody servile wars are far from remote contingencies ; and, calmly as she looked on the political births, marriages, divorces, and deaths of Europe in 1848, it is difficult to imagine the possibility of her escaping on future occasions. If human prudence could avert the pain, the grievous travail and danger, of these political renovations, the Russian Government has given so many proofs of foresight and right reading of the signs of the times, that I should think her able to avoid them ; but arriving as they do, in shocks like earthquake or bankruptcy, it is difficult to suppose that Russia can escape. Through the simultaneousness of the operation of popular excitement, resulting from the great rapidity of com-

munications, they have become pervading. Thus revolution may attack Russia; but, from the comparative unity of the population, dismemberment to any considerable extent seems improbable; and, in spite of many abuses from the corruption of public functionaries,—arising partly from the glaring impolicy of under-paying them,—population, wealth, education, and general civilisation are all rapidly on the increase; so that, in the next generation, from the great superabundance of land, the greatest of the merely continental monarchies of Europe must be pigmies compared with her.

An investigation of the sympathies at her disposal among the Illyrian populations, in the event of differences with the Porte or Austria, is therefore an inquiry of the utmost interest to us Great Britons, whose policy it is to see the integrity of the Austrian and Ottoman empires maintained intact,—a subject which nobody seems ever to have attempted to clear up; if, therefore, I touch upon it, I am emboldened rather by the lack of others, than by the possession of any valuable or exclusive information of my own.

A precise definition of the territories inhabited by the Illyrian nations is not easy in a general chapter of this description; an approximative delimitation, for perspicuity's sake, is, therefore, all that I venture on. If the reader cast his eyes to the eastern frontiers of Tyrol, the river Drave is seen to enter Illyria; passing eastwards, to sepa-

rate Croatia and Slavonia from Hungary Proper ; and then to fall into the Danube, which continues its course onwards to the Black Sea. A few degrees farther south of this water-way is seen the Balkan chain, which stretches from Montenegro, on the Adriatic, to a point in the Black Sea between Varna and the Bay of Bourgas. The space between these water-ways in the north and the mountain-range in the south is the principal seat of the Illyrian nation ; that is to say, Bulgaria, Servia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Montenegro, Dalmatia, Illyria, Croatia, and Slavonia. To these distinctly defined settlements may be added a considerable Illyrian or Bulgarian population to the south of the Balkan, extending through the greater part of Macedonia ; and to the north of the Danube and the Drave, three Hungarian counties, Bacs, Torontal, and Baranya, have, taken together, a majority of Illyrian population.

Let us now see how far Russia, in the contingency we suppose, might avail herself of Illyrian sympathies. In Bulgaria, which is nearest to her, we find two pashalics ; the eastern, that of Roustchouk, or Silistria ; the western, that of Widdin. In the eastern division the Bulgarians would certainly do any thing she chose in war ; but they form only a third of the population, for, in Lower Bulgaria, two-thirds are Turks. In Upper Bulgaria, which we might denominate the pashalic of Widdin, less than a third of the population

is Turkish. But this part of Bulgaria is contiguous to Servia, where an occupation by Russia would be viewed with alarm rather than with sympathy. In Servia itself, the people are quite content with their present position, and certainly have not the slightest desire to become Russian; but, considering the power and influence of Russia at the Porte, the Prince and Government of Servia exercise a sound discretion in avoiding any bickering with Russia. Bosnia is a mountainous country, inhabited, for the most part, by a Moslem-Illyrian population, who, now that Circassia is ceded to Russia, are the most brave, resolute, and vigorous nation in the whole Ottoman Empire; and, whether we look to physical or political geography, must be considered unassailable. In Montenegro, Russia possesses complete influence; and it is the only part of the lands of Illyria where this influence is quite undivided.

If we pass from Turkey to the Austrian dominions, we begin with Dalmatia, where, in spite of their ancient connexion with the Republic of Venice, they have shewn, during the late ticklish times, a sincere attachment to the house of Austria; and where the Greek Illyrians, the only doubtful element, form only one-fifth of the population. In the kingdom of Illyria Proper there is not the shadow of a Russian party. Adjoining it is Croatia, where, according to Mr. Paget, the game of Russia was played so assiduously; but,

if I were asked what province of the Austrian Empire was most sincerely attached to the house of Austria, I should be inclined to say Croatia. Passing eastwards, we come to the confluence of rivers near Belgrade, the junction of the Save, the Drave, and the Theiss with the Danube. Here, in the three counties of Syrmio, Bacs, and Torontal, is the only part inhabited by the four and a half millions of Illyrians and the eighteen millions of Slaavs in the Austrian Empire, in which Russia, if she were evilly disposed, could exercise a baleful influence ; not so much from desire of her rule, as from indignation at the treatment the inhabitants have received from the Magyar faction.

The military system of Hungary, as well as of the *socia regna* of Croatia and Slavonia, has, since the expulsion of the Turks, been connected with that of Austria. A total dissolution of this connexion has been brought about in consequence of the revolutionary movements throughout Europe since February 1848. There is to be one Minister of Foreign Affairs at Vienna, and another at Pesth ; instead of one army, commanded from the Ministry of War in Vienna, there are to be two ministers of war ; and the military frontier, composed almost exclusively of Slaavs and Wallachians, is to be no more under Vienna—where, since the death of the Emperor Joseph, all nationalities have been acknowledged—but under Pesth, where the doctrine has been for twenty

years held, that all the Slaavs of Hungary must quit their nationality. A house divided against itself must fall. From the moment that Austria and Hungary have two ministers of war and two sets of diplomatists at sixes and sevens with each other, the star of Habsburgh may be pronounced as set for ever.

The armed opposition of the Croats was therefore grounded on the following unanswerable arguments :

1st. That the *socia regna* of Croatia and Slavonia protest against a disposal of their position to their sovereign without their consent ; these kingdoms not being subject to the Magyar tribe or nation, but belonging to the King of Hungary, in consequence of the native Croat dynasty having died out, when the union took place by compact, election, and coronation, and not by conquest.

2d. That if the Magyar nation choose to throw legality and history to the winds, and adopt only the principles of democracy and the rights of man, they are as far from being justified as ever ; because the Slaavs form more than the half of Hungary, and the Magyars not more than a third.

In order to understand the origin of the question, we must remind the reader that the Magyars, an Asiatic tribe, who in 883 burst into Pannonia from the eastward, could not subjugate the Croats, who had a race of valiant kings of their own ; but in 1102, some years after the death of the

last king of the house of Croatia, the act of union took place in a pacific manner; and in the thirteenth century, when the Magyars were completely vanquished by the Tartars, it was the bravery of the Croat provinces that alone opposed a barrier to these savage hordes. By the Turkish victory of 1526, at Mohacs, both nations were involved in a common ruin. The Magyars conducted themselves with unavailing courage and bravery, but they stood not a whit more successfully than the Servian Empire had done; and the reconquest of Hungary, in 1684, was a result of the failure of the siege of Vienna and the victory of the arms of Sobieski; while, in the succeeding century, the further progress was due to the splendid victories of Prince Eugene of Savoy, backed by the whole resources of the Emperor of Germany.

As regards the interior of Hungary, the eighteenth century was, for the most part, pacific, and a gradual infiltration of German civilisation took place; the Latin language being used as that of the Diet and public business, while German was the language of society. A rich national literature of the previous century kept the Illyrian language in full bloom; but the Magyar had fallen into such voluntary desuetude, that, without a literature, it necessarily ceased to be the language of the nobility, and, up to the year 1825, its cultivation was a matter of mere antiquarian curiosity. At length, forth starts Count Secheniy to arouse

the Hungarians from their slumbers. No one doubts his excellent intentions : steam on the Danube, roads, and bridges, are all the noblest monuments of his patriotism ; but his idea of making Magyars of all the nations of Hungary, *nearly a thousand years after they settled on the Danube*, was the most unhappy project that ever entered into the brain of a statesman.

From 1825 to the present time, the Slaavs of Hungary have resisted, as one man, the realisation of this most unjust and impolitic project, of compelling them to abandon their mother-tongue for an almost forgotten Asiatic dialect. "What!" said Count Draskovich (a lineal descendant of the Palatine of that name in the seventeenth century), "was it not the Illyrians who protected and succoured Bela, flying from the Tartars?" "Have the Magyars forgotten," said Kollar, "that it was the army of the Slaavic Sobieski that drove the Turks from Vienna, and reopened Hungary?"

"Well might I wish," said the eloquent author of the celebrated *Six Letters from Pesth*, "that the northern parts of the land had never been Slovaek and German, or the southern Wallachian and Illyrian ; or that the almighty hand of time had imperceptibly fused these populations in a closer fraternity with the Magyars, and that, *in-vitis ipsis*, they had become a homogeneous mass ; but the populations of Hungary having preserved their nationality for so many centuries, you must

excuse me if I can feel no pleasure in the propagandism of the Magyar language, and regard it as a source of future dissension, and an obstacle to civilisation."

The court of Vienna, two-thirds of the people of Hungary, and many of the ancient nobility, were against the project; but the unwholesome brood of pauper-nobility, half a million in number, with their certificates of noblesse in their greasy hats or pocket-books, to enable them to pass bridges toll-free, were mostly of the Magyar race, and being then the sole electors, to the exclusion of property and intelligence, and hallooed onwards by agitators who soon outstripped Secheniy and all the moderates in the race for popularity, supported the Magyarisation; for it was, no doubt, a great convenience to men who could neither read nor write a word of Latin, and spoke nothing but Magyar; while, by the political agitators, it was used as the means of raising up an impassable barrier between Hungary and the rest of the Austrian Empire. But the Illyrians, to a man, regarded it as a gross infringement of their rights.

The mode in which the Propaganda of Magyarism has been carried on forms a curious episode in the history of Hungary. The literature being still of dwarfish growth, hot-house expedients were resorted to, and premiums were proposed for tragedies and comedies; but the Illyrian pasquins said, that "Thalia and Melpomene are not at the beck of pre-

sidents, vice-presidents, secretaries, and treasurers. These prize-productions have as little of the natural vigour of the Illyrian literature of the seventeenth century as the Academy pictures of the eighteenth century have of the spontaneous genius of the previous ages." Such harmless methods might raise a smile, but would never have provoked civil war. In the Wallachian county of Arad, which adjoins the Banat, and where only a seventh part of the population is Magyar, they resolved not only that all political and juridical business should be transacted in Magyar, but that no pastors and schoolmasters should be allowed but Magyars; that no boy could be an apprentice, no apprentice become a journeyman, no journeyman become a master, unless he understood Magyar.

At Lajos Comarom, a Slovack village in the county of Wesprim, a Magyar pastor and schoolmaster were introduced, and the Magyar divine service forcibly appointed; the community protested, and insisted that they had a right to divine service in their mother-tongue. But Hungary being, like the slave-holding states of North America, a land of freedom, the Magyar magistrate took the liberty of a freeman to give Martin Bartosh sixty-four cudgel-blows, George Junatock fifty, Paul Russ forty, and Stephen Wrabetz twenty-four cudgel-blows, *pour encourager les autres*.

So far from being surprised at the existence of civil war in Hungary, we must rather wonder that

it did not break out long ago. Russia holds the language of peace; but if her manifestoes were as menacing to the Porte as they are otherwise, and even indicated the design of attempting the conquest of the Illyrian provinces of the Austrian and Turkish empires, and if I were asked what was most likely to forward her views, I should at once answer, "Let the ultra Magyars maltreat the Illyrians as they have done for the last twenty years; and let the Porte, neglecting the sound advice which Sir Stratford Canning has all along given her relative to the Christian population of Turkey in Europe, so maltreat the Bulgarians that they will be ready to rise at a moment's notice." We must, however, confess that the lively alarms excited some years ago relative to Russia's armed aggressions on Turkey have not been realised. By the treaties of 1840 and 1841, she wisely and prudently yielded up her isolated policy to the talents and energy of Lord Palmerston; and the cession of the Servian question to the calm, profound judgment of Lord Aberdeen, was another tribute to the policy of concert as contrasted with that of isolation, to which she shewed at first so dangerous a tendency. Nor can we quarrel with her growth in population, wealth, and internal resources, which is in accordance with the same law which raises up the highest and sturdiest trees in a forest; an unavoidable fact, which must be accepted by us *nolentes volentes*, jealous or indifferent.

But as the first Oriental power in the world, Great Britain cannot be indifferent to the transformations now going on in Southern Germany and in Hungary; a pacific and legitimate equipoise to Russia is indispensable; and if Austria could exchange Lombardy, she would still, in a regenerated shape, be the power to fulfil the conditions required. Mr. Paget, and some other writers, have maintained that Hungary is a power likely to fulfil these conditions; but for many years I have considered this to be the greatest delusion that could ever enter into the brain of an English writer. Mr. Paget is a worthy and honourable man, and a man of talent; but by viewing things from the Magyar point of view, he presents the reader with only a segment of the great circle which the question embraces. The Magyars say that they number five millions, the Slaavs say three and a half; let us divide the difference, and say between four and five. Five millions of Magyars overlooking the mouths of the Danube from the height of the great bastion of Transylvania, would no doubt be a hard nut for Russia to crack; but it must be remembered, that ever since these Magyars declared a moral war against the Slaavic nationalities of Hungary, their own position was undermined, and the military power of Hungary, for external purposes, fell to *nil*.

Russia has now abandoned her isolated policy with regard to Turkey, and although a large number of Russians would fain have war and conquest,

I believe that what Count Nesselrode has signed, and the Emperor Nicholas has ratified, will be honourably adhered to. But Russia is still a most formidable power, and future monarchs, less honourable than Nicholas, and less pacific than Nesselrode, might pay no regard to treaties; it is, therefore, of the first importance that a state of a nature to afford satisfactory guarantees should exist. For this reason I have never been able to comprehend how Magyar independence and separatism have been able to find favour with any clear-headed and sensible English writer. In 1838, when Lord Palmerston made a commercial treaty with Austria, bearing a political meaning, this empire, in spite of her unquestionable defects,—her unhappy political marriage with Lombardy and Gallicia, her absurdly prohibitive tariff, her unnecessary strictness of the laws regarding the press,—was put forward as a sentinel on the Danube, and the Magyar opposition, by paralysing Austria, neutralised the element on which Great Britain relied, while of themselves they were utterly powerless; for, besides the Illyrians in the south, there are between two and three millions of Czechs, or Bohemians, in the north of Hungary, who no sooner saw the Magyars letting Latin fall into desuetude and cultivating their mother-tongue, than they immediately said, “Let us follow their example, and cultivate our mother-tongue also.”

That the Magyars, for whose many excellent

qualities I entertain the greatest respect, should cultivate their own language to the utmost extent, is reasonable; but it is evident that a powerful reaction of the Bohemian and Illyrian nationalities has come, and that the best method of preserving order in Hungary, would be to place the principle of legitimate authority in unison with national sympathies, by the adoption of the Czech and Illyrian languages in those counties where these two great dialects of Slaavic are spoken by nine-tenths of the population, reserving the Magyar as the official language of the Magyar counties. Had the Magyars in 1684, after the expulsion of the Turks, abolished Latin as the diplomatic language, and rendered their vernacular tongue a literary and political language, and had Prague and Ragusa never had a literature, then there can be little doubt that by this time they would have succeeded in Magyarising Hungary; but as this has been attempted only since 1825, it is evident that Bohemian and Illyrian will ever be the vernacular and literary language of a larger number of the population of Hungary than Magyar ever can be; for although the censors, during several years, harshly prohibited any newspaper to be published in Hungary in the Bohemian language, thus depriving the Czechs of all political instruction in their mother-tongue, yet the presses of Prague, with their literary periodicals and their reprints, partly supplied the deficiency. In Agram, I visited

the Illyrian typographical establishment there ; and the first book shewn me by the erudite and able editor of the national journal, Dr. Gaj, was an edition of *Gondola*, recently issued from the press, which is still read in the hall and the cottage with unabated admiration after a lapse of two centuries.

Let the Magyars frankly and honourably give the Bohemian and Illyrian their true places as municipal languages in Hungary ; and the Magyar, instead of being hated and tolerated with ill-will, will be cultivated, and become the bond of constitutional union, which must react powerfully on the general prosperity of all nations in this noble realm. Long the van of Europe in resistance to Moslem conquest, she was for a century and a half in the rear of civilisation, but now sees her Magyar eloquence, her Slaavic literature, and her German industry and civilisation springing forth with renewed vigour. Let us be strictly impartial : without her Magyar orators and statesmen, the nobility would never have been shaken out of their lethargy ; without the exertions of her Slaavic literary men, the middling and lower classes of the numerically strongest nation in Hungary would have remained without intellectual culture ; while, whatever civilisation and industry exists in her towns, is principally owing to the Austrian connexion and German immigration.*

* I should have thought that the opinions of so obscure a person as the author of this work were of slight consequence ;

but it appears that in political life there is no circumstance, however honourable to a man's character and judgment, which the madness and malignity of party spirit is not ready to twist to its purposes. Having always viewed the Hungarian question with reference to the integrity of the Austrian and Ottoman empires, and the complexion of the whole scheme of European polity, a tale has been put forth that the opinions I profess to entertain on this subject are not the result of conviction, but of a bribe received from the Austrian government. Conscious of a life of spotless probity, the only weapons I have ever used, or ever will use, are those which are supplied me by the history and the laws of nations,—intrigue and corruption, never! If my enemies cannot ascend to my weapons, I can never descend to theirs. Even from the Austrians my reception has been very unequal. No sooner did I, in the Servian question, apply those identical principles with an operation varied according to the diversity of circumstances, than I experienced from the Austrian authorities in Semlin as much party bitterness as the usages of polite society allow to transpire. Such is the fate of the politician in dealing with those who, fixed on one spot, see only the angle of the question that lies nearest to them.

CHAPTER X.

AGRAM.

Oh, magic arts, that deep in hidden bowels
Of molten chaos find the statue's grace,
By plan divine, or nervous wielded trowels,
Raise the harmonious colonnade apace,
Or o'er the arid plain expanding trace
The long arcade that slakes the thirsty town
With crystal lymph from gelid mountain font ;—
But structures lapse, as time rolls on,
And even capitals fall into dark oblivion.

Far there the knell of desolation toll'd,
And empire vanish'd like a baseless vision :
Fierce o'er the land barbaric surges roll'd ;—
Avar and Roman, in their dire collision,
Soon made a hell of what had been Elysian.
Down, thundering down, came stately fanes,
Erst built with mathematical precision ;
Now a mere heap of labyrinthine lanes,
To mock the student of antiquity's remains.

The fractured image leaves no seeds
To blossom into posthumous renown ;
Highest emprise of victors' mightiest deeds,
The transient glitter of a fragile crown,
Or power to freeze a kingdom with a frown.

Not so Ragusa's bard, whose tuneful lyre,
Resounding sweet from Save to Drave,
Forbids Illyrian nations to expire,
And breathes immortal airs to kindle patriot fire.

The principal arena of the political agitation in Croatia is the town of Agram, through which, as well as through Gospich, Ottochatz, and the other towns on this line of route, I passed in the previous autumn on my way to the Adriatic; but as a road-journal, founded on observations made in the interior of a diligence, could be neither amusing nor instructive to the reader, I reserved the commencement of my work to my entrance into Dalmatia. Not foreseeing the important events of which Agram was destined to be the theatre in little more than a year, I halted there no more than a few days, contemplating only a magazine-article *en passant*, as provincial Croatia has nothing to do with the Ports of the Adriatic, which were then the object of my study; but the prominence which Croatia has since acquired in the affairs of the Austrian Empire leads me to suppose that any additional information will not be unwelcome. I must, however, request the indulgence of the reader in offering so imperfect an account of a city which is the centre of one of the most interesting national struggles now going on in Europe.

The locality of Agram is in that pleasant region where the mountains and the plains meet,

being situated on the last wooded slopes of the hilly district of Zagoria, before it is lost in the level and fertile plain of the Save. The town itself is divided into three parts, quite distinct from each other. The upper town crowns a hill, or abrupt table-land, called *Medved*, or "the Bear," the streets of which are well built, and inhabited by the aristocracy of Croatia, and it is therefore the fashionable quarter. Terraces, high over all the roofs of the lower town, with palisaded walks planted with poplars, form an agreeable promenade round this upper town; commanding on one side a view of the whole breadth of the valley of the Save, with the river, a couple of miles off, glistening at intervals, or winding unseen through the rich plain of fertile fields and villages, diversified with parks and rural residences, and the hills of the Turkish frontier visible in the distance. On the promenade on the other side of the upper town, the eye is attracted upwards to a bold line of hills, their ridges fringed with expanding oak or tapering pine, the intervals of their slopes seamed with deep gullies, and the solitary hut of the goatherd or the woodsman replacing the towns and the villages of the plain.

The most important edifice in the upper town is the Government House, where the Diets are held, entitled "*Comitia Regnorum Croatiae et Slavoniae*," and which are opened by a speech of the Ban, who exercises in the *socia regna* the

functions of viceroy; but the rank of Ban is technically that of doge or duke (*dux*); and in the kingdom of Hungary he yields precedence to the Palatine and Judex curiæ, being therefore the third personage in the realm. There was no Ban when I passed through Agram; the former holder of that office having been set aside, after an unhappy affair that took place on an election. A pistol-shot being fired by an unknown hand opposite the Government House, the order was given to the military to fire on the crowd, when six persons were killed and thirty wounded. This so exasperated the Croats against their Ban, who belonged to the Magyar party, that he was suspended and superseded. The proceedings of all affairs were in a sort of legal dog-latin; but the Diet of 1848 has wisely adopted the national language. On entering the police-office to present my passport, I saw the door marked "Conclave Politii;" and the commissary, opening my passport, said to the clerk, as he examined my *signalement* and the various *visas*, "Anglus—Græcia—Alexandria—Mehercle, totam terram peregrinavit!" continued he, looking at me as if I had come from the antipodes.

"Wo gehen Sie hin?"

"Nach Zara."

"Perfecte Germanice loquitur," &c.,—which was, it must be confessed, a very pretty compliment for a word of four letters!

Much handsomer as an edifice than the Government House, is the so-called "Narodne Domo," the national casino, or club-house, founded for the same objects as the Casino of Pesth—the general advancement of the nation. It is a very elegant new structure, in the Palladian style of architecture; the front facing the interior of the upper town, and the back windows overlooking one of the promenades with a wide prospect. The lower rooms are divided into a museum and the committee-rooms of the Agricultural Society; the former includes specimens of the flora and mineralogy of Croatia, the innumerable ponderous folios having been the life-long occupation of a botanical Dean of Agram. The numismatic collection is also extensive, including many Roman-Illyrian coins, with the star and crescent, emblematic of the worship of Leliva, the goddess of night in the ancient Illyrian mythology. These emblems were long supposed not to remount higher than the seventh century; but Gaj and others, in the profundity of their erudition or height of their enthusiasm, trace their existence to the pre-Roman period.

The rooms of the Agricultural Society present nothing worthy of being remarked by the eye; but I cannot help wishing every prosperity to attend their efforts. In Pesth, the favourite scheme of the Magyars was to create an industry by resolutions to purchase only native manufactures. This

was no doubt patriotically enough intended, but the Croats have wisely avoided any imitation of such chimeras, feeling that the only method of elevating Croatia was to follow the course chalked out for her by the Almighty in his disposition of the elements of labour. With an iron-bound coast, and scantily endowed inland with coal and iron, the development of Croat nationality would receive little help from such schemes; and, possessing the rich plains of the Save, which in some places yield wheat scarcely inferior to that of the Banat, it is more particularly to the improvement of agriculture that their attention is directed by model implements, essays on the most approved processes, and a model-farm set a-going by the Bishop, who is president of the agricultural section of the Narodne Domo,—all tending to a change much needed; for a few years ago the implements were of the rudest description; agricultural chemistry was unknown; and, instead of a rotation of crops, the land lay fallow for years, and being sown, was then so imperfectly turned over again by the plough, that the birds ate half the seed.

The upper floor is for the club-rooms, where eleven Slaavic and the same number of German newspapers are taken in, the principal one of which is the *Ilirska Narodne Novine*, or Illyrian National News, edited by Mr. Ludovich Gaj, and published in Agram. It is printed in Roman instead of Cyrillian letters, and is well conducted.

Mr. Gaj being a young man of great talent and erudition, and of charming conversation and manners.

The German journal of Agram, *Agramer Zeitung*, often contains good information from Bosnia, and I found in it amusing traces of local party spirit, such as this: "Party vengeance is the cause of our journal being so empty this week. Our congregational reporter was, in the night of Sunday, attacked by three disguised individuals, who were at length beaten off through the arms which the reporter carried; but, nevertheless, he received severe injuries in the head, which compelled him to keep his bed for several days. A convalescence may be looked for in a few days, when the journal will return to its groove with renewed energies."

Passing from politics to literature, we find the principal organ in Croatia to be a well-conducted quarterly review, called *Kolo*, or, translated, "The Cycle; a Review of Literature, Art, and National Life;" and, as my readers may be curious to know its contents, I subjoin a list of its articles:

Review of the History of Styria, A.D. 800-1122.

A Poem on the Fall or Conquest of Bosnia by the Turks.

An Account of the Vindolin Code of Laws (the second Slaavic code known, being that of an Istrian republic, A.D. 1280).

Recent Publications in the Bohemian language.

Recent Publications in the Russian language.

Do. do. Polish do.

Do. do. Illyrian do.

Publications on Slaavic subjects in non-Slaavic languages.

An Essay on the Elements of Criticism.

The lower town has a totally different aspect from the upper; many of the houses are old and shabby, and the streets and the public squares are not well paved; or, at all events, while walking is a cleanly process in the upper town, the mud dries much more slowly below. In the promenades of the upper town you meet only the last fashions from Vienna; but in the lower regions on a market-day, you walk from slough to slough, while the cattle is lowing about your ears, and the peasantry vociferating. But all has a strong local colour about it, well worth the shoe-blackening expended. The country people wear broad-brimmed hats and long boots, the cocked hat (*ad tres angulos*) having gone out of the fashion. The dresses are of undyed woollen cloth, of a light grey or dark brown colour; the upper tunic, kept on not by buttons but frogs, generally of a crimson colour.

The horses and cattle were for the most part poor, as a necessary consequence of bad rotations of crops, and want of sufficient hay and clover. Sometimes horses are left to shift for themselves all winter out of doors, and they pick up a wonderful knack of scenting out herbage even when snow is on the ground. But the swine, poultry, and game, are

excellent, being less dependent on the ingenuity of man than on the bounty of God. One might almost include swine under the head of game, for they live in the woods; and swine-poaching lower down the Save is an irregular trade, practised by men who would be ashamed of civic theft. The poacher has Indian corn-grains on his hat-brims, and passes by a herd of swine shaking his head. A sow may in this way be seduced from a herd, until it is at a secure distant and convenient place deep in the woods, when a blow with an axe renders unnecessary all further shaking of the peasant's head, and procures him not only present food, but subsequent lodgings in the county jail.

The principal inn or hotel of Agram, the Kaiser von Oesterreich, is in the lower town, in a new street at the entrance from the Vienna road. It is one of the best inns in Hungary, though inferior to the good hotels in Pesth; nevertheless, good taste might have spared a printed decalogue suspended from the wall of the dining-room, which ran somewhat thus :

- " 1. Thou shalt have no other landlord but the landlord of this hotel, &c. &c. &c.
- " 10. Thou shalt not covet his household nor whisper nonsense in the ears of the chambermaid," &c.

Adjoining the lower town, which is called *Harmicza*, from the Custom-house, is the Abbey town,

called *Opatovina*, in which is situated the cathedral and episcopal palace; the former a gem that at once transports us to middle age. It is of a mixed character, the front being Byzantine of the eleventh century, with its crowd of small columns of a red-coloured marble-like stone, while the body of the cathedral is of lofty and capacious dimensions, but in the Gothic style; but many of the tombs and altar-pieces of the beginning of the seventeenth century are *renaissantissime*, as our neighbours across the Channel say.

Several fine old carved choirs have disappeared, for the defunct Bishop was a sad white-washing Vandal, who ought to have been an inspector of barracks or poor-houses; but the present incumbent has pursued restoration in the right spirit. The great eastern window has been recently renewed with painted glass—a magnificent specimen of the reviving Munich school; and a charming glimpse of middle-age life seemed offered to me as I gazed on those kneeling kings, with cuisses of mail and mantles of purple, on whom the light of heaven appeared to stream through cerulean skies and topaz halos.

The Bishop of Agram is a high and puissant prince, his income being very little short of 30,000*l.*; that is to say, the second episcopate in Hungary quoad emolument; but he makes a most charitable use of his fortune, having given a sum of 15,000*l.* to found an institution for sisters of

charity. This edifice, lately built, occupies a prominent position in the lower town, and includes within its walls a hospital for poor women, and school for poor female children, as well as the dormitories and church of the consisterhood. I visited the establishment, and found it to be a model of roomy airiness and cleanly propriety; the rooms of the sisters being more comfortable than those of a convent, but without mundane ornament or superfluity. On seeing the hospital of the sick sisters, I could not help remembering the *naïveté* of the Indian neophyte, who says to the Jesuit, "You have told me all about St. Bonaventure, and I know his history quite well; but you have forgotten to enlighten me on the nature and life of Christ." The Catholicism of Croatia is actively benevolent, and the prevention of poverty and crime is the object of the constant and praiseworthy solicitude of the clergy; but the Bible is unknown to the mass of the people. What, then, are we to say to such modern lithographic prints as I saw on the walls of this hospital? "*The dead restored to life through the prayers of St. Vincent de Paul.*" And surely the bilocation of Liguori is not more wonderful than another—"During Mass said by St. Vincent de Paul, one soul meets another in the form of two red balls."

The episcopal palace still has the castellated round towers of middle age; but a flower-garden replaces the moat, the curtain has been pierced

with modern windows, and the principal apartment of the palace is the ball-room, fitted up in the style of Louis Quinze, in which, during the carnival, the Bishop frequently assembles the *beau monde* of Agram to the inspiriting sounds of Strauss and Lanner. The Bishop, although forbidden by his cloth to enter the temple of Hymen himself, is peculiarly benignant to the votaries of that pleasant deity; and it is remarked that more matches are made up at the Bishop's balls than under any other circumstances.

There is a German and Illyrian theatre in winter; but no theatrical performance took place during my stay. They have also one opera in the Illyrian language, which was got up by amateurs, with a chorus of fifty persons, and performed several times. My visit being in the earlier part of autumn, most of the amateurs were scattered; but, in a small musical party, I had an opportunity of hearing a selection from it which pleased me. In the vocal parts, an unconscious reminiscence of modern Italian favourites was scarcely to be avoided; but the overture shewed a certain *maestria* highly creditable to Croatia.

In the way of summer amusement, the great resource is the Bishop's English park, half an hour's drive distant from Agram. Here a wide-spread forest of oaks, extending several miles in all directions, has been pierced with excellent drives, always terminating in some architectural

fancy. Here, too, is the model-farm, and a renowned bull called Abd-el-Kader, with a magnificent pair of horns. The Bishop visits the farm every day; and truly I suspect that the devil has a strong antipathy to this farming, building, improving Bishop, who, although with a heavy purse, has, I imagine, a light conscience.

The Save is not navigable for steamers so far up as Agram; but from Sissek, at the confluence of the Culpá, a weekly steamer descends to Semlin, opposite Belgrade, except during the winter months. To Vienna, there is a daily diligence from and to Agram; but on my road thither, not wishing to travel in the night, I stopped short at Warasdin, and on the following morning took the omnibus to Agram. The man who sat next me proved by conversation to be a German watchmaker, neither a Sam Slick nor a Benedict Mol, but really not unworthy of a touch of the crayon that sketched the first, or of the consummate master pencil that drew the latter. He was a middle-sized, middle-aged man, with piercing intelligent eyes; and notwithstanding his condition, his German was in the highest degree fluent and eloquent. He noticed that I was a stranger; and asking me what countryman I was, declared, on learning the soil of which I was a denizen, that the great object of his desire was to see London, the world-city, or city of the world (*Weltstadt*.)

“London,” said he, with inconceivable volubi-

lity, "is the Rome and Athens of the watchmaker, where he can study and learn. Your Swiss watchmaker has a good taste. Your Vienna watchmaker works cheap; but the English watchmaker is a true artist. The Swiss makes only a small part of a watch in the factory style, to be afterwards put together; the Englishman makes a watch from the beginning to the end: the object of the Swiss is, to get the greatest quantity through his hands; the object of the Englishman is, not quantity but quality: he loves the watch, for it is all his own work; he has a tenderness for it, because he has the responsibility of its going well or ill. Then the buyer and wearer loves and gets attached to a well-going watch, as he does to a good picture or a faithful servant,—he appreciates it as a work of art, he hourly feels its advantage, and thus creates an attachment for an English watch which he can never feel for the most light, elegant, and showy Geneva watch: it is just the difference between a faithless mistress and a faithful wife. The celebrated school of Denmark is an offshoot of the high school of London, and the world-renowned Györgenson of Copenhagen studied in London; he is an honour to the profession; and if a watch be given him to repair, he insists on taking out all the doubtful works, at no matter what expense, or returning it to the owner untouched."

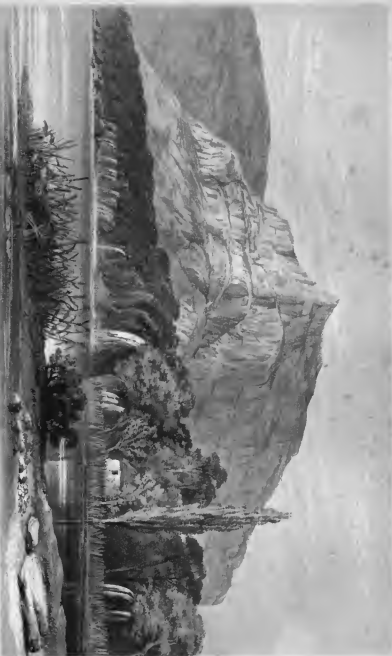
On hearing such grandiloquence, what less could I say, than express a hope that if a royal

academy of watchmaking were instituted, he might speak the inaugural address ?

The political transactions that have taken place in Agram since my departure from Croatia have been of the most important character, not only as regards this nation in particular, but the Austrian monarchy in general. Previous to the March revolution, the Magyars, possessing a vast majority in the Diet, occupied constitutional ground of such strength, that, whatever equity and humanity might say for several of the subject races of Hungary, *law* was clearly with the Magyars ; and the Croats were the only race having *pacta conventa* to shew for their pretensions. But no sooner did the March revolution take place in Vienna, than the republican party in the Diet of Pesth, headed by Ludwig Kossuth, not only got the upper hand of the conservatives, but threw Count Secheniy and the monarchical reformers fairly overboard ; from one step to another, erected themselves into a French Convention ; and, by passing the most important laws without either the signature of the Monarch or the valid concurrence of the Upper Chamber, or Table of Magnates, created a *de facto* republic, and voluntarily abandoned that strong constitutional ground, from which, although they could not treat the Croats as a conquered nation, yet could defy national development on the part of the Servian, Wallachian, and Slovack nations of Hungary.

The proceedings of the *Comitia Regnorum* at Agram afforded a complete contrast to the progress of affairs at Pesth. The more Kossuth resiled from the Constitution and consolidated his conventional dictatorship, the more Jellachich and the *Comitia Regnorum* adhered to the Pragmatic Sanction of last century, which irrevocably united Croatia with the possessor of Styria, Carinthia, and Carniola. If we pass from the walls of the assemblies to the public streets, the same contrast presents itself. In Pesth, riotous excesses, sanguinary violence, and a reign of terror destructive of all liberty. In Agram, perfect liberty of speech and perfect liberty of the press; neither half-educated students dictating to matured experience, nor day-labourers to possessors of property; but not the less of liberty because there was the more of order.

But the prospects of the subject races have not grown darker, while the liberty and loyalty of Croatia burned with a purer and a brighter flame. Ever since the Pesth Convention abandoned its constitutional ground, the principle for which the Croats contend has gradually become better understood beyond the limits of Hungary, and is, I am persuaded, the only one compatible with the interests of such a diversity of nations as now form the component parts of the Austrian Empire. This principle is merely the application of the divine precept of our Saviour, that Magyars should do



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REPRODUCTION OF THE WORKS

London, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000

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to Slovack, Servian, Croat, and Wallachian, as they should wish Slovack, Servian, Croat, and Wallachian to do unto themselves; that each race may enjoy constitutional liberty, and a national administration within its own ethnographical circle; but that there ought to be one, and only one, responsible Ministry in Vienna, to make peace and to make war, to direct armies, and to receive ambassadors. By no other combination can a fair equipoise be procured to the power of Russia on the Danube. On no other basis are we to hope for either the security of the throne, or the contentment of these diversified populations. By no other process can Austria be at once various and united—like the stellar universe, each body revolving in its own orbit, and all synallagmatic, all according in a harmonious whole. Justice will thus be rendered to the Slaavic and Roman races, and no injustice to either German or Magyar; while political morality and political expediency remain, as they always are, perfectly identical.

CHAPTER XI.

THE CROATIAN SWITZERLAND.

THE Vellibitch overlooks the Adriatic; and parallel to it, but farther inland, is another chain, having various designations, which overlooks the valley of the Unna, a river which intersects the north-west corner of Turkey in Europe. Gospich and Ottochatz are situated on plains between these two ranges of mountains; but as all the waters of these places filter their subterraneous way through the Vellibitch, I was, in Ottochatz, still in the basin of the Adriatic; but on the other side of the Plissevatz, as the second or inland parallel chain is called, we find the Unna flowing to the Save, and consequently to the Danube. The highlands I was about to cross had therefore an interest for the most stupid traveller, their ridges being the limit between the basins of the Black and the Adriatic Seas.

Colonel Mastrowich having, with the greatest kindness, requested a lieutenant of the regiment to accompany me to the cordon on the Turkish frontier (from which I could visit Bihacs, a picturesque

Turkish town in the valley of the Unna), we started in a car of the country, at once struck eastwards into the mountains, and, rapidly ascending, arrived in three hours at Verovice, where, as there was no inn, we were welcomed by the captain of this district, whom we found in his office in all the intricacies of his duty. He led the way to his house, which was very prettily situated between a range of mountains; most of the houses straggling, and, as in Servia, built of wood, and each with its small yard of agricultural stock, embosomed in trees, and a wooden paling surrounding the whole establishment. The house of an officer in the country (for Verovice is country compared with Ottochatz) is usually of one story, whitewashed outside, the furniture within of walnut-wood, and every thing in a style of military cleanliness and complete absence of superfluity; except the officer be married, and then one sees the little knick-knacks, and the attempt to get up a sort of drawing-room, even in this sequestered part of Europe.

The captain made his appearance with the key of his office dangling from his hand, having closed the labours of the day: he had no society whatever in the place, and to see a brother-officer must ride an hour or two; so he regularly read every word of the Augsburg Gazette; and his conversation reminded me of a remote country clergyman in England or Scotland, somewhat rusty, but tempered with a kindly humour or earnestness,

which made its way at once to the heart. As the evening advanced, I found Verovice to be sensibly cooler than Ottochatz, and was fain to sit with my cloak wrapped around me. I was assured that in winter, twelve and fifteen degrees (Reaumur) of cold is usual, from the vicinity of Bosnia, which appears to be the coldest region in Europe of the same latitude. At an early hour the worthy captain shewed me to my room; for we were to start for the lakes by peep of dawn.

A long melancholy cry of a bird echoing through the woods awoke me as the grey uncertain light was penetrating into my little room; and presently in came the captain, with kind inquiries, and the intelligence of a fine day about to dawn: so, after a hasty cup of coffee and a pipe, the lieutenant and myself started in the car for the lakes. Our road was one of rapid winding ascent through a delightful varied country; at a moderate distance on each side were hills covered with pine-forests, interspersed with pasture-lands in the hollows. Although in the month of June, I felt severe cold at this time of the morning; but the sun had scarce risen before the temperature became agreeable. Soon the hills joined together narrower and narrower, until the pasture ceased, and we found ourselves in the deep gloom of a thick forest. We did not meet a living creature; for, except a few wood-cutters' huts, there are no villages in this part of Croatia: but after some hours of ascent and de-

scent, the sound of a saw-mill was heard, and we came upon one with a hamlet beside it, all miserably poor, as there is no good soil here. We then quitted the car, and sent it round by the road towards the Unna, while we, attended by a guide, might walk and boat it across the country. Further on, the forest opened, and we suddenly came upon the principal lake of Plissevatz ; and having taken two men with us from the hamlet, we found in a nook two primitive boats or canoes, formed of two sections of the thick trunk of a tree scooped out in the middle, in the bottom of which each of us seated ourselves, and were rowed along to the other end of the lake, a distance of about three miles. The borders of it were abrupt, and entirely wooded down to the very water's edge, and so entirely sequestered, that not a house, a road, or a human being was visible ; in short, such complete solitude, as to produce a sensation of pleasing novelty. It was now forenoon, with its warm sunshine, and the waters were so clear, that in some places I could see a bottom of at least five and twenty feet ; a dark animal, which I took to be a bear, was seen among the trees ; but on hearing the splash of the oars on the water, immediately absconded into the farther recesses of the thicket. At the other extremity of the lake we landed, and found a slope covered with wild strawberries, through which a river issued from the lake, and continuing for a quarter of an hour, broke abruptly off in a precipice, over

which the river dashed in one unbroken sheet to a second lake, round which the hills were riven asunder in all the irregular beauty left by the war of the four elements, when the boundaries of each were undefined, and the long peace of the fair world we live in was as yet unsettled by the hand of Omnipotence.

After a walk of six or eight miles through the woods, continually ascending, and often meeting with forest-trees of great size, we regained the road, and, waiting for the car, now remounted. In the course of the afternoon we arrived at the ridge between the two basins, and soon looked down on the wide valley of the Unna, stretching a breadth of six or eight miles, and marked longitudinally by two distinct lines; to the eastward, the river serpentine through the plain—westwards, and nearer me, the cordon or frontier line, ditched and staked off with high palings, and connected at intervals with look-out houses, so as to form a line as traceable to the eye as the river itself. But a Chinese, placed by enchantment on the spot from which I overlooked the valley, must at once have concluded that two systems diametrically opposite to each other influenced the different sides of the cordon. Here the land was all subdivided and particoloured in fields; on the other side he might see just as much culture as to make the general neglect more visible.

It is truly strange that in some districts of Europe not far from the valley of the Unna, men

should be so densely packed together, and here the land should not be utilised to the extent of one-fourth of its fair susceptibilities. Surely the government of the Porte commits a serious error in not encouraging a free emigration from the crowded parts of Europe to the fertile regions of her vast dominions. The arts and sciences, instead of thinly varnishing the capital, would gradually pervade and strengthen the empire; while the very diversity of nations, with their respective languages and religions, would be the surest guarantee against efforts to endanger her supremacy.

The road wound down between the hills to the level of the plain, both the dwellings and persons of the population shewing an existence under happier material conditions than those of the uplands. A few miles ahead of us was Zavalje, the Austrian station, situated on a plateau that jutted out from the foot of the mountain, where we arrived at four o'clock. It was just as if nature herself had intended it to be a fortified camp; for although level, and large enough to accommodate 50,000 men, it was raised every where forty or fifty feet above the valley; and opposite it, down in an island in the middle of the river, about a couple of miles off, was the Turkish town of Bihacs, with its minarets and middle-age fortifications rising out of the surrounding gardens; a position, from the width, natural wealth, and beauty of the valley, worthy of a great and populous capital.

The house of the major to whom our letter was addressed was somewhat in the style of a villa, surrounded by a small park ; some former commandant, a generation or two ago, having amused himself by creating a shady grove and walks ; and as the whole range of the valley, up and down, for a dozen miles, is seen under the trees, the position is a most agreeable one. A day's journey from here is another park, or wood, but certainly not in the English taste, having been planted by Marshal Loudon in the order of one of his battles—regiments of oaks and pines on perennial parade. Zavalje has no regular fortifications, but a redoubt ; and the regiment, in case of need, is alarmed by a rocket, which communicates with a peak of one of the hills above.

The major, a most intelligent officer, then took me to look at the bazaar of exchange, or Rastell, as it is called—a quarter of a mile off, for the Austrian frontier does not go up to the Unna ; and here I found far more mercantile activity than at Metcovich. A large octagonal building, capable of defence, was the dwelling of the various quarantine officers ; and we visited the wife of the inspector, a native of Vienna, who sighed for a little more amusement than the Turkish frontier afforded. No strains of Strauss, or humours of Nestroy, to enliven the dulness of a long winter ; a walk in the same garden, and a view of the same pretty valley of the Unna, was the *toujours*

perdrix of Zavalje. Behind this building was the square courtyard of the lazaretto; and under a roof, or verandah, was the barrier of the bazaar, a few feet high; on the other side of which was a crowd of Moslems, in small white turbans of a Barbary fashion, and quite unlike the ample folds of the Asiatic. They were weighing and exporting grain. The advantage of these bazaars is moral as well as material. Nothing can exceed the fanaticism and hatred of the two populations on the opposite sides of the frontier; and if it were not for the ever-recurring necessity of communication, and of mutual dependence, it would certainly be difficult for the two Governments to restrain them from more frequent collisions.

On our return, we met the other officers of the station; but the excessive fatigue of the day had so overpowered me, that I retired early, and recruited myself by a sound night's sleep.

CHAPTER XII.

TURKISH CROATIA.

NEXT morning I mounted on horseback, and went with a party to see Bihacs. Descending from the plateau, I crossed the ditch, and found myself again in the dominions of the Sultan, which I had last quitted in Alexandria. After traversing a mile and a half of pasture-land, we came upon the left arm of the Unna, flowing northwards, until a few miles below Bihacs it turns round to the eastward, and makes for the Save. Then, crossing a bridge without a parapet, composed of loose logs of wood placed transversely, I was in Bihacs. The town is composed of Hungarian middle-age stone buildings, and more modern Turkish-looking houses, the latter appearing as if they would tumble to pieces. The people in the bazaar were well dressed ; but some had a rather sickly look, from the low situation of the town.

In one street, I saw a most unusual sight in Turkey,—a new mosque built by the Pasha, but in a very rude taste. A thrilling contrast to this new mosque was visible outside the walls. A

Christian church had formerly existed there, but it had been destroyed, so that literally not one stone was left above another ; but the ground was still consecrated in the eyes of the Christian rayahs of Bihacs ; the temple no longer existed, but here their fathers had worshipped, and here, in summer's heat and winter's cold, they still assemble for their devotions. Never shall I forget the scene I saw on the Sunday morning ; an altar was raised and covered in by a waggon-top, at which a Capuchin priest officiated, before which was the congregation, of about a hundred and fifty persons, the men, with their hats off, and their close-shaven skulls shining in the sun, knelt on one side, and the women, in dresses of white and red, on the other ; and however little sympathy I might have with the dogmas peculiar to Romanism, I involuntarily took off my hat, and felt most painfully affected. In the most distant parts of the Ottoman empire Christianity is tolerated ; the Protestant, the Catholic, and the Greek may worship in his own temple, in Tunis, in Egypt, and in Syria ; but here, at the very foot of the Julian Alps, and within sight of the frontiers of one of the greatest monarchies of Europe, a Christian community dare not rear a roof to shelter their heads from the inclemency of the weather. The Sultan, uniting in his own person the spiritual succession of the Caliphate, and the temporal inheritance of Mohammed II., Selim, and Solyman, speaks and practises, as

far as his personal supervision extends, maxims of justice and tolerance; but the descendants of a Christian nation are the fiercest persecutors of the faith of their ancestors.

Opposite a high square donjon or keep was the house of the Governor, a pasha of the third grade; and to him we were conducted to pay a visit. The house was of wood, just like the others, and at the door was that odd mixture of persons one always sees in the environs of a Turkish governor at some distance from Constantinople. A negro, with a green turban, by way of pretension to the honours of being a shereef, although perhaps he had not a drop of Mohammed's blood in his body, was counting his beads, and, like all Moslem negroes, shewed a profound contempt for us as we passed. A group of Bosniac serving-men in old scarlet clothes, and pistols in their belts, led us up a series of long staircases or ladders to the garret, the rough beams of which shook as we crossed the floor, and thence to a little kiosk or belvidere, fitted up with a divan, from the windows of which we looked out on a lively prospect of the Unna, with its little islands of willows, and artificial waterfalls formed by mill-dams.

The Pasha was a little, sharp-featured man, of five and fifty, who did not wear the Nizam costume, but the old Turkish dress, and was the lineal descendant of a Christian count, who had turned Turk with the Bosniac nobility in the fifteenth

century. He was still at the head of one of the very few hereditary jurisdictions in the Ottoman empire, but found it quite the reverse of an agreeable office. In the room below us we had observed, on coming up stairs, a Bey in the Nizam uniform on a mission from the Vizier of Bosnia, resident at Travnik, relative to raising recruits by conscription; but the people of Bihać had said, "We will pay our taxes, but sooner lose our lives than give our children to the Sultan;" and had menaced the life of the Pasha, if he persisted in obeying superior orders. This had compelled him to bring some Arnauts into the town for his protection.

Turkish Croatia belongs to the general pashalic of Bosnia, and before the Turkish conquest belonged to the kingdom of Hungary. After the fall of Servia, in 1385, the Turks aspired to a protectorate of Bosnia; but it had its own kings, of whom the most eminent had the very curious name of Tuartko. This was he who, in 1392, being attacked by Bajazet, consented to pay homage to the Sultan; but Hungary, far from giving up her claims, repeatedly contested the Turkish pretensions. At length, in 1463, Mohammed II., now master of Constantinople, and nearly all the region denominated Turkey in Europe, marched an imposing force into Bosnia, took prisoner and put to a cruel death Tomashevich, the last of the kings; and after that event a large proportion of the

nobility embraced Islamism. Hungary still maintained an obstinate struggle, not only in Croatia, but in many points to the south of the Save and the Unna; but the fatal battle of Mohacs, in 1526, terminated all hope of making a stand against the Turks. The strong position of Bihacs on an island of the Unna, and the fastnesses of the Plissevatz, combined with the resolute character of the mountaineers, enabled the Christian population to prolong the struggle during the greater part of the sixteenth century, while in the low countries the Turkish cavalry swarmed up to the very foot of the Styrian Alps.

Once Moslem, the Bosniacs played their part in the history of Turkey with a vigour and prominence of action which forms a powerful contrast to the lifelessness of the Arab race, from which Islamism sprang, and by which it was propagated during the first centuries succeeding the Flight. No less than six or seven Bosniacs were grand viziers; one of them the renowned Sinan Pasha, and another Mehemet Sokoli (sometimes called Šokolovitch; for his father's name was Sokoli). To this list may be added the infamous Djezzar, Pasha of Acre, who, however worthy of his surname, the "Butcher," was certainly not deficient either in talent or energy.

The internal constitution of Bosnia during all this period savoured rather of nominal protection by the Porte than subjection to her will. The

Bosniac nobility, who played so often an important part in the other provinces of the Ottoman Empire, were masters at home. Ashamed of Frank titles, they joined the Tatar word Beg or Begh to the Slaavic *vitch*; and thus the Begovitch, which we see so often at the end of Bosniac names, might be translated *Fitznoble*.

Before the disruption of the old feudal constitution of Bosnia by Sultan Mahmoud, this duchy had much of the *beau ideal* of feudal and middle-age life. The old families inhabited the mediæval castles built upon fastnesses, the draw-bridge being raised every night. Each noble had his family, kinsmen, and dependents, forming a miniature court, with honorary officers, pipe-bearers, chamberlains, &c. The old armour of the feudal ages was kept bright, as heir-looms; and up to 1820 the finest blades of Toledo, Ferrara, and Damascus were often to be found in Bosnia. The real political power was as much in the hands of the nobility, as the influence in the Highlands of Scotland in those of the chiefs up to the year 1745. Seraievo, the capital, which, in the flourishing period of Bosnia, contained above a hundred thousand inhabitants, was governed solely by the aristocracy, and was a species of oligarchical republic. One would suppose that such a dignitary as the Vizier of Bosnia would have been resident at the capital, but oligarchical jealousy kept him at Travnik, the second town. According to an

ancient law or regulation, the Governor of Hungary (for so the Vizier of Bosnia is called to this day) could pass only three days in the year at Serrajevo.

Sultan Mahmoud resolved to put an end to this system, and to turn the protectorate into a tangible sovereignty. He had seen the humiliations to which the revolts of powerful Pashas—the distant satraps of Yanina, Bagdad, and Egypt—had reduced the imperial power. One after another the potent *déré* Begs of Asia Minor were, so to speak, mediatized. The Capitanates of Roumelia were also abolished; and Bosnia, the Vendée of Turkey, was now destined to be unfeudalised, and exchange its antique hereditary *noblesse* and fanatical ulema for removable governors, lax Moslem canons, and tight Giaour trousers. The Janisseries met their Augusts and Septembers in the streets of Constantinople; but an open irruption into Bosnia, *à la* Westermann, would have been met by a hundred Lescures and Stofflets. So a succession of Pashas, possessed of great energy, was sent to Bosnia, who, sometimes by *ruse*, and occasionally by force, at one time aided by regular troops, at another by Arnouts, and even Christian rayahs, cut off nearly all the heads of the old families, and everywhere substituted Mussellims, removable at the pleasure of the Porte, for the old feudal jurisdictions. This great change lies at the root of all those troubles of which one reads such

vague accounts in the newspapers. The Bosniacs, the last to embrace Islamism, opposed a more determined resistance to the European reforms of Sultan Mahmoud than any other of the inhabitants of the Ottoman empire. They refused to furnish recruits for the Nizam, as obstinately as they adhered to the hereditary jurisdiction. On the death of Sultan Mahmoud, a general revolt of the remains of the party of the nobles took place. They marched upon Travnik, and drove the Pasha out of the seat of government; several sharp engagements took place, in one of which 800 men were left dead on the spot, victory having declared for the Sultan.

The refractory spirit of the aristocracy is, therefore, in a great measure subdued; but, from the mountainous nature of the country, and the turbulent character of the population, the Porte is still compelled to treat these provinces with a degree of management, consideration, and leniency unknown in the other parts of Turkey in Europe, Albania not excepted.

I had come to the valley of the Unna, through the lakes lying in a series of rents in the Plis-sevatz; but on returning, I took a course to the southwards, and went right over the mountain ridge; and the Major of Zavalje, being obliged by some military duty also to cross the chain to Korenicza, we had his company and conversation. The road was long and winding, up a mountain

covered with forest-trees. For five or ten minutes at a time the Unna was hid ; but as we ascended higher and higher, the wide chequered sun-lit vale would suddenly break upon us at some opening, where the felled beech, pine, or maple, allowed a glimpse of the country below.

As we ascended, the trees fell to a dwarfish stature ; and on the summit of the mountain, furze and a scanty grass was the only vegetation. The prospect was remarkable, as well in extent as in sylvan beauty. Westwards and facing me, the Vel-libitch, at an average range of four or five thousand feet, was a long wall between me and the Adriatic ; this inland side being dark with pine-forests, and surmounted with a narrow cope of bare light rock, where the snow had lain so many months. Looking backwards, Bihacs, down in the vale, was a yellow speck in the course of the winding river ; and the cordon palisades looked like a long black seam on a broad garment.

The descent of the Plissevatz was not so easy as the ascent, and we were often obliged to dismount ; but before the evening we found ourselves in the vale of Korenicza, at a pretty village, where the officers in uniform were awaiting the Major ; and we entered the house of the Captain, while our car, which had been sent round to meet us, was being got ready. The house shewed symptoms of the most scrupulous neatness ; the two daughters of the Captain both perfectly beautiful,

and with formed and lady-like manners, although there is scarce a village in Europe more completely secluded from its highways.

From Korenicza we returned to Ottochatz, the greater part of the way by the road we had come.

CHAPTER XIII.

POLITICAL AND MILITARY ORGANISATION OF THE FRONTIER.

ONE of the most valuable and least prominent of the military resources of Austria is the Croatian military frontier, which forms a first resource of 60,000 men available for action, to say nothing of the regiments to the eastward. I therefore presume that a few remarks on the system may not be unacceptable, more especially as the dark side of the frontier organisation is that very Communism which new-fangled French clubbists would attempt to substitute for that principle of independent competition on which all the affairs of the world have been carried on for these few thousand years back.

It is in the terrors caused by the arms of Solyman, and the first siege of Vienna, that we are to look for the organisation of the military frontier, which, so far from being a modern institution, is, in fact, the only feudal one which has survived the unfeudalisation of all Europe. The holding of lands on military tenure is, since the erection of standing armies, a legal fiction: in the regions

we have traversed it is not obsolete or fictitious, but a reality. When all Hungary was under Turkish dominion, it was in Styria, Carinthia, and Carniola, that the system was established, in 1578, by a statute dated Bruck, and hence called by the well-known name of the Brucker-Libell; those very provinces in which Charlemagne had placed marquisses margraves, *alias* counts of the march or border, were, seven centuries later, organised by the House of Austria to protect the holy Roman Empire from the last and greatest Asiatic irruption; and the first system was, as nearly as possible, a counterpart of that of the Spahis on the other side of the Turkish frontier.

These corps, when mobilised, rendered the greatest services during the wars that preceded the treaties of Carlovitz and Passarovitz, in the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth century; but, although daring in the presence of the enemy, they were very difficult to manage in peace; after the treaty of Carlovitz (1699), when Austria wished to introduce a system of taxation, Count Coronini, the imperial commissioner, was murdered in the church of Licca, and all the civil functionaries fled for a time out of the land; and subsequently Trenck's Pandours were regarded in bravery and barbarous ferocity like the Cossacks of our days: but before the end of the eighteenth century the whole frontier was brought into a state of the greatest dis-

cipline and efficiency, equal to that of any troops of the line. The campaign of 1809 handed over this part of the military frontier to Napoleon; but their sympathies were not so easily transferred. With tears in their eyes they took leave of their commander, Marshal Jellachich, the father of the gentleman I have mentioned; and after the Moscow campaign, Croatia was one of the first provinces to return to Austria.

The institution of the military frontier is, Communism excepted, on all hands allowed to be an admirable one, keeping a rude population in an orderly condition, and furnishing the state with excellent soldiers. By signals from hill to hill, the whole population, from Dalmatia to Moldavia, can be alarmed in a few hours, and at each headquarters an effective force placed at the disposition of the commanding officer. Nothing can exceed their loyalty. In the great Illyrian question between the Croats and the Magyars, they sympathised with the former, but abstained from all interference. When I was at Belgrade, M. Had-schitsch, to whose great talent and ability Servia owes her modern code, eulogised Colonel —, who commands a Croatian regiment, as a member of the Illyrian party. "No," said the Colonel, protesting: "there is a slight misunderstanding. I belong to the Illyrian nation; but we soldiers belong to no party."

At the beginning of the system, and for many

generations, each farm had its family, which furnished a soldier or soldiers to the state, according to the number of sons, in lieu of ground-rent and taxation; but in process of generations, the original single family spread out into several branches, of which the patriarch or oldest was the head and ruler, as well as holder of the land; and when the family or cluster of families grew numerous, the patriarch was often a tyrant, or, by some defect in the head or heart, incapable of managing his descendants or collaterals to their satisfaction. These evils grew to such a head, that in the beginning of this century the necessity of a reform was evident; and at length, in the year 1807, the present organisation was adopted; all persons of intelligence having been invited freely to offer their opinions, to propose plans, and to suggest remedies for abuses. Upwards of two hundred persons availed themselves of this privilege; and the result, in which the Archdukes Charles and Louis had the principal part, appears to have given general satisfaction. The main feature of it was, that the steward or manager was elected by the family—involving a change from the patriarchal household to one of liberty, equality, and fraternity.

Forty years have now elapsed since the introduction of the new system; but the rose springs from the thorn, and the thorn from the rose; and while the judicial and military administration of the territory is excellent, the social system is to-

tally destructive of harmony. The simple family of the last century, occupying a house and farm, is now often become a community, amounting to twenty, thirty, or forty individuals, the relationship between whom, through the lapse of several generations, is almost nominal. The younger and more active labourers have become further and further removed from each other in relationship and in sympathy; and this has developed all the evils of Communism to such an extent, that if the most ardent French Communist were to reside for a few weeks on the Croatian frontier, he would be undeceived.

The religious sentiment, love of king and country, and the ties of family, complete the pyramid of our immovable attachments. In charity and friendship there is a sliding-scale of free option; but to expect that a man will contribute hearty labour for those beyond his immediate family, without a proportional remuneration, is to suppose a race of human beings very different from that which now peoples the earth, and for whom the divine and unselfish doctrines of Christianity would have been much less necessary. This Communism takes away all stimulus to exertion. A man with one child says: "My second cousin has ten children, and therefore ought to work ten times as much as I do." Another man says: "My third cousin is a drunkard, or a spendthrift; what avails my individual toil, when he will share the results?"

The argument of some defenders of the present system is, that it prevents pauperism; but this is a poor argument. If the industrious man merits the possession of comfort, the man who gets into debt in order to get drunk ought to be corrected by poverty and inconvenience. In short, one is here reminded of a man asking a Communist the question, "Suppose you spend your half of the property, and I economise mine, what happens?" "We will stick by our principles, and divide again," answers the Communist. I have said to some officers, "You know how very bigoted some people in Western Europe are on this point;" and I have invariably received for answer the same class of truisms, from men who have studied the system from every point of view. "It is possible with angels, but not with men and women. Its general adoption would not be a movement in advance, but a retrogression to the principles of society in its rudest stage—to a state of things which the successive inventions of barter, of money, and consequent competition, altered and rendered fitter for our nature."

Ninety-nine officers out of a hundred think that Communism ought to be abolished; but the greatest caution ought to be used in dealing carelessly with the other parts of an institution that is of such value to the state. The young soldiers at present work alternately at home and on military service, from twenty to twenty-three years of age;

and the communities, from their number, have no difficulty in furnishing soldiers, who are fed by the house, and not by the state ; but if the lands were re-divided, a small family would, in many instances, find a difficulty in either sparing him from field-labour, or nourishing him out of the house. A field battalion, raised by conscription, including the whole population of a certain age, to be subsequently embodied in the reserve, would, by general opinion, render the frontier as a military institution much more perfect ; but it could not be accomplished in small families without some pay and rations from the state. Here, then, lies the difficulty : the breaking up of Communism, and sub-division into families, would increase the aggregate wealth from the fresh impulse to labour ; but in small families, occupying a small piece of ground, it could not be carried out without a supply of money ; and whence is the money to come from, without altering the relations of the frontier to the financial department ?

In order to give a satisfactory solution, I must draw the reader's attention to the physical geography of the whole military frontier. The highland part of Croatia is, as the reader knows, although picturesque to the eye, poor and unproductive ; but following the Turkish frontier eastwards, we get into the valley of the Save, all along which nature has been bountiful of rich soil. As much, and even more, may be said of the Banat ; for the sea,

which, at a not very remote geological period, covered all Hungary, being drained by the rending of the rocks at the Iron Gates, the Banat of Temesvar is the alluvial sediment of the washings of the whole of the upper basin of the Danube. Thus the political uniformity of the military frontier system has produced the greatest inequality in the economical condition of the borderer. The severe cordon service of the dry frontier falls on six Croatian regiments, who are economically less able to bear it than the men of Slavonia and the Banat, who have the Save and the Danube for a natural cordon.

It is clear, therefore, that a reform ought to create two distinct systems, suited to the physical geography of each district. In the rich regiments, the character of the soldier, although not dispensed with, ought to be subordinate to that of the peasant, who might be allowed a more free scope for his labour, and subject to a moderate extra contribution; while in the mountainous districts an opposite course might be pursued. In short, nature points out in the most unmistakeable manner that the territorial division of labour, which makes the Dalmatian a sailor, demands that the hardy borderer of the poor and unproductive Croatian regiments should be more of a soldier than a peasant, and the industrious German of the Banat more of a peasant than of a soldier.

Taking a strong interest in the prosperity of

Croatia, it may well be believed with what curiosity I have followed the subsequent career of the frontier regiments under their valiant leader. Wonderful '48! what ups and downs, what successes and reverses! "You will see," said Louis Philippe, the most sagacious monarch of our generation, "with what facility I will put down these émeutes." "If we are ever to see each other again," said Prince Metternich, the Nestor of diplomacy, to Lord Londonderry, in his *Tour to Vienna and Constantinople*, "you must come and see me; for there is not the least chance of my going to England to see you." And just as little did I ever dream or suppose, as I discussed these military matters with Baron Jellachich, at his brother's lodgings, or saw him the soul of the social circle of Madame Mastrovich, that in little more than a year I should read in the Vienna correspondence of *The Times*: "On that dreadful night of the 31st of October, I saw the glorious fellow, a young and magnificent-looking man, by the blaze of the burning houses and the flashing of 200 cannon, lead his wild Croats and Servians to the storm; his tall white plume shining, like Henry IV. at Ivry, as the pole-star of the whole army. All agree that he is one of those remarkable men who are raised up from time to time to mould the destinies of nations."

CHAPTER XIV.

CARLSTADT.

THE villages give their names to the various companies of which a regiment is composed ; the regiments take their names from some small town ; and the various groups of regiments have again a higher designation : for instance, the four most westerly regiments (of which the district I have described forms a part) are called the "frontier of Carlstadt," from the name of the provincial capital. The interest this town possesses is wholly in consequence of its military importance in connexion with the system I have attempted to elucidate. This, therefore, seems the proper place for a short description of it.

Carlstadt is situated in a perfectly level and richly cultivated plain, uncommanded by any heights ; so that at a distance it looks like a Flemish town, with its church-spire overlooking its bastions, curtains, and alleys of trees. During the hostilities between Austria and Turkey, it used to be the bulwark of Croatia against that angle of the Ottoman empire which is called the Trockene

Grenze, or dry frontier. For, commanding the passage of the Culpa, the whole line from Carlstadt to Semlin is a distinctly defined line of defence.

Baron Paumgarten, the commandant, having had the obliging courtesy to be my cicerone, I passed an interesting forenoon in looking through the place when on my way to Dalmatia in the previous autumn. The baron was a fine hearty veteran, who had slashed through the war of liberation with credit and honour, and being still, although a septuagenarian, in the possession of health, strength, and intellectual vigour, had to see that the key of Croatia caught no rust from desuetude; for considerably more than half a century has elapsed since Sultan and Emperor have exchanged hostile visits to each other's territory.

At the end of the High-street, which was mostly built in the last century in the German manner, we came upon the gate of the town next the river Culpa, which, seen from the inside, has, with its little round towers, a baronial-castle look, strongly contrasting with the modern angles and parapets of the fortifications; and the worthy commandant informed me that it was a relic of the old walls built in 1575. Just before we turned aside to ascend the rampart, a soldier's servant passed, and the commandant stopped him and asked him how his master was. "*A bisserl besser* : a trifle better, your honour," answered the man, touching his hat, and on he passed. "There is

no hope for that man's master, poor fellow," said he to me as we climbed the parapet. "Morrison's vegetable pills have cured him of a slight indigestion, leaving a chronic cramp in the stomach in its place. Your English Malthusian theory of population is a very false one, my good friend: so soon as there is any danger of over-population, a great man starts up to set the balance right again — Attila, Ghenghis Khan, Napoleon, but last and greatest of all, Morrison."

We now found ourselves on the ramparts, and enjoyed a pleasing view over a wide champaign country. As we continued our round I perceived a large suburb to be built entirely of wood; and on asking if there were not a danger of fire, was answered that the proprietors of these houses had built them on the condition that if an enemy appeared they were to be burnt or torn down at a moment's notice, so as to have a clear defensive glacis. It seems that, on account of the active trade and navigation of the place, the wants of the town have outgrown the ramparts; so that houses that were to be bought during the French war for 300*l.* now sell for 1000*l.*

Passing angle after angle of the works, we arrived at the gate of Fiume, (which, unlike his fellow at the other end of the town, was in the modern style, protected by an outwork,) and descending from the banquette to the terre pleine, and passing outwards, found ourselves in a turf

plain, covered with horses and oxen, and peasantry engaged in the business of the market. A gipsy, with broad-brimmed hat, frieze jacket, and sandals, was shewing a poor miserable grey horse to a group of Croat peasants. The gipsy lent the motion of his body towards a fair start, and with a sharp dig of the spur into the flank, unseen by the peasants, would fain have got a decent canter out of the poor animal; but although the tail shewed spice, the motion of the horse was very far from corresponding with the elasticity of the rider, and like an unsuccessful mesmerist, he began to assign reasons, and the peasantry to laugh and to joke.

We then re-entered the town, and turning to the left came upon the banks of the Culpa, which was covered with the long narrow boats which bring the corn of the Banat to Carlstadt, whence it is conveyed to Fiume by the celebrated Maria Louisa road, which was completed in 1812. The beating of a drum being heard from amidst a group of bystanders a short distance off, I went forward, and found this to be an auction. A seller pays a florin to the magistrate, the town-drummer proceeds to the spot, and at the third rub-a-dub the article is sold.

We then went to the public square, one side of which was recognisable as *ararial* or fiscal by the regularity of its construction, and its sentries and sentry-boxes of black and brown alternate

stripes : hence in Vienna, since the March revolution, the partisans of an Austrian empire, as contrasted with the partisans of Frankfort, are designated *Schwarzgelb*, or black yellows. The edifice in question was the barracks and armory from which all the western frontier is supplied. Here we saw the *waffensaal*, or armory, with thirty thousand stand of arms. There was a lofty altar with columns and connecting festoons of barrels, locks, bayonets, and ramrods, all of the most ingenious architecture ; but having nothing to do with *renaissance*, as the banks of the Adige have since testified, I have no doubt. Along with these modern arms was a collection of armour taken from time to time from Bosniac knights—halberts, battle-axes, and shields ; such fearful lances as glistened in the galleys of a Tintoretto, and such blunderbusses as one sees clouding, with life-like smoke, the battle-pieces of a Bourignon, in that picturesque middle period when chivalry had scarce ended, and modern discipline had scarce begun.

“ You talk of history,” said the commandant : “ there is an arm that has a historical association ; the old equipment of Trenck’s pandours.” I examined the piece, taken from a pile of the same sort, and found it to be somewhat between a modern musket and a carbine. It was with these weapons that his fearless pandours, recruited in Croatia and Slavonia, mostly in the environs of his own estates at Pakratz, carried the renown of their bravery to

the banks of the Rhine and the Moldau, but more particularly in Alsace, where, imagining that all over the Rhine was as fair plunder as over the Save among the Bosniac Turks, they terrified the peasantry by their excesses, until the severe examples made by Trenck infused a better spirit into them. As the Alsatians complained that Maria Theresa should make war with such wild people, Trenck answered, "that they were indeed rather rough subjects, and that he had brought them to France to teach them polished manners;" which, with the frequent assistance of the provost-marshal, he certainly did; the Alsatians wondering to see the condemned pandours coolly smoking their pipes even while the hangman was putting the rope about their necks.

The estates of Pakratz, Pleternicza, Bristowacs, and several others, producing, in the middle of last century, 6000*l.* sterling per annum, were given to the Trenck family by the Emperor after the siege of Vienna and liberation of Hungary, in 1683-4; and on the death of the pandour colonel fell to the renowned Baron Frederick Trenck, who, in his memoirs, relates how he was ruined with Hungarian law-suits after escaping from the chains and dungeons of Frederick the Great. These memoirs, published in Paris some years before the first Revolution, made, according to pleasantly prattling Grimm, even in his days, "*une sensation prodigieuse*;" and even now are not yet banished

from the circulating library, which dispenses me from the task of repeating the well-known adventures of either Francis and his Croat pandours, or Frederick and his law-suits. Liberated, honoured, and pensioned, he thus writes in his old age: "Safe am I arrived in haven, a weather-beaten but experienced shipman, enabled to indicate the hidden rocks and quicksands of this life's perturbed shores; often have I struck, often been wrecked, but never foundered. Possible, though little probable, are future storms."

Alas, poor Trenck, a greater whirlpool than ever man saw was brewing its huge vortex to sink thee with many a prouder craft! The career of Trenck had been a dramatic one; but the *dé-nouement* was never dreamt of by either the autobiographer himself, or any of the philosophic men of quality who supped and epigrammatised on the eve of the great convulsion; and Trenck, who played a conspicuous part in the age of Frederick and Maria Theresa, became an unseen supernumerary in the catastrophe of the Revolution.

On the 7th Thermidor of the year 2 of the Republic, a man of gigantic stature, six feet and a half high at least, appeared before the revolutionary tribunal, charged with being a secret agent of the King of Prussia. This was Trenck, then verging on his seventieth year. "You are accused," said President Hermann, "of being im-

plicated in the conspiracy of the despots of Europe against the freedom of the French nation. A letter has been intercepted in which you express yourself in the most equivocal terms on the recent events."

"It is false," said Trenck. "There," continued he, holding up his wrists, "are the scars of my fetters: I have for some time had no dealings with the great who treated me so shamefully. I dare you to repeat the accusation."

This made some impression on the President; so after a pause he said: "But you were in correspondence with the Emperor Joseph."

"I was," said Trenck; "but that was long ago. Allow me to explain—"

"It is nearly twelve," said Fouquier Tinville, "and before four o'clock fourteen cases must be decided. There is no time to lose."

"No time to lose!" said Trenck, scornfully; "do you call hearing the defence of an innocent man 'losing time?' I was for more than ten years loaded with chains, when a fortunate chance relieved me; and feeling my restored liberty to be an unspeakable blessing, I resolved to be a useful member of society. I married the daughter of the burgomaster of Aix-la-Chapelle; and devoted myself to trade, military science, and literature. During the years 1774, 5, 6, and 7, I travelled in France and England, and gained the friendship of the great Franklin, the man of Spartan

virtue ; but the death of the great Maria Theresa—”

“ Take care,” said Fouquier Tinville, “ how you pronounce the eulogy of crowned heads in the sanctuary of justice.”

“ After the death of the great Maria Theresa,” said Trenck, with emphasis, “ I returned to the Danube, and built my farm-house. Yes, the man whom you accuse of being an aristocrat was the friend of Franklin, and followed the plough in the plain of Zwerbach. Since 1791 I have lived in Paris, and devoted myself to the publication of works of utility. If I have frequented the clubs, it is because, as a foreigner, I could have had no influence.”

Fouquier Tinville then declared him to be not only an aristocrat, but to have taken part in the mutiny of the prison of St. Lazare. To which Trenck vainly answered, that for an innocent prisoner to deliver himself from durance vile was in strict accordance with the principle of revolution. His hour had come ; the guillotine gaped for his neck, and on the same evening Trenck met his doom.

Having seen the curiosities of Carlstadt, I spent the after part of the day in the polished and pleasing circle of a former acquaintance, Mr. K——, the eloquent Croatian deputy at the Diet ; now no longer thundering forth his denunciations of Magyaromania, but settled down in repose in the

bosom of his family. The portraits of Marco Kralievitch and other Illyrian heroes adorned the walls, and shewed the strong national feeling; but our talk was not solely of Croatia; and the enthusiastic eulogies of Mr. Dickens in the land of Trenck's pandours came upon me like the thumb'd copy of Thomson's *Seasons*, which caused the exclamation, "This is true fame!" But the ridge of the Vellibitch is one of the landmarks of literary influence, which, in spite of eight centuries of Norman noblesse, shew the latent community of mental mould in Germany and Britain. In Dalmatia, where the varnish of civilisation is Italian, our modern novelists (Scott excepted) are little known; while Dumas and Sue are universally read and admired. Here, in Croatia, where the Illyrian substratum is the same, but the varnish of civilisation is German, the great genius of the French in invention and construction is freely admitted; but, at Agram and Carlstadt, the traveller finds their productions considered as *stark gepfefferte speisen*, more fit to stimulate languor of appetite than to convey solid nourishment. How pregnant, therefore, the lesson in that northern and southern slope of the Vellibitch! How pale and feeble are the lines drawn by the pen of the diplomatist, or the truncheon of the victor, on the ethnographical map of Europe, compared with those of the pen of genius; and even in our own sister-island, how small a part in the extirpation

of Celtism has the sword of Cromwell had, compared with the Anglo-Saxon of a Shakespeare, a Swift, and a Goldsmith!

One lady of the circle asked me, with a charming air of mock dissatisfaction, if it were true that the English, who were the greatest dramatists in Europe, when they wanted to thrill the gallery with the deeds of a great robber, always made a Croat of him. "I can assure you," said she, "there is nothing so scarce in the nineteenth century as a great Croat robber;" but from the account I gave her, she found out that a great English dramatist in the nineteenth century was almost as scarce as a Croat robber.

CHAPTER XV.

Z E N G G.

I NOW prepared to quit the Croatian Highlands, and cross the Vellibitch for the third and last time. The great and fertile valley of the Save and its tributaries communicates with the Adriatic by two roads, the Maria Louisa Strasse, which connects Carlstadt with Fiume; and the old Josephina Strasse, which connects inland Croatia with the port of Zengg, or Segna,—the only place of any consequence between Fiume and Zara, which appears to be so little known, that I was unable to find a single book of travels, in any language, on this part of Europe. It was to Zengg, or Segna, that I now proceeded; and having hired a small carriage, I fell into the Josephina Strasse, at a hamlet called Xutaloqua (pronounced *Zhootaloqua*), about mid-day; rapidly ascended the eastern slope of the Vellibitch, to the head of the pass; and on emerging from the passage of the summit, which was deeply cut in the rock, again found myself overlooking the sea. The road is narrower, and the descent more precipitous, than the one by which

I crossed to and from Dalmatia ; a wide plain spreads out at the top of the pass ; and I said to a man on the road, that I thought this table-land must be delightfully cool in the month of July. "*Gluhend heiss*" (glowing hot), said he. Ottochatz is much cooler, although so much lower ; here the air comes up from the bare heated rocks next the sea ; down in Ottochatz it is cooled by the masses of forest it passes over. Advancing to the brow of the precipice was a wide view of the Adriatic and Archipelago, similar in character, but different in detail, from the pass of the post-road above Zara. Zengg, at the foot of the hill, was scarcely visible ; the space between the sea and the foot of the mountain being so narrow. The islands opposite were Veglia and Cherso, and beyond them, the mountains of Istria ; these islands no longer belonging to Dalmatia, but to the gulf of Quarnaro. I have often overlooked verdant plains from bare rocky heights ; but it certainly was a novelty, to stand on a table-land, three thousand feet above the level of the sea, where all was verdure and foliage, and look down upon such an expanse of barren islands, which, but for the em-purpled robe wherewith distance invested them, would have been far from attractive to the vision.

In consequence of the climate here being moister than at Dalmatia, the forest does not stop at the top of the mountain, but extends a considerable way down the hill. Half way to Zengg is a

fountain of black marble, with an inscription to Francis the First, and the water so cold, although in the month of June, that I could scarcely bear to plunge my hand in the trough. Close to it I perceived a villa and garden; and on inquiry found that it was that of Major Knetsch of the Austrian engineers, who has had the direction of the public works in this part of Austria for twenty years. A recent excavation of some garden-ground shewed that a mass of human bones, several yards deep, had been lately exhumed. When the Turks, in the sixteenth century, gradually got possession of all these countries inland, Clissa, above Spalato, was the first place of refuge of the Christian fugitives, called in Illyrian, Uskok; and on Clissa being taken by the Turks, Zengg (Italian, Segna) thenceforth became the stronghold of those resolute spirits who refused to submit to Turkish authority. But liberty grew to license; independence became piracy; those who escaped from the tyranny of the Turks of those days were, in course of time, the tyrants of the Adriatic; and favoured by the Emperor, as a thorn in the side of the Turks, they at length became so troublesome to the Venetians and their trade, as to cause a long and bloody war between the Republic and the Emperor, and Zengg became a robber-republic and a sort of Algiers of the Adriatic. The Turks repeatedly attempted to make themselves master of Zengg; and on this very spot, in 1654, they were totally defeated by the

Uskoks, with the loss, as it is pretended, of three thousand slain ; hencee the assemblage of dead men's bones.

As I descended the last slopes of the mountain, Zengg appeared in sight, and is certainly the most miserable abode on the Adriatic ; so that I suspect one must go to the parched rocks of Arabia for a parallel. It is on a narrow slip of land at the foot of the mountain ; and the preeipitous coast, as far as the eye can reach, north and south, is utterly and painfully sterile. In the middle of the town, on a small irregular public place, the jaunting-car drew up at the inn, kept by a German ; I was shewn to a passable room, adorned with prints of St. George and the Dragon, and the renowned Madame Todi, the great prima donna of the last century ; and supper was served to me in a large ball-room, with lights rendering darkness truly visible.

Next morning, I presented my letters to Major Knesieh, who had the kindness to shew me the place. We went first to the harbour ; and here I again found myself in the peeuliar air of a port. Feluccas and their sails were seen in the offing ; an Austrian brig-of-war lay at the extremity of the mole that ran out into the sea ; barrel-hoops and squeezed lemons floated in the filthy water ; and the reflected sun-light trembled on the blaek pitehy stern of a sloop at the quay. The range of houses, shops, and government-stores, faeing the sea, are

principally in a commonplace German style ; for Zengg, being Croat, never formed a part of Venetian Dalmatia, and is totally devoid of Venetian embellishment. But although almost as dreary as Suez itself, it is a bustling, thriving, prosperous place. What a contrast to Bihacs, with its green pastures, its bounteous soil, fragrant flowers, and sturdy oaks of centuries' growth ; but the town itself in ruin and desolation ! Zengg, being a free port, furnishes salt and wine to the military frontier, receives in return grain, hides, and staves, and sends at least ten or twelve millions of the latter, principally to Oporto and Marseilles, which thence, after being well soaked with the wines of the Douro and the Rhone, spread over all the world.

In the interior of the town, the only edifice worthy of remark is the ruinous palace of the Dukes of Deux Ponts, who, after the termination of the wars of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, resided here. It ultimately became a royal Hungarian borough, by patent of Matthias Corvinas, in 1480 ; and in the two succeeding centuries acquired its bad notoriety on the Adriatic ; but since the re-conquest of Hungary by Austria in 1684, Zengg has ceased to be of the slightest historical and political importance. It is now a free community, like Semlin and other trading places in the military frontier ; that is to say, under military superior government, but the inhabitants lying under no universal conscription, as in the regi-

mental districts. I was surprised to find no Italian element here among the common people; and a still more curious circumstance is, that the descendants of many Italian and German settlers, although preserving their national names, are unacquainted with either languages, and speak and think only Illyrian. The superior magistrate treats shipping affairs in Italian; judicial in German, as in the military frontier; and civic-economical affairs in Croat.

Zengg is the see of a Bishop, whose diocese includes Fiume and the highlands of Croatia. On being presented by the Major, he engaged us to dine next day. At the appointed hour, the prelate, who has the politest manners imaginable, received us in his summer-dress of black satin, faced with scarlet; and leading the way to his billiard-room, proceeded to try my skill; but it was soon evident that I had no chance with him in the practice of *canon* law. The Bishop was said to be exemplary in his own life, and very strict with his clergy, more especially at Fiume, as, being a large town, it has more temptations than the rural districts.

In course of conversation, I learned that the Bora, or north wind, blows occasionally with such violence as to sweep vessels in the port out to sea, overturn the heaviest carriages, and render all locomotion impossible, for the strongest men are unable to walk from one end of the quay to the

other while the Bora blows with violence. It is the custom of the principal inhabitants, on new year's day, to pay their respects to the Bishop ; and although the episcopal palace is not more than two or three minutes walk out of the Fiume gate, yet, on the 1st of January, 1847, not a soul dared to go near him, in consequence of the power of the Bora. It is presumed that the action of the sun on Africa causing powerful currents of cold air to blow from the north, the current drawn from France passes by the wide gate or entrance into the Mediterranean formed by Languedoc and Provence, flanked on the one side by the Alps, and on the other by the Pyrenees, and that this breadth of passage prevents excessive violence ; but the current that comes down the Adriatic is drawn from the countries to the northward, and, compressed with great violence between a few passages of the Vellibitch, acquires that irresistible force which is unknown elsewhere. The port of Zengg is a very bad one, being exposed to the southerly winds, which the government is attempting to remedy by a mole in course of construction ; but, altogether, I saw no place on my tour so ill-favoured by nature in every possible way, either for commerce or agriculture ; and its existence is solely owing to the necessity of some outlet for the sylvan district behind it.

On the same evening I joined with a gentleman going to Fiume in the hire of a carriage

thither along the coast-road, which is as execrable as any one in Hungary. Nothing could be better than the roads crossing the Vellibitch; but this one, being very little frequented, and passing through a district almost devoid of population, was positively dangerous. One bare headland after another projected into the sea, and at each three or four miles was an *interval* in the most literal acceptation of the word—a small ravine, with a few stunted vines and olives, and a couple of houses. Sometimes the road rose high above the beach, protected from a precipice by a parapet; at other times we were on the sea-shore; and a high ladder, fixed deeply like a ship's mast among stones, and projecting over the water, was intended for fishing. A man went up to the top, and, watching when the fish came, spread out the net fringed with stones, which, rapidly sinking to the bottom, enclosed the fish; while the net hauled out held the fish as in a purse with the strings drawn.

As we approach Novi, six hours from Zengg, the mountain springs asunder; and the cleft being too wide for a high bridge, the road is led down by a series of precipitate gyrations, our carriage wheels being tied, and we dismounting, in case of accidents. It was dark when we arrived at Novi, the inn of which is a real feudal castle, with crenellated towers and battlements; and had it been the scene of the well-known adventure of a true

Don Quixote, posterity would not have laughed at him as a madman. After so fatiguing a journey, we were in anticipation of a pleasant night's rest, but found a party of travellers that had taken the few beds to spare ; even a shake-down in the parlour or tap-room was out of the question, for it was already occupied by a band of Italian strollers, with hurdy-gurdies and white mice, resting from the labour of turning their little mill, not to mention a baboon, which sent forth a most unfra-grant odour. So we had no resource but to make the best of our way to the carriage again, and re-commenced a disagreeable journey in the worst, nay most unreasonable, humour imaginable ; for had not the itinerants as good a right to sleep and shelter as our noble selves ? But sleep brought oblivion of the darkness and unconsciousness of the jolting ; and next morning, awaking at sunrise, the morning air of mid June was truly refreshing. Soon after, we arrived at Porto Re ; a capacious and land-locked port, the largest ships of the line being able to anchor close to the quays. It was intended for an arsenal of the first class, by the Emperor Charles the Sixth, in the beginning of the last century ; but on account of the violence of the Bora, it has been abandoned as a station of the Austrian navy, for Pola in Istria. The houses are built in the Frenchified German style of that period ; and the whole place has an air of *ci-devant* royalty and abandoned grandeur.

A middle-age castle, with round towers and moats, stands isolated on a slight eminence overlooking the port, and was one of the numerous residences of the Frangipan or Francopan family, who possessed in fee the whole of the territory I have recently described, from Licca to the environs of Fiume, as well as several islands opposite. Claiming a descent from one of the greatest families of Rome, with or without justice I know not, they enjoyed up to nearly the close of the seventeenth century a position little short of that of royalty; but entering into a conspiracy against the Emperor Leopold, the head of the house was decapitated in 1671, in the environs of Vienna. One of the corner towers is shewn as the one in which the wife of Nadasdy overheard the deliberations of the conspirators, and, having fled, shut herself up in a castle at some distance; but an emissary of the conspirators having gained admittance on pretence of delivering her a letter, she was stabbed to the heart while engaged in its perusal. The present destination of the castle of Porto Re is that of a leper hospital; a form of this disease being common in this part of Croatia, and, like the curious malady in the hair at Cracow, supposed to have risen from personal uncleanness.

All the way from Zengg hither I found myself opposite the same island of Veglia, which was in the most gloomy periods of the Turkish war a possession entirely devoted to the Frangipan dy-

nasty; and a most singular circumstance still recalls these relations. After the execution of Frangipani, the people of Veglia wore mourning; and the black habit having become perpetual and customary up to the present time, yellow is now the colour symbolical of mourning.

Passing Buccari (a small town shut in the further corner of the large bay on which Porto Re is situated, and, like it, subject to severe blasts of Bora), the road ascended among vineyards, and emerging on the ridge, the sea view, no longer hemmed in by the island of Veglia, revealed to us the broad open gulf of Quarnaro, beyond which Istria, hitherto seen in the dimmest distance, rose from the water's edge, thickly dotted with villages, up to the central peak of Monte Maggiore; and on this side of the gulf, the dry barren wall of the Vellibitch, as at Zengg, had gradually changed to long ribs of the mountain sloping down to the sea, with vine-terraces cut on their exposed fronts, while hardy forest-trees were thickly tufted in the clefts, shewing a decidedly northern aspect, although so near Dalmatia, and recalling the lines of Goldsmith,

“ The uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride.”

Near the head of the gulf, Fiume itself was the centre of the picture, and expanding along the shore, and rising from the water so as to cover the

brow of the hill, was, as far as mere beauty of situation is concerned, worthy of the first maritime position in the rising and hopeful kingdom of Hungary.

CHAPTER XVI.

FIUME.

OUR journey had been a slow and tedious one ; but the carriage at length deposited me at the hotel of the " King of Hungary," in the centre of the town ; the windows of one side of the house opening on the gulf of Quarnaro, and on the other on newly built streets. As I surveyed the fresh new furniture of my room, I felt the return to a more civilised existence. Days as barren of adventure as of discomfort ; tea and toast, *Galignani's Messenger*, and frizzled waiter ; for Novi, with its castellated inn and white mice, was the last of romantic misery that I saw in my tour.

After arrival, our obliging Vice-Consul, Mr. Hill, had the kindness to shew me what was to be seen at Fiume. The town has two distinct aspects : the Citta Vecchia, on the hill, is quite old, and has a mean look ; the new town is built along the sea-side, and looks quite German, as if it were a suburb of Vienna ; the houses being well built, but monotonous, and devoid of any edifice worthy of admiration. The two casinos, the

one of the nobles and military, the other of the merchants, are internally well fitted up, particularly the latter, which has been more recently built and more sumptuously furnished than the other. At the so-called Fiumara, where a river enters the gulf, the masts of the ships, the alleys of full-grown trees, and the fresh new houses facing the quay, remind the traveller of Rotterdam; but following the water-side inland, he finds, instead of a flat country and the Treckskuyt, a gloomy wooded gorge; the precipices on each side filling up two-thirds of the perpendicular, and barely leaving room for the river, which turns a variety of mills, the principal being a large paper-making establishment of an English company, the most extensive of the kind in the Austrian empire; a short narrow canal procuring a fall of thirty feet of water. High over head is another castle of the Frangipans, who were the Marquises of Carabas of this country; for in many places I have asked, "Whose ruined castle is that?" and have always been answered, "Frangipan." This castle at present belongs to the gallant and able General Count Nugent. But a very small portion of it is inhabited; and in a sort of modern temple is a museum of antiquities, consisting of sculpture, brought mostly from the kingdom of Naples, but repaired and put together in the most painfully unskilful manner.

Fiume is a dot on the Adriatic; but my thoughts

expand to the limits of that ancient and glorious kingdom, the dormant wealth of which is daily subject to awakening impulses. In equidistance from the pole to the equator, Hungary possesses in a fertile soil the first element of prosperity; for all Europe may be searched through without finding an alluvium superior to that which covers the Banat, and yields golden harvests with the slightest toil. All round her northern frontier, in a great semicircle, the Carpathians protect from the chilling blasts of Poland those gentle eminences on which is grown the luscious Tokay and other vines of nearly equal worth, if not of equal note. The most voluminous water-way of Europe rolls through her very heart; and in the mineral, not less than the vegetable kingdom, Hungary takes a rank of the first European importance. Amid all these bounties, Nature has been niggard in one important particular: a cheap, easy, and convenient access to the sea is still a desideratum to the Hungarian.

Fiume, the only considerable port of the kingdom of Hungary, has all the advantages of situation that belong to places situated on the head of seas or gulfs that go far into the land, and all the disadvantages of those places which are cut off from their resources by high mountains. The advantages of such places as Odessa and Marseilles, that communicate with the country behind them by, comparatively speaking, level means, are im-

mense ; and this disproportion is likely to be still more increased by the substitution of railways for ordinary roads. The business of Venice is to be the warehouse of the countries to the west of the head of the Adriatic ; that of Fiume, to bring the products from the eastward : but, while all the valley of the Po lies open to the Venetian, and communications by land and water offer every facility, the valleys of the Save and the Danube are cut off by the continuation of the Alps. The Save flows in the wrong direction for Fiume ; and while the products of Wallachia and Bulgaria are borne easily and cheaply down to Galatz and Braila, the wheat of the Banat cannot compete in price with that of the Danubian ports, in consequence of those natural barriers which are interposed between Hungary and the sea.

It was to abate this disadvantage that the Maria Louisa road was constructed, under the auspices of the Austrian military authorities—a truly noble work ; but, being now in the hands of a private company, that looks rather to its own dividend than to the public benefit, the tolls are necessarily high ; and this, added to the great uncertainty of the navigation of the Save and the Culpá, has for an unavoidable consequence that Fiume, instead of pretending to compete with Galatz and Braila as a European granary, is almost entirely restricted to the local resources of ship-building, for which the neighbouring mountains

afford the most excellent wood. During the great corn-crisis of 1846-7, while the merchants of Odessa made large fortunes, those of Fiume exhausted the available stock in a few cargoes. One English house ordered a quantity of corn from the Banat; but during the summer the water of the river navigation was deficient; and no sooner did the rains of autumn swell the stream, than the further progress of the boats containing the corn was again retarded. Scarce had the river returned to its medium state, when winter set in; while the boats were frozen in the Save, the rats, attracted in shoals, consumed and damaged the corn; and the cargo arrived in England in this state some time after prices had fallen. This authentic case speaks volumes on the evils produced by the want of proper communications in Hungary. Hence the exports of Hungary through Fiume, on an average of seven years, are, in round numbers, only 200,000*l.* per annum. But while the disadvantage of the river-navigation is delay and uncertainty, that of the land-carriage by the road of Maria Louisa is expense: the price of the transport of each hundredweight, or quintal, from Carlstadt to Fiume is forty kreuzers, or the double of the whole expense from Semlin to Carlstadt. It is, therefore, a matter of anxious desire for the Fiumani that by a railway a better communication might be opened up with the interior of Hungary. But the difficulties are very great; the expense of

cutting through the chain of Julian Alps would be enormous ; and a railway from Sisseck, the point at which the Culpa flows into the Save, carried up the valley to near Laibach, so as to intersect the Trieste and Vienna line, would be cheap and advantageous to Hungary and Trieste, but most injurious to Fiume. The present plan of Count Stephen Secheniy, the practical direction of whose patriotism forms a refreshing contrast to the bombast in which the ultra-Magyar party indulge, as detailed in a pamphlet of this year (1848), is a railway from Fiume to Pesth, with two great branches ; one to the right, by Fünf-Kirchen to Mohacs on the Danube, and another to the left, towards CEdenburg and Presburg. In every case a great expense and delay must be incurred.

The principal present resource of Fiume is ship-building, for which the splendid forests of the Julian Alps afford the greatest facilities ; not to mention the low price of labour, and the excellence of the workmen, the caulkers being equal to those of Messina. About twenty-five vessels of long course were building at the time of my visit, several of them being ordered for the ports of the Black Sea ; the timber of Croatia being so much more durable than that of southern Russia. One day, Mr. P——, the principal anchor-smith of the place, took me to one of the ship-building creeks of the neighbourhood. Our road was bordered with the gardens of the wealthy Fiumani ;

but as we approached, nothing was to be seen of the crowded squalor and unpleasant odours so often combined with a ship-building neighbourhood in many ports. In a retired creek, surrounded with shrubbery that came down to the water's edge, the high hull resounded with the clink of hammer and the clack of mallet; while lofty plane-trees shaded the wood-yard, under which a clear cold crystal spring of water gushed from the neighbouring rock to the pebbled beach; so that I could scarce conceive a more delightful spot for manual labour. The master was a rough, jolly, sailor-looking man; and on my remarking the agreeable situation, he said, "Agreeable enough in summer, for we are cool; but in winter, when the bora blows, you would think that stiff ship, high and dry on land, in danger of shipwreck on the coast of Veglia, over the water there."

In spite of the cheap wood and labour of Fiume, there is one disadvantage under which the manufacturer labours, which demands an immediate remedy. Fiume is a free port in almost every article except iron; but English and Swedish iron are prohibited, under the idea that the manufacturers of Styria may be favoured; an arrangement which the smuggler renders quite illusory. The Styrian manufacturers, in 1847, could not supply iron enough for immediate wants; and, instead of passing it openly through the books of the Customs, necessity obliged the merchant to

import English and Swedish iron by some under-hand manœuvre. All juggles of this sort ought to be put an end to by opening the trade. In a ship-building place like Fiume, iron is not a manufacture deserving of protection, but a part of the raw material of the manufacture of ships; no obstacle, therefore, ought to be thrown in the way, as the iron of Styria is better than that of England for nails and cutlery, but inferior in the rigidity required for bolts and anchors.

Ever since 1471, Fiume has belonged to the house of Habsburgh; and in 1530 received, from Charles V., municipal institutions, consisting of a greater and smaller council of patricians, the former of fifty, the latter of twenty-five persons. In 1776, Maria Theresa incorporated this section of the coast of the Adriatic with the kingdom of Hungary; but during the French Empire, Fiume formed a part of the French province of Illyria; and at present, being a part of constitutional Hungary (not of the military frontier), it sends two members to the Diet.

The population of the town speaks indifferently Italian and Slaavic; the latter in the Croat, and partly in the Istrian, *alias* Carniolan, dialect; while a sprinkling of Magyar functionaries use their own language. No where is the great question between the Magyar and Slaavic nationalities discussed with more complete impartiality than at Fiume; for if the natives of this city are Slaavs

by national sympathy, their material interests are much dependent on the Magyars, whose language is that of the Diet.

While Austria was an absolute power, the repugnance of the Hungarians to a fusion was not surprising ; but now that she has adopted the constitutional system, a legislative union of Austria and Hungary would be an unspeakable blessing to both countries. As regards internal traffic, all barriers might at once be struck down, and the whole of the Austrian and Hungarian states included in one great customs-union, with a moderate instead of a prohibitive tariff. Instead of three or four ports hemmed in from all free intercourse with the land, the free ports might be abolished ; while the adoption of the warehousing system would meet all the exigencies of either foreign or internal trade ; Dalmatia being entirely liberated from a customs-tariff, for the reasons alleged elsewhere.

CHAPTER XVII.

TRIESTE.

AFTER a residence of a week at Fiume, I started from thence in the diligence for Trieste, the road bisecting the neck of the peninsula of Istria; and in twelve hours was deposited in the post-office of that city. The traveller here feels himself no longer in a provincial atmosphere, but in one of the great centres of political action and commercial transaction. A broad quay, paved with large solid flags, enables the vessels in port to load and unload, with the utmost convenience, at the counting-houses and warehouses of the owners. Of all the ports I have seen, Trieste is the cleanest; there is no muddy river, there is no accumulation of filth; for the current from Dalmatia and Istria sweeps all the water round to Friuli. All the quays are of recent and solid construction. The busiest quarter has been entirely rebuilt; and one must plunge into the back-streets of the town to find a house of the last century, so rapidly and suddenly has Trieste risen up to be one

of the first emporia on the Mediterranean. There are few of the newly-built towns on the continent that can vie with Trieste in the substantial solidity and comfort of the private dwellings. What noble staircases, with their massive columns of polished granite rising above each other up to the fifth floor!

Trieste has very little of antiquarian or artistic interest for the traveller, except a crumbling relic of a Roman arch in the old town; but the movement is striking, as contrasted with the quiet old places I had visited in other parts of the Adriatic. In Ragusa, we have the caducity of age; but Trieste is the youth, in a state of hope, of vigour, and with a destiny which is yet to be evolved. The streets are crowded with well-dressed, well-conditioned men, the rotundity of whose proportions indicate a dark den of wares in town, and a neat snug box and hanging-gardens in the environs. Then the young generation have, at first sight, a dandified air; but one soon sees the over-dressing and the over-doing of the fashion of the day; and the go-a-head precipitation with which they move through the streets, denotes at once the men whose business is not to waste time and money elegantly, but to turn both to the best advantage. No where, either on the Adriatic or in the Austrian Empire, is there a greater or more interesting variety of population than in Trieste; the Valais, in Switzerland, is

the point where the Italian, the German, and the Swiss races all touch each other; and if I were asked for the tangent of Italian, German, and Slaavic, I would point to Trieste. Down at the port, the strong contrasts of glaring sunshine and deep shadow, athwart which one sees, at the end of the street, the intense azure of the Adriatic; the currents of air redolent of Bologna sausage and garlic, or strange spices; and the almost universal use of the language of "*Si*"—proclaim our vicinity to Italy. At the back of the town, just under the green uplands dotted with white villas, the dress and appearance of the people remind one of the vicinity to the lands broad and wide that stretch from the Alps to the Baltic. The old-fashioned rural German inn is there; not the Rhine-land barrack hotel, but just as one sees it in the heart of Upper Austria, the court-yard filled with every sort of rural vehicle; the Hausknecht and Stallknecht, in their long boots and blue aprons, speaking the broad dialect of the south-eastern provinces, a kind of Yorkshire to the classic language of the Schillers and Herders. Those Carniolan peasants, male and female, that throng the market-place, and people all the villages on those hills around, are Slaavs or Winds, and speak the same dialect as is heard in Istria, Carinthia, and lower Styria, which is different from Illyrian, although resembling it. Their temperament is melancholy, compared with the Ger-

man and Italian ; but they are rather shy and diffident, than uncharitable and ungenerous ; and doubtless some misunderstanding of the language gave rise to Goldsmith's lines :

“ Or onward where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door.”

The Tergesteum, or Exchange, in Trieste, is the centre of business, as well as the resort of the stranger and loungee ; the Rialto of the east of the Adriatic, where merchants most do congregate. An immense new edifice, undistinguished by any remarkable external architecture, is situated on a triangular public place, near the port ; internally, we find two wide spacious arcades, intersecting each other in the form of a Latin cross, which, covered with glass, is protected from rain and lighted from above. Here, at one o'clock, you meet every commercial man in Trieste. What a loud hum of many steps and many voices ! Those dark-complexioned men with mustachios, full of gesticulation, are Greeks striking a bargain ; for this nation is in great force in Trieste, and exercises a great influence. The German of the north is seen, with his round face, his blue eyes, and fair hair ; and the Italian, with his regular features, glossy black hair, and pale complexion. Nor are the darker hues wanting ; for a band of Arab sailors is seen entering, who look with surprise at a Frank bazaar : and a rarer sight than them

all, is an old gentleman, with sovereign contempt of modern fashions, who still wears a cocked hat and pigtail of the last century.

Trieste is the residence and place of business of a highly respectable body of British merchants, who maintain that character for an unimpeachable integrity and unbounded hospitality which is the distinctive mark of the class all over the world. How many happy and agreeable hours did I pass in these kind circles, where the music of Italy and the literature of England, cultivated by the fairer portions, formed a harmonising contrast to the sterling qualities of the British merchant and the British gentleman! Nor was the practical experience of our own island wanting to these parties. Our fellow-countryman, Mr. Cobden, had arrived in Trieste, and I had the pleasure of again and again enjoying his varied and instructive conversation. The recent decease of Mr. O'Connell, an agitator of a different sort, on the other side of the Italian peninsula, could scarcely fail to suggest many comparisons to the mind. The apostle of repeal, overflowing with genius, was a brilliant failure; the apostle of free-trade, without the shining qualities of the Irishman, but thoroughly master of his subject, was eminently successful. O'Connell, appealing to the passions, banded all good patriots in phalangic resistance to his designs; Cobden, appealing to the reason, split the Conservative party in twain. O'Connell began as

the honoured and successful champion of emancipation, and ended like a condottiere who receives pay for sham-fights ; Cobden completed his task in purity and integrity, and his countrymen, with open hands and open hearts, declared that the labourer was worthy of his hire. But let him look to his laurels, and beware of wrong reading of the signs of the times. The fall of the corn-laws shewed that, in our present electoral system, the elements of security do not amount to impediment ; and to agitate, in such circumstances, for a more democratic constitution, is surely comparable to the conduct of a mariner who by the nice trim of his vessel has easily weathered every storm, who is proceeding prosperously on his voyage, and, from an excusable wish to go a knot faster, incautiously pitches ballast and anchors overboard.

Curiosity led me to be present at the public dinner given him by the Triestines on the eve of his departure. At about the hour of four, I drove with my obliging friends, Messrs. H. and H., to the Mauroner theatre, which is the minor or summer opera of Trieste, and found the guests assembled in the pit, which, as in most Italian theatres, was half clear of benches ; the drop-scene shewing, by day-light, a view of Trieste as seen from the sea. After Mr. Cobden made his appearance, we passed to dinner in the adjoining ball-room ; the centre-pieces adorned with Indian corn-tops and other appropriate symbols, while the Dantes and Goethes,

crowned with laurels, looked down upon us from their medallions in the roof.

About a hundred persons sat down to dinner, which was divided into two acts, like a play ; for in the midst of the *entremets* the music stopped, the President rose, and taking a piece of paper out of his pocket, read a speech in favour of Mr. Cobden and the principles of free-trade ; but, poor gentleman ! he might have appropriately prefaced it with an “unaccustomed as I am to public speaking,” for he was in such a flutter, that it was difficult to make out what he said. When he was done, all the company rose with enthusiasm, their glasses overflowing with champagne, and their hearts with good humour ; while, instead of “hip, hip, hurra,” was “*evviva*,” and all the glasses were clinked against each other in the continental manner. Then came an air from *Ernani*, played by the band with great spirit ; and the conversation becoming more animated, another drinking of healths with neighbours took place ; and just as the second act of the dinner was about to commence, by a procession of waiters coming in with dishes, up rose Mr. Cobden, and in his plain quiet way made a short speech in French, comparing the good things of this world to the good things of the banquet, to which every one might have access. With all the disadvantage of speaking in French, and of wishing scrupulously to avoid exciting topics, the speech was really such a contrast to

that of the worthy gentleman who presided, that it was received with uproarious applause ; the waiters being evidently surprised and delighted, and almost ready to throw down the dishes, and *evviva* with the rest of the company.

Tricste, as I have already stated, is a complete mixture of races, the Italian and German predominating. The former are the majority, but a large proportion of them are so convinced of the absolute dependence of the material prosperity of Trieste on the German provinces behind them, that their feeling of nationality is far from being vehement. An incident occurred in this meeting which shewed in an amusing manner the antipathy these two races entertained to each other. Mr. De Bruck, now Austrian Minister of Commerce, rose and made a speech in favour of the free-trade principle, which was in every respect apposite and sensible, and delivered with that phlegmatic coolness which belongs to the north ; for he is, I believe, a Prussian. Then up rose Mr. M. Dal Ongero, a young and highly successful dramatic writer, of liberal opinions in politics, and strong national Italian feelings ; and instead of addressing the president, according to our notions, began, " Sir Ricardo Cobden ;" and then, with all the fire of Italian declamation, launched out into free-trade, progress, &c. ; and wound up with the hope that all Italy would form a commercial league ; thus implying the segregation of the Lombard-Venetian states from the rest of

the empire. Upon this I saw the Germans frowning and looking serious ; and before the speech was finished, up rose Herr Von Bruck, and shouted aloud, " We are Triestines ; we are cosmopolites ; we know nothing of Italian or German, and have nothing to do with Italian or German nationalities." On this the company fell into confusion, being divided between the two parties, and the president evidently in the utmost perplexity. Dal Ongero then rose to explain, and maintained that the strongest feelings of Italian nationality were quite compatible with loyalty to the sovereign ; but the terror-struck president no sooner saw through the dessert, than he rose ; and the company having broken into groups, coffee and cigars were handed round ; and the waiters, having no further duties to perform, sat down to the dinner-table, while the guests promenaded the hall.

I saw a good deal of both of these gentlemen during my stay in Trieste, one of my letters having been addressed to Signor Dal Ongero ; and to the other, who had daily intercourse with English merchants, I am indebted for much information on the trade of Trieste. This incident had therefore a personal as well as political interest for me, which often carried my thoughts north of the Alps. Mr. De Bruck came to Trieste twenty years ago, and has slowly risen by his industry, tenacity of purpose, and practical capacity, to the first station, in point of influence, in the mercantile circles of

Austria. He was then the head of the Lloyd's Company of Insurance and Steam Navigation, and had great influence with the government as a sort of moral representative of the mercantile element in Trieste. Dal Ongero, much younger in years, with the most charming and attractive manners and inventive genius, which have made his dramas played in every theatre in Italy, has an ardour of temperament which is uncongenial to the spirit of the north and the meridian of Trieste. Such is the Prussian, such the Italian, who came into collision in this free-trade dinner ; but the true ethnographer rises from individuals to nations, and is reminded of Johnston's contrast of Pope and Dryden. The flight of the Italian is higher, but the German is longer on the wing : Napoleon, the greatest of the Italian race, outshone Frederick, but he went up like a rocket, and came down like a stick ; and Frederick confessed that his ultimate success was owing rather to the perseverance than the vehemence of his genius. Now, as the working of constitutions is not an affair of genius but of common sense, patience, and moderation, I hope that the population of Italy will incline rather to the liberty and security of England, than the theoretical equality and practical absolutism of French Red Republicanism.

The Countess Lipona (Napoli), ex-queen of Naples, and widow of the gallant Murat, resided for many years at Trieste after the death of her

husband, and the exile of her still more wonderful brother ; and her villa and grounds are now the Vauxhall of the city, where, every Sunday evening, for a small admission, a large band plays the airs of the last operas, the citizens sip their ices in view of the sea, seen over the tops of the shrubbery of the lower grounds, and then, when night draws her sable veil over the scene, off go the rockets and fireworks, the mimic Etnas rise, and the falling stars shine in their brief brightness. Madame Murat had paid the tribute of nature some years ago ; but her niece, the Princess Baccocchi, a daughter of Elise Bonaparte, still resides in the environs of Trieste, and I had the pleasure of meeting her at the house of one of her friends. She is remarkable for a striking resemblance to her wonderful uncle ; and, besides speaking English perfectly, devotes her whole time to science and literature. Being my neighbour at table, we talked of railroads, and indulged in some curious speculations on the effect of such a discovery twenty years earlier. How often have I asked myself, in imagination, what would have been the effect of the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester railway in 1810, instead of 1830 ? The Russian expedition appears to have been as much the result of downright impatience as of ambition ; a morbid craving after that rigid tension of the fibres of the brain and the body, which makes the command of an army the greatest of human labours. To have

united all France, Italy, and the Confederation of the Rhine in the bonds of one reticulation to Paris, then the capital of the continent, might have fascinated a genius so ardent and practical, that we should probably have had no Russian expedition.

So near Venice and Venetian customs, a promenade on the water, which gives a changeful scene without exertion, was a welcome part of the arrangements of the evening; an hour before sunset the party descended the steep street that leads from the villa Neckar to the water's edge; and, in the calm, soft summer's evening, we were rowed out so as to have a full view of all the town and coast. It must be confessed that the situation of Trieste verges on the truly beautiful. High above the water's edge rose the town, street piled on street; still ascending with the eye, the thick clustering villas, in their little hanging-gardens, as yet present few signs of the country, and the observant traveller distinguishes the care with which every terrace is ranged with shrubs, trees, and trellises; higher up still, the houses are larger, and dot the hill at intervals rarer and rarer. Here the trees and shrubbery tuft their environs, but blank green spaces shew the intervening pastures; until at last, further and further, the mountains all around, still boldly rising, shew no more villas, but villages at wider intervals of land, until at last the bald peaks, crimsoned by the valedictory

sun that sets behind the Friuli, shew scarce a goat's browsing to the spectator below.

Being in the middle of July, the water was delightfully smooth, and at the medium height. There is no regular tide at Trieste, but the winds make a great difference : a scirocco of several days raises it some feet, and a succeeding bora lowers it again. When our boating excursion ended, the evening terminated with the fascinations of the waltz ; and the night was well advanced before we broke up.

Trieste is a free port, with a population of 80,000 souls ; it has lately aspired to contest with Marseilles the passage to India. It is the principal port of the Austrian empire ; and, in the event of the adoption of the free-trade principle by that power, would become one of the most important cities of the world with reference to our mercantile interests. I presume there can be little doubt that, in the course of another generation, Egypt will cease to be the overland route for passengers from England to India, although it may secure the transit of goods. So soon as either Galatz, or any of the ports on the Black Sea, are connected by railway with Germany, the Tigris and the Persian Gulf must engage attention as a direct and preferable route for passengers ; and when Turkey gets railways, as get them she must before a generation elapses, we shall doubtless see a railway connexion between the basin of the Ti-

gris and the ports of the Black Sea. But, in the mean time, the Egyptian is the practised and practicable route; and there is no reason why Marseilles should not have competitors; for it is by a fair open competition between Marseilles, Trieste, and Genoa, that the Indian public is likely to be best served in the mean time. No sea can lie better for the Indian line than the Adriatic; since a straight line drawn from Alexandria to London would pass through the Gulf of Trieste; while, in a military point of view, the route by the Adriatic in time of war with France—which, I hope, is a remote contingency—is preferable to that by Genoa, which is too near Toulon and the French ports, while the mouth of the Adriatic is protected by Corfu—an island at present somewhat out of the way, but a most valuable possession. And even in pacific times, I think that the Triestine, or Venetian, is the more attractive route, from the variety of interesting cities that lie on the way of the traveller—Styria and Vienna, Milan and Switzerland, Tyrol and Munich, *ad libitum*. But so much has been already said to the public on these matters, that it would be tedious to discuss at further length the much-debated subject.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE ORIENTAL CHARACTER AND RELATIONS OF VENICE.

OF all the islands of the Adriatic, none are so ever interesting as those of her *quondam* Queen ; but what could I say, either in the way of personal narrative or of information, that would add to the common stock of knowledge on this interesting city ? The Italian character and relations of Venice are all but thoroughly exhausted by the artist, the antiquary, and the topographer ; but the traces of those connexions with the East that founded and fostered her fortunes up to a period long after the discovery of the passage by the Cape, open a wide and attractive field of inquiry, which I hope to see taken up by some competent individual who possesses the leisure to enter into the subject more satisfactorily than can be expected from a chapter in a book of travels. Twelve years had elapsed since I resided in Venice ; and having during the previous winter examined the master-pieces of Saracenic architecture in Cairo, with Macrisi for my guide and instructor, I could scarce

resist the temptation of re-visiting Venice for a few days, where old and rejected studies came back upon me with all their force, enhanced, as they were, by the recollection of Arab arts and Arab manners, which tinted with new and charming colours even the most insignificant objects.

From the remotest times recorded in history, the ports of the great Indian continent were the depôts of the spices which grew spontaneously on the islands to the eastward; and the Ganges, the Indus, and the Oxus, the rivers by which they found their way to the heart of Asia. Another portion of this costly merchandise was transported to Europe by the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf. Hence the so-called spices of Arabia were conveyed to Europe by galleys which touched at the coasts of that great peninsula on their passage from the eastward.

“Every year, about the time of the summer solstice, a fleet of a hundred and twenty vessels sailed from Myos Hormos, a port of Egypt on the Red Sea. By the periodical assistance of the monsoons, they traversed the ocean in about forty days. The coast of Malabar, or the island of Ceylon, was the usual term of their navigation; and it was in those markets that the merchants from the more remote countries of Asia expected their arrival. The return of the fleet of Egypt was fixed to the months of December or January; and as soon as their rich cargo had been trans-

ported, on the backs of camels, from the Red Sea to the Nile, and had descended that river as far as Alexandria, it was poured without delay into the capital of the empire.”—(*Gibbon's Decline*, vol. i.)

Ostia, the seat of the traffic, was, in Pliny's time (as it would be now), ten days' sail from Alexandria; and we find that Alaric, on his arrival in Italy, was as anxious to secure that port, with the accumulated harvests of Africa, and the merchandise of Ormus and of Ind, as the capital itself. As time rolled on, the marshes of Ravenna proved securer than the walls of Rome, or the moles of Ostia; and Indian commerce is transferred from the mouths of the Tiber to the vicinage of the mouths of the Po. But while freedom, security, and enterprise create Venice, commerce languishes in Ravenna; and the sea-current which sweeps round the Gulf of Venice carries the alluvial accumulations of the Po southwards, and Venice, long before her glory, sees Ravenna high and dry, an inland town.

The Empire of the West had crumbled to pieces, and that of the East was shaken to its foundations. The Arabs, guided by enthusiasm alone, and with no other tastes than for horses and verses—the *faris wu shaer*—spread over the eastern and southern shores of the Mediterranean. Their religion forbids the imitative arts; but no sooner has the clangour of invasion ceased, than the antique element every where leavens the new.

In Damascus, in Bagdad, in Corfu, in Cairoan, in Granada, in Cordova, and in Cairo, science, literature, and architecture all revive. The mere private library of the Caliph Mostanser contained 120,000 volumes. The library of the Medreseh of Tripoli, in Syria, previously to the Crusades, must have equalled that of Alexandria. The Greeks, Copts, and Syrians, subdued by the arms of the Arabs, saw their conquerors in turn quickly resubdued by the arts of the ancients, modified by Islamism; and the Turkish invasion of Egypt and Syria in 1517—only a quarter of a century later than the fall of the Arab kingdom of Granada—was the overcast of a period which may be justly called the Indian summer of the civilisation of the ancients.

A maritime and contemporary people such as the Venetians, carrying on their commerce with India through Arab countries, could scarcely escape a partial impress of the Arab mould; and this it is which makes Venice appear so original in a European point of view, and so interesting, though less original, to the Oriental student.

There can be little doubt that the earliest good edifices of the Venetians were Byzantine; but the fame and beauty of the Saracenic style soon swept all before it. The Ducal Palace, in which the Saracenic predominates, seems to have been constructed by Calendario in the middle of the fourteenth century, and to have been thus a contem-

porary of the mosque of Sultan Hassan in Cairo just after the two great Kalaons had added so many magnificent edifices to that capital: and surely the Arabic reconstruction of the elements of the sublime and beautiful in architecture, after their dissolution in the Lower Empire, is immeasurably superior to that of the northern Gothic. The Arabs in their details shewed (excepting perhaps in Granada) less curious and elaborate tracery than the men of the north; but with them it was always in subordination to some great feature either of the elevation or the interior, and always formed a harmonising contrast to some more simple part of an edifice, or a relief to the mere grandeur of its outline. This it is which has made the Ducal Palace the most beautiful edifice in the world.

The old Piazza di San Marco, before it was burnt down,—as shewn in the large and curious picture of “Gentile Bellino” (A.D. 1496) at the Accademia,—was entirely Saracenic; so that the Piazza must have borne the closest resemblance to the court of a mosque. For it was then much smaller; being narrower by the breadth of the campanile and something more. The archivolts formed a horse-shoe, the cornices were serrated, and even in the minutest particulars the Oriental style was imitated. For instance, in the friezes between the floors we see what at first sight appears to be the *Sulus*, or large Arabic “writing on

the wall" of mosques; but as they could not, in a Christian country, write sentences from the Koran, we find, on looking closer, that the characters are figures of white camelopards (giraffes) on a red ground. These carry the mind to the East by more associations than one; for their long legs and tapering necks have quite the air of *Sulus* writing; and even in the colour of white and red we see the same combination still visible in almost every mosque of Cairo to this day. In the upper part of the Ducal Palace we find the same colours, which appear to have been frequent in Venice in the fifteenth century, as seen in Titian's large picture of the "Presentation of the Virgin;" and these appear to have taken their origin in the combination of bright red brick with polished white marble, as in the old pavement of the Piazza San Marco.

After the Italian invasion of the cinque cento, and the different direction taken by Palladio, Sansovino, and Sammicheli, Venice rapidly changed appearance. To such houses as are seen in Giovanni Mansueti and Vittore Carpaccio, succeeded the modern palazzo, with its balconies and pilasters. The change is not to be regretted as regards Venice in general; but I certainly think that the old Piazza di San Marco, with its Arabic colonnades, its serrated cornices, and its bright red pavement streaked with white marble, would have been more in unison with the Church and the Ducal Palace.

St. Mark's is still the most oriental of all the edifices in Venice. Place an ignorant Cairene at the gate next the Piazza dei Leoni, and you would have some difficulty in persuading him that Venice was not the seat of a long and illustrious Saracenic occupation, and that San Marco is not a mosque abandoned to defilement by the anger of God or the pusillanimity of the bearers of the banners of Islam. The crowd of domes, the innumerable costly pillars of all sorts, sizes, colours, and capitals, which have the air of having adorned successively the palaces of antiquity, the churches of the Lower Empire, and the mosques of the Saracens, at length stand in enduring commemoration of the millennium during which the Levant influenced the arts and exercised the arms of the great republic. Even the turned wooden grates or window-frames above the great gates, are of the very patterns used to this day in Cairo, and which were, in the fifteenth century, all gilt.

The original Merceria, with its pendant shutters, narrow crowded thoroughfare, and the wares of brilliant colour, must have had very much the air of a bazaar; which it has not lost even now. Cantar, rottalo, and other Venetian weights, are still the standards of quantity in the Levant; and in the name of Campo, applied to all the khans of Aleppo, we find a Venetian expression. There were several places in Venice in the form of a khan: one of which—the Campo St. Angelo—is

still remaining. The principal one—Campo dei Mori, or Khan of the Moors, at Madonna del Orto—has been taken down; but I still observed the stone figure of a Bedouin leading a loaded camel, in alto-rilievo, on the wall next the canal.

Several remarkable edifices of Saracenic architecture are yet visible on the Grand Canal, one of which is the Fondaco dei Turchi. There is, however, no connexion between its architecture and the subsequent destination which gave it its name. It is supposed to have been built in the twelfth or thirteenth century, when the Saracenic taste was in full prevalence; and extracts from documents which were shewn to me by Count Agostino Sagredo, the present accomplished president of the Academy of Fine Arts, shew that it was given by the republic to the Duke of Ferrara, after him passed through several hands to the Pesaro family, and in 1621 was let by them to the Turks. It is now in course of repair and restoration by the commune. The Palazzo Loredano, a peculiarly light and handsome specimen of Saracenic architecture, built since the invasion of the Italian style, and the celebrated Ca Doro, now the property of Taglioni, are both so well known as to require no further consideration.

No painters caught the Oriental costume nearly so well as the Venetians; who, through ambassadors, merchants, and slaves, had frequent opportunities of becoming acquainted with it. The

Oriental air and manner are better seized in Tintoretto's great picture of "The Miracle of St. Mark, or a Slave liberated from Bondage," than in any picture that I have ever seen. The kaoucks were universally worn in the East in Tintoretto's time (and to very nearly our own age); but with this exception, the figures might now be alive in Cairo and Damascus without any one discovering any great peculiarity. Traces of the connexion with the East are constantly appearing in the Venetian pictures. In Giovanni Mansueti's pictures we see *segedies* hung out of the windows; the scarf of Titian's Maddalena is evidently of Tripoli manufacture; and the "Supper in the House of Levi"—where Paul Veronese, that king of the kings of colour, is enthroned in all the dazzling splendour and gorgeous magnificence of his genius—has, for its principal figure, green velvet hose of a most curious arabesque pattern.

The use of high pattens, or stalking shoes, for the women, was common to both Venice and the East; and caused Evelyn to say that the Venetian dames were half flesh, half wood. The custom exists to this day in full force in Damascus, where the habit of wearing dyed or dried golden hair still lingers among some aged grandmothers of the present generation.

If we pass from art to language, we find in the diaries of the Venetian Consuls in the Levant a large mixture of Arabic words. This shews that

the Venetian merchants then insensibly mixed in their daily Italian conversation words which had become almost identified with their own language. For instance, such and such a functionary of Damascus is said to be *mazool* (degraded or dismissed), without further explanation. Hence the introduction of so many terms through the Venetians, which have taken a permanent place in the commercial dictionary of Europe. Such as tariff, the "notification;" magazine, the "stored up." In Spain, on the contrary, the traces of the Arab connexion shews itself mostly in proper names, such as Trafalgar (west coast); Alcantara (the bridge); and in offices, Alcayde, &c.

The diaries of these Levant Consuls are a most valuable addition to the information already made public by Daru on the Eastern trade and relations of Venice; and I am indebted to the obliging kindness of Mr. Rawdon Brown for permission to make a few extracts in illustration of this part of my subject. Nowhere are there richer materials for completing the history of the transition from the middle ages to modern times, than in the archives and reliquaries of the great Venetian republic, whose ambassadors and consuls, —in the various countries of Europe and the East, on the shores of the Thames and on those of the Nile, amid the frivolous ceremonial of the ante-chambers of Madrid, or the blunt burghers of the Hansa,—kept the Signoria most minutely informed

of all transactions, political and commercial, down to those personal traits and details which enable the reader to transport himself to the time and place of writing. During thirteen years, Mr. Brown has devoted himself to the task of extracting these notices, the Levantine folio of which I read with both pleasure and instruction; having, when in Aleppo, passed many a leisure hour in perusing the archives of our own factory in those days of yore, when from fifty to seventy British mercantile houses carried on the Indian trade in that once flourishing emporium. In this folio are the letters of those very Venetian consuls whose tombs I had seen in the Armenian convent of Aleppo (see *Modern Syrians*, chap. xxiii.): their sayings, their doings, their sufferings, and those artifices that reveal the cloven foot of the old Venetian police system. For lists are given of the friends and enemies of the republic, to which is appended the very *naïve* recommendation: "We here remind you of them, so that in due season you may employ the friends and persecute the enemies to the best of your abilities."

The names of the great Venetian families constantly occur. An Egyptian ambassador returns from Venice in the traffic galley of a Ser Luca Loredano; and beside the Aleppines we find Contarini's, Balbi's, and Prinli's, at Damascus. Several letters are from Cristofalo Moro, the Othello of Giraldi Cinthio and Shakspeare; but

they are all on grain, good or bad harvests, chartering of ships, the season of the rains, &c. ; and he is promoted in June 1508 from the lieutenantancy of Cyprus to the captaincy of Candia.¹ But the style of these Venetian merchant-princes is far from being vulgar and flat ; and one of the letters, on the death of a consul, might easily be paraphrased into sonorous Elizabethan iambics.

On the 13th December, 1502, the Venetian senate received the following letter from the merchants of Damascus, narrating the death of the Consul Pietro Balbi :

“ On the 6th instant, coming the 7th, it pleased God to take from this vale of tears your Serenity's late servant, our magnifico the Consul, the Knight Messer Pictro Balbi, who, neglecting his own private affairs, and dedicating himself to the most illustrious State, at length, after many public missions, *domi forisque*, borne with infinite patience (including even blows received from Casseron, the late Governor of this place, to the shame of this most insolent race, for love and preservation of the common weal, in the service of the most eminent Senate, and not without our most bitter displeasure), at a moment when he thought to return home and place himself at your Serenity's feet, did inexorable death seize him amongst these dogs, save that *ubique pulvis et umbra sumus*. We

¹ His arms were mulberries ; hence perhaps the strawberry in Desdemona's handkerchief.

thus remaining without any magistrate, transact your Serenity's affairs and those of this factory by agreement in a body, in hopes of the speedy arrival of the Consul elect; and both Franks and Moors rejoice at the mission of the most worthy Ambassador (from the Venetian senate) to the Sultan, lauding and extolling to the stars so divine an undertaking; so that we may now in truth say that our foul fortune has no longer strength; nay, that it must at any rate yield to your Serenity's most prudent thought."

And "now, what news on the Rialto?" quoth Salanio; not the Rialto of our day and of 1591, but the old Rialto of Shylock and Antonio, where merchants most did congregate. One might have said in these days of the Lagoon of Venice, what French writers have said of their Palais Royal, that all the highways of Europe abutted there. Every European—Frenchman, Briton, or Teuton—going to the East, went as naturally to the Rialto, as his descendant would now go to Liverpool if he embarked for the New World. The mailed knight no longer went to break lance with the Moor when the Venetian trade was in its zenith, but the pilgrimage to the holy places kept up a constant stream of passengers; and the Rialto was the locality where the galleys were advertised, as we see in full detail in Sanudo's diaries. Of our countrymen, I only find one mentioned.

"*May 16th, 1508*, a Scotch Bishop, dressed in a purple doublet, came into the College, accompanied by Ser Lorenzo Orio. He is lodged in Canareggio, and is come on his way to Jerusalem. He has two thousand ducats revenue; and, having entered the College, sat beside the Doge, and presented letters of credence to the Signory from his King and from the King of France. He delivered a Latin oration in praise of this state and of the Doge, and of his King's goodwill to the Signory. He then said he should make up his mind as to going by the Jaffa galley. . . . On the day of Ascension, the Doge went as usual in the Bucen-taur to espouse and bless the sea, with the Ambassadors of France, Spain, Milan, and Ferrara, and the Scotch Bishop." But from the further accounts, he never returned to the land of cakes; for in a list of dead at Jaffa, we find "that rich Scotch Bishop, the King's relation, who received so much honour from the Signory."

Taking the total number of seamen employed in the foreign trade and navy of Venice (when at the maximum in the fifteenth century) at 35,000, we find her maritime population to have been much the same as that now strictly belonging to the port of London, or (writing from recollection) about a seventh of the total number of seamen belonging to the United Kingdom. The principal items of trade with Egypt appear to have been, Oriental manufactures, pepper, cloves, cinnamon,

nutmegs, mace, and incense; mostly from, or rather through, Alexandria. The value of the argosies was very great. In August 1508, Ser Andrea Bandinier returning with three galleys from Alexandria, in a weak state of health, and dressed in black velvet, reported his voyage to the Signory; the value of their cargoes being 400,000 ducats, or 60,000*l.* sterling, per galley. So well might Salarino say to Antonio,

“ Your mind is tossing on the ocean,
There, where your argosies with portly sail—
Like signiors and rich burghers of the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea—
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curtsey to them reverence
As they fly by them with their woven wings.”

But the career of the consul, merchant, and mariner was one of constant struggle, danger, and difficulty, from the detestable nature of the government of the Mameluke Sultans of Egypt; and nearly as formidable as the storms which

“ Scatter all the spices on the stream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with the silks,”

were the pride and insolence consequent on the recollection of the successful expulsion of the Franks from both Egypt and Syria, and the unspeakable evils of an elective military monarchy. The reader may remember the critical observation of Gibbon, that the history of the Mameluke Sultans would

have given Montesquieu, in his *Grandeur et Décadence des Romains*, a juster parallel to the disorders of the succession to imperial power, than any thing to be found in the modern history of Algiers; and we may well regret that the points of comparison did not seduce the author of the *Decline* to a short digression from the stately march of his historic triumphs. An elective military monarchy, trampling on wise municipal institutions consecrated by immemorial custom and the experience of ages; a succession of rude soldiers, from distant and barbarous countries, ruling a nation of polished slaves; reigns ushered in and ushered out by blood and venality, with the intervals spent in the unbridled lusts of the palace, and the suppression of rebellions perennially renewed,—so that we are perpetually reminded of Gibbon's "fleeting purple,"—such was the government with which the Venetians had to deal, and of which was holden that monopoly of the Alexandria trade which was the life's blood of the republic. The consul and merchants were often subject to the very worst treatment. In 1506, they were all brought in chains to Cairo, their strong boxes having been opened and rescaled, and Sultan el Ghoury threatening to give some other nation the monopoly, his pretended grievance being, that the Venetians did not come in sufficient numbers, take a sufficient quantity of spices, and pay a sufficient price for them.

But this brief method of getting at the golden

egg is too palpably unjust; the Sultan sends an ambassador to Venice, to make up matters; and on this "the Signory ordered the nobles appointed to go dressed in scarlet as far as Lido, to receive and bring him with the galley to the Giudecca, to the dwelling prepared for him in the house of the late Ser Marco Pasqualigo; and the nobles went, the greater part Damascene and Alexandrian merchants, and thus did they greet him; and having got on board the galley, came by the Grand Canal to the Quay, where he disembarked. The house had been prepared in state, with a door-curtain of cloth-of-gold, and with a cloth-of-gold for his own gondola; and his expenses were paid for, to account of the factory of Alexandria. The ambassador is a Spaniard (Granada fell only fourteen years before), a trusty man and choleric, and of great ability; he is the Soldan's dragoman, and admiral ("ameer"?) of fifty lances. He complained of the Signory's not having come to meet him with the Bucentaur, and, moreover, that in the evening he was served off stone-ware.

"On Sunday, in the morning, the barges were sent, with the patricians appointed dressed in silk and scarlet, the chief being Ser Pallo Trevisan, to Ca Pasqualigo, in the Giudecca, to bring Tangavardin, the Soldan's ambassador, to audience. The Square (of St. Mark) was filled with persons to see him land, and he came preceded by

twenty-two Moors, and thus he went to the Signory ; the Doge quitted the platform, and came a little way to meet him, giving him good greeting ; and he sat by the side of the Doge, to whom he spoke in Latin, that is to say, saluted him, knowing the language, and presented two Arabic papers, being a letter from the Soldan, addressed thus :

“ ‘ Be this writing presented to the presence of the tribunal of the Doge, the gracious, honoured, prudent, most sage, feared, and famous, most worthy among lords, honour of Christians who adore the Cross ; Doge of Venice built on the waters ; Doge of all liberality amongst the sons of baptism ; friend of kings and of sultans. May God preserve his state.’ ”

“ And the Doge spoke him fair, and thus did he return ; and those of the factory gave him 150 ducats for his expenses for a month, and a certain present of confections and wax. On the 27th, the Soldan’s Ambassador went to dine with Messer Marco Malipiero, the commendator of Cyprus, accompanied by four of the principal persons of his suite ; it was a stately banquet : and they afterwards went to the Nunnery of the Virgins, to hear them sing ; and in the evening, at his dwelling, a pastoral eclogue was recited to him : so he had a great deal of amusement.”

The differences between the Venetians and the Sultan of Egypt were thus made up ; but it ap-

pears that the diplomatic character of the Spanish Moor is not strong enough to protect him from popular insult, and he goes to request pardon for some rogues who had been put in prison for insulting him. At length we find advertisements on the Rialto for galleys to take back the Ambassador and deputies; and he takes his leave, accompanied by the Doge's trumpets along the Square and across to his house in the Giudecca; he being dressed in gold brocade lined with sable, and his attendants in green velvet.

The discovery of the passage by the Cape no doubt placed both Egypt and Syria, and consequently Venice, in a new and disadvantageous position. Joint jealousy of Portuguese independence of the overland transit made Venetians and Mamelukes draw together in anxious confabulation; and it is amusing to see how coming events cast their shadow before. A letter, dated London, 30th January, 1501, is received, with the disagreeable intelligence that letters had reached Silvan Capello, mentioning that Hieronymo Pesaro, the captain of the Flanders galleys, had arrived at Falmouth, with three vessels; and that five Portuguese barks had already arrived there, with 300 butts of spices, direct from Calicut. But so slowly are the channels of trade altered, that it was not until the development of the Dutch commerce, in the seventeenth century, that the trade of Venice fell seriously off.

How Venice, from being the commercial bank and mart of Europe, became the gambling rendezvous of the idle and dissipated from all parts of the continent, may be learned from the travelers of the eighteenth century. From the fall of the Republic, in 1797, to the opening of the free port, in 1830, seems to have been the lowest ebb of her fortunes ; from that time to 1848, her trade and prosperity have rapidly risen. The first ship that sailed round the Cape of Good Hope laid the foundation of the fall of old Venice ; and the first flight on the Manchester and Liverpool railway, that revealed the power of the new locomotive, laid the foundation of her resurrection. What Portuguese enterprise blighted, English genius revived. Melancholy indeed was the Venice-I had known a dozen years before ; not only had the old commerce become a mere matter of history, but even the residence had become unpopular with the crowds of persons in easy circumstances who killed time so brilliantly in the Italian capital. The foreigners rushed through the sights, and then rushed away again. A residence in Venice was for those who wished to meditate out of the world, or live cheap, or get the elements of art to be produced elsewhere ; Venice had attractions for eloquent misanthropy and inspired madness, but none for the busy and the gay. Here Byron and George Sand lived, and Leopold Robert died by his own hand.

No sooner did the isolation of Venice cease by the bridge over the Lagoon, than, all of a sudden, the city became fashionable as a residence ; the old and crumbling palaces on the Grand Canal have quadrupled in value, and any one who, a few years ago, had bought a dozen palaces, would now be a millionaire. Renovation is the order of the day ; in many instances, alas, with too little regard to the original elegance of design and solidity of material. In the light fantastic Ca Doro, of mixed Saracenic and Gothic, so beautiful in spite of scholastic rules, the old part puts to shame the flimsy materials, glaring stucco, and incongruous design of the lower part, which is in course of renewal. An exception to this is the Palazzo Foscari, repaired for the commune with a satisfactory amount of solidity.

In Trieste I found no jealousy of Fiume, because it was on the same side of the Adriatic, and too near the former city ever to get up its head as a place directly trading with foreign countries ; but the rise of Venice creates much more serious solicitude to the Triestines. With such an extensive system of smuggling as now exists, the official returns are a most imperfect criterion ; but, according to them, the exports of Hungary through the port of Fiume are, on an average of seven years, only 200,000*l.* per annum, and the imports between 30,000*l.* and 40,000*l.* sterling ; while the exports of Austria through the port of Trieste are a million and a half sterling, and the imports close on

three millions sterling. The imports of the Lombard Venetian States, through Venice, are valued at from 1,600,000*l.* to 1,700,000*l.* sterling, and the exports close on half a million sterling; the actual business of the free port, without reference to the trade of the interior, having nearly doubled since 1830. The great disadvantage under which Venice has hitherto laboured is the state of the port. The current sweeping round the Adriatic from the gulf of Trieste, carries the alluvial deposits of the rivers of Friuli, so as constantly to menace blocking up the entrance. A mole, at right angles, has therefore been constructed, to avert the current, and throw it out seawards, which has partly succeeded. That the port will ever become a really good one seems doubtful; but the mole, if persevered in, may render it more worthy of its noble position.

On the political transactions of which these provinces have been the theatre, a multitude of words would be useless. The marriage between Austria and Lombardy was an unhappy one. Austria might send an archduke or an archangel; nothing could diminish the profound antipathy entertained for the German race. A pacific separation would therefore have been desirable for both; and I have often thought that a high consistorial court for unhappy political marriages would be an indescribable boon to humanity; but domestic discord is no excuse for the lust of a third party's ambition. If, in the question of Cracow, a treaty signed

by eight powers could not be set aside by three, still less could a single power like Sardinia pretend to unbind the treaty of Vienna. Austria, having all the disadvantage of this argument in the question of Cracow, was entitled to all the advantage of it in Italy.

But if expediency and the laws of nations point differently in Lombardy, this is not the case in Venice, which is not so much the port of Lombardy, but of the basin of the Adige, of Tyrol, and of Southern Germany. In Lombardy, Austria illustrated the proverb, "*Qui trop embrasse, mal étreint.*" In Venetia she has the maritime complement of her internal territory, distinctly bounded by the Lago di Guarda and the Mincio, and flanked by the almost impregnable fortresses of Mantua and Verona—the latter on the Adige, the inner line of defence. Venetia is therefore one great fortress, having communications easily kept up with Upper Austria and Tyrol through the valley of the Adige, while from Friuli a constant stream of fresh troops can be kept up, not only from the capital, but from the military frontier of Croatia. To strategical and commercial reasons we may easily add moral ones; the character of the Venetian is mild and pacific compared with that of the Lombard. If I were asked to point out the most energetic of the Italian race, I would certainly name the Brescian or the Bergamasco; the most amiable and inoffensive is certainly the Venetian.

But their national feelings may henceforth have scope in a free press and free municipal institutions ; and, with the adoption of a moderate tariff by the Austrian Government, Venice may again become an emporium of the first order.

CHAPTER XIX.

GRATZ.

ON the untrodden fields to the east side of the Adriatic, I have detailed my journeys with minuteness ; but as I return to the sphere of the ordinary tourist, I beg the reader to excuse my describing the grotto of Adelsberg, and other curiosities on the well-known route from Trieste to Gratz, the capital of Styria, whither I went after my return from Venice. The first portion of the road I performed by diligence to Laibach and Cilli, and the second part by railway ; for there are still great difficulties to be overcome before the Styrian railroad can be carried to Trieste, arising from the mountainous nature of the country that intervenes between the upper valley of the Save and the basin of the Adriatic.

It was on one of the beautiful days of the month of August, 1847, that the locomotive slackened her pace and stopped at the station of Gratz, which is as like all other stations as one quay of a harbour is like another. The railway side of nature is new

and amphibious, neither like a journey by land nor a voyage by water, but more of the latter than of the former. You arrive at your destination quite independently of accidents and undulations of territory; you catch glimpses of the land, but remain unfamiliar with persons and places; you cannot enter a town as you will, but are carried to the station, as the voyager cannot land where he lists, but must go to the regular port. When I stepped out on the dusty road, and saw around me the neat citizen's boxes with their little flower-gardens, all standing still, and not turning round and round like a floating island caught in a whirlpool, I felt that I was arrived in Styria, which I could scarcely affirm till then, Gratz being the first port at which I descended.

Gratz is a delicious summer residence; with the conveniences of a town, and a vicinity to the wooded mountains which makes one feel as if in the Alps. The Mur, formed of the hundred trouting streams of Upper Styria, rushes impetuously through the town, and intersects it in two unequal halves. Close to the water, and separated by a single street, rises the Schlossberg, a rugged, isolated peak, formerly crowned by the castle, which must have originated the site of the town; no longer mantled with rampart and looped with embrasure, but its slopes cut into pleasing walks, and its summit discrowned of tower and keep. Such a glorious panorama is seen from thence that

the fatigue of ascent is forgotten. The wide-scattered city, with its zone of the glacis, is the foreground of the view ; and beyond it are the verdant plains of the Mur, several miles in breadth, along which flies the grey vapour of the locomotive on the scarce visible railroad. From the wide plain all around rise the shaggy wooded acclivities ; the hills, not in the thickness of forest, but broken into wide patches of pasture, with gardens hanging on their skirts, and the blue tapering spires of white rural churches peeping out of the distant nooks and corners, so that the vale of the Mur looks like one great park, bounded by an amphitheatre of hills green to their very summits. No freezing glacier arose to suggest images of solitude or sublimity. A white peak in the distance would have given that elevating tone to the landscape which alone belongs to the high Alps ; but the whole reflected the moral, social, and political condition of Styria : pleasantness, cheerfulness, and animation, the bounty of God and the content of man ; the golden mean, for the sublime and the miserable were equally wanting.

The town itself is well built, and has all the signs of comfort and prosperity ; in the old central part one sees some of that grotesque ornament which smacks of German middle-age, and one or two noble palaces of a century or two ago, in which we read the vicinity to Italy and her arts. In the great square, two houses, not far from each

other, put me in mind of Augsburg, with its faint weather-beaten frescoes and florid plaster-work. Around this old town is a broad glacis, with alleys of high venerable trees, which, in the hot days, offer a walk in all the depth and latitude of shade ; and beyond it are the suburbs of tall new houses, their monotonous uniformity tempered by the beauty of the gardens around them.

Most prominent among the public edifices of Gratz is the pompous Mausoleum of that Ferdinand the Second (*obit* 1637), whose fanatical suppression of Protestantism was a principal cause of the bloodshed of the Thirty-years War ; it is in the Italian style of the seventeenth century, but much overdone with heavy pediments and cornices. In the latter part of the sixteenth century, and up to 1618, Gratz had all the lustre of the capital of a petty sovereignty, in which the revival of the arts in Italy found a certain echo ; and, as in Prague, one sees many of those ponderous doorways borne by a monstrous Hercules or Atlas on their shoulders, and such massive basements as Sammicheli excelled in.

The honour of wearing the ducal hat of Styria dates from Rodolph of Habsburgh himself. Austria, Styria, Carinthia, and Carniola ; these were the very embryo of that monarchy, the chequered fortunes of which have filled Europe with such various emotions ; and on the death of the Emperor Mathias in 1619, without issue, the imperial





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throne was ascended by Ferdinand, then the head of the so-called Styrian line of the house of Habsburgh. Although Vienna became the capital, Ferdinand continued to take a strong interest in the embellishment of Gratz; but educated by the Jesuits, he renewed, on the Danube, the Elbe, and the Mur, the determination to annihilate Protestantism. Half of the rural districts of Styria, and three-fourths of the town population, had become Protestant under the toleration of his predecessor; but Ferdinand was the Diocletian of the German empire. His talents were rather useful to the Catholic cause, than resplendent by genius, and firmly adhering to the old faith, he was personally mild and just; in his political religionism only, he was a gloomy bigot, and a cruel, persecuting tyrant. A high school of Protestantism in Gratz, which approached to the character of a university, was suppressed. Thousands of noble, gentle, and simple families wandered out of the land to escape penal statutes, and the Mur was sometimes reddened with Protestant blood.

The only member of the house of Habsburgh in recent times connected with Styria, is the Archduke John, to whom I had the honour of being presented shortly after my arrival, by M. Thienfeld, now Austrian Minister of Agriculture. At the hour appointed, we found ourselves at his villa, in the environs of Gratz, just beyond the glacis; and passing the gate, where a couple of sentries was

the only circumstance that distinguished his residence from that of a country gentleman, we entered a shrubbery of a few acres, scarcely deserving the name of a park, but every walk and parterre so trimly kept as to shew an English neatness unknown to the most of German villas. The house is newly built, with the wings lower than the body of the edifice; a taste much in vogue in England in the last century, to the damage of many a good residence. Although nothing could exceed the neatness of its appearance, this edifice was certainly not an exception to the rule.

Being in the month of August, the weather was intensely hot, although early in the forenoon; and on being announced, we were conducted, through a little paradise of landscape-gardening, to the delightful coolness and welcome gloom of an arbour impervious to a single ray of the sun. Here we found the Archduke, with the Countess Brandhof, his consort by a left-handed marriage, and his son, Count Meran, an intelligent youth, still in tender years. There is no mistaking any member of the Tuscan branch of the house of Habsburgh; never was there a family the numerous branches of which shew their lineage more legibly in their visages. I had never seen the Archduke before, but at once I recognised the same face which I had seen in a private carriage on the glacis, and whom I had made sure of being one of the Imperial family, so striking is his resemblance to the late Emperor

and the Archduke Francis Charles, the present heir-apparent to the crown.

Our conversation lasted half an hour ; and the expansive and unreserved nature of the observations of his Highness impose on me the greater obligation not to forget what is due to the position, personal and political, of a member of the reigning house ; but I may say, that the whole of the political philosophy of the Archduke seemed to resolve itself into an opinion, that all conservatism founded on class-legislation was like a house built upon sand. His Highness, as a matter of course, cautiously abstained from weighing in the scales the relative value of aristocracy and bureaucracy, feudalism or constitutionalism, as instruments of national stewardship ; but, said he, "Whatever classes rise or fall, we may make sure of one fact, that the people always remain." And the Archduke has given, in his own mode of life, a practical illustration of the slight value he sets on those mere trappings of his station which are apart from its duties and responsibilities ; and leaving to others the gaieties of Vienna, he led a life of agriculture and horticulture, of scientific and literary study, which is at once perceptible in his conversation. All princes that shew some intelligence are so extravagantly flattered and eulogised, that it is difficult for the public to have a clear idea of the natural relation in which they stand to other men ; and I anticipated the ordi-

nary conversation of a man of good capacity : but I confess that my brain was kept on the alert ; and on several subjects to which I had devoted considerable attention, felt my immeasurable inferiority.

The career of the Archduke John has been a remarkable one. Born in 1782, he is consequently sixty-six years of age. When a mere stripling, we find him opposed to the matured genius of Moreau, and commanding a large force ; but the campaign of Hohenlinden was a disastrous one for Austria, and enough to discourage less ardent spirits than those of the Archduke. In the campaign of Austerlitz, we again find him in the Tyrol, organising the peasantry, and combining the activity with the patriotic courage of the Guerilla leader. In the career of this Prince we may read the spirit of Austria. If ever so overwhelmed by the irresistible shock of the genius and power of Napoleon, she was ready to rise on her legs again, after a seeming prostration. The French genius blazes like one of their own wood-fagots ; the less brilliant character of the German nation has something of the enduring ardency of Dutch peat ; while our own English genius, like our coal-fires, partakes, to a certain extent, of the best qualities of both, but more of the latter than of the former.

The education of the Styrians, technical as well as literary, has warmly engaged the sympathies as well as the active exertions of the Archduke John ;

and in an institution founded by him, and called the *Johanneum*, we find all the advantages of science and literature concentrated, and placed within the easy reach of the middling and humbler classes. A palace of a defunct family was purchased, and besides lecture-rooms and cabinets of natural history, it contains a large library and reading-room, in which I found a great variety of journals. Gratz, for families of moderate means, is a most desirable place of education ; and this circumstance, conjoined with the beauty of the environs, has attracted to it several English families, who have fixed their residences here.

The largest and most magnificent of the palaces in the town is that of the Counts of Attems, which is a truly noble edifice, built in the first years of the last century ; and although somewhat florid, as dating from such a period, has still a harmony and a grand uniformity which we vainly seek in the edifices of Vanbrugh and the other English imitators of the style of Louis the Fourteenth. Internally the suite of rooms was quite in the style of the Grand Monarque, the apartments being almost as high as a couple of floors of an ordinary London house, and the broad tapestry of Brussels or the Gobelins covering the large spaces between the oak pilasters. In the upper suite of rooms was a picture-gallery of a very mixed character ; much rubbish was marked as heir-loom ; but other pictures were worthy of any collection. A portrait

with the well-known lineaments of the Prussian Monarch was pompously mentioned by the servant who shewed the rooms, as "Friederich der Grosse, Kaiser von Oesterreich;" which certainly was not so bad as the English housekeeper who described a Titian Doge of Venice, as a Dowager Venus. But the most curious portrait was that inscribed Campson Gauri, Re d'Egitto, that is to say, Canso el Ghoury, the last of the Circassian Sultans of Egypt (for Toman Bey does not count), whose name, to any one who has been in Cairo, is associated with the most picturesque part of that wonderful city.

As I resided in Gratz in August and the beginning of September, the principal families were out of town; but they have particular days on which they receive their friends; and the first of these entertainments to which I was taken by an obliging friend was that of Count Attems, the proprietor of the palace I have described. The villa, an ex-Jesuits' convent, was as plain an edifice as one could imagine; but the park, on the mountain-slopes to the east of Gratz, proved extensive; the trees of the avenue densely planted, so as to exclude the sun, and the number of dark walks and long vistas of verdant vaults shewing that the landscape-gardener had to deal with a warmer climate than that of England. Extensive lawns were here and there scattered about, and shadowed by a single tree; and again, regions of woods, so thick that the light

could scarcely penetrate or grass grow. There was, therefore, to my eye, rather a want of open woods rising from a verdant turf; but the situation was delightful, and the higher knolls, overlooking the whole breadth of the Mur, with the town and precipitous Schlossberg, for the centre of the picture.

The company consisted of about thirty persons, and included many historical names—Dietrichsteins, Auerspergs, Thurns, and others, who, in Styria and the neighbouring provinces, were the vanguard of affrighted Europe, when the incursions of Turkish cavalry came up to the very walls of Gratz, and kept them back by that very organisation of the military frontier which subsists to this day, with modifications suited to the modern art of war. What a power was Turkey then! Commanding at the cataracts of the Nile and the Persian Gulf, and sweeping all before her to the foot of the Styrian Alps.

The conversation was mostly in French, which all spoke with almost native elegance; and, after promenade, a handsome collation was served by old, respectable-looking serving-men, in good but not gaudy liveries, and, combined with the tone of exquisite courtesy in the host, called forcibly to mind the representation of the château of M. le Marquis in the French novel of the eighteenth century.

The nobility of Styria are, in point of antiquity

of family, in the heraldic sense of the word, equal to any in the empire, but in wealth inferior to those of Hungary and Bohemia. The largest landed proprietor is Prince Lichtenstein, but his usual residence is in Moravia. The resident wealthy families have from five to ten thousand pounds sterling a year, although on paper their rent-rolls may look larger. One of the oldest families (Saurau) had just become extinct. The last of the family carried the excusable weakness of pride of birth to such a ridiculous extent, as to say that his family was an older one than that of Habsburgh. There being then no walls in Austria unprovided with ears, this was repeated to the late Emperor, Francis, who took no notice of it whatever, until the Count solicited an audience to ask a favour. When the suit was preferred, the Emperor answered, with great glee, "My dear Saurau, I am delighted to have it in my power, not only to grant your request, but to execute your wishes by my own hand; for the Sauraus have often served the Habsburghers, but the Habsburghers never served the Sauraus."

The system of civil government engaged my attention when in Gratz; but the shock of subsequent events has so altered the relation of the various classes of society to each other, that such subjects no longer belong to politics, but to history. The military district of which Gratz is the capital includes Tyrol, Carinthia, and Carniola; the commander of which was, during my stay, General

Count Nugent, of English or Irish extraction. This venerable officer, approaching eighty years of age, and enjoying the universal respect of the army, is one of the few remaining relics of the general officers of the last war. He first distinguished himself in the lines of Mentz in the last century, and in 1810, 11, 12, and 13, was in perpetual motion. Now in London, in the confidence of the Prince Regent and Castlereagh; now at the headquarters of the Duke of Wellington in Spain; in Berlin, in secret communication with the latent anti-Gallican elements, which, when the hour came, broke forth with such fury. In Sicily, in Malta, and wherever a service could be rendered to the common cause of the liberation of Europe, Nugent was ready with his military and political experience. Having had his share in the dangers and rewards of 1814, he is now full of years and honours, and as there are only four field-marschals now living in the Austrian army, he may still wield the baton of that dignity to which a Eugene of Savoy, a Daun, and a Loudon gave such lustre.

On leaving my letters, he was suffering from severe indisposition, but about a fortnight afterwards I received a note from him and his accomplished Countess, requesting me to meet at dinner some officers of the garrison; and at the hour of two I found myself at the General Commando, where a large party was assembled. The Count, although the son of an Austrian General, and himself born

in Bohemia, has not ceased to admire, love, and cherish the country of his ancestors, and her great men. I asked him what he considered the greatest action of the Duke of Wellington; and he answered, "No man is a greater admirer of the military genius of the Duke of Wellington than myself, for out of heterogeneous elements he created as fine an army as ever was in the world, and made it like one powerful body, impelled by one powerful mind; but I most admire the man, and the armour of uprightness, which rendered him quite indifferent to unpopularity, and by setting himself above popular opinion, ultimately secured its subjugation to him."

The more I see of the Austrian officers, the more I like them. The various elements of which the monarchy is composed, which is an embarrassment to the statesman, is a great advantage to the soldier who wishes to form his mind. At one time living in the thick-set old cities of Italy, or the new fermenting elements of Hungary and Bohemia; at another, a spectator of the savage mountain manners of the Morlack, or the lifeless splendour of the capital; then with the Tyrolese on his native Alps, or among the Slaavs and Magyars of Hungary.

The officers of the Austrian army have nothing of the aristocratic elegance of those in our own service; but, from all that I have heard, they are thoroughly and carefully educated in their respec-

tive arms. The cavalry officers are almost exclusively composed of scions of the higher classes; but in the infantry, much less regard is paid to aristocratic pretension; and in the artillery, which is universally allowed to be the most distinguished branch of the Austrian army, protection is unknown, merit alone procures advancement. In all arms, the promotion of capable men from the ranks, although less systematic than in the armies of France, appears to be much more frequent than with us.

CHAPTER XX.

RURAL STYRIA.

THE ordinary characteristics of town-life in Austria have been so frequently described, that it is scarcely requisite that I should say any thing of them here; the inns, theatres, shops, and beer-gardens of the people in Gratz having a family resemblance to those of the other large towns of the Austrian Empire; but country-life in Styria is not unsuggestive of interesting observation. In Upper Styria, the traveller finds himself in the Austrian Switzerland, among the essentially German population, and in a region where the utmost beauty of natural scenery arrests his attention and excites his rapture; while in all the population there is a gaiety and independence of manner, that forms a remarkable contrast to the graver and more melancholy temperament of the Wind, or Wend, of Lower Styria. In Bohemia, and in the Slaavic districts of Hungary, the Slaav has been awakened to a fiery consciousness of national existence; but in Styria, Carinthia, and Carniola, the Winds have given the Germans very little trou-

ble, and are not likely to do so, although they once formed a nation which covered the whole of the south-east of Germany, as many names of places denote, such as Vindobona (now Vienna), Gradetz (now Gratz), &c. &c. Their language still exists as a familiar, but not as a literary dialect; at least, the movement of a few young men in Carniola is a very feeble one; for while the Croatian regards all the Ragusan authors as his national classics, the Carniolan has no literature of any value that he can call his own; and while Bohemian literature and nationality fell from its high estate in the Thirty-years War, that of the Wind never rose at all, and is rather a matter of antiquarian speculation than of urgent vitality.

The most interesting excursion which an Englishman can make, is that to the iron-mines in Upper Styria, which the railway renders easy of accomplishment. From the Bruck station I went in the omnibus to Leoben, the little town at which the convention of 1797 was signed between the victorious armies of France and the humbled legions of Austria; and next morning, through a most romantic valley on the eastern slope of the Styrian Alps, arrived at Vordenberg and Eisenerz, the Wolverhampton of the Austrian Empire; but any thing more unlike the iron-districts of England cannot be conceived. Mr. Disraeli's graphic description of such a landscape in our own island—the coal-heaps; the black cinder-soil; and the

rows of sooty cottages, inhabited by sooty human beings—recurred by contrast vividly to my mind. Here the valley is so narrow as to remind one of the Bernese Oberland; on one side is a wall of rock, in the clefts of which scanty pines spring from patches of turf, in which the shy chamois is seen to skip about. On the other side of the valley is a verdant expanse of pasture, athwart which one sees peak after peak of pine-crowned hills, graduated in distance as a fairy scene in a theatre. Eisenerz! how can human pen describe thy enchantments! What fearful convulsion of nature scattered to the four winds of heaven the rended Alps of Styria; and, in the long, long procession of revolving epochs, veiled the evidences of primeval havoc with velvet turf, and crystal brook, and azure lake! Over and above all, the bare crags of the Pfaffenstein seem a vast corpse laid out on the mountain-top; head, breast, and up-turned feet are seen against the sky; and when the pale rays of the moon bleach these rocks, the wild tales of affrighted childhood recur to the fancy, and the monster of a fable seems to repose in monumental remembrance of a world that passed away!

Down in the valley is the village of Eisenerz, the blast-furnaces, with their high red roofs, giving life to the landscape. Nothing appears to offend the eye; the stream that moves the machinery brawls downwards between the neat gardens; even

the cottages and cabbage-yards of the workmen have a settled, rural air ; so that the miserable helotry of modern trade and manufacture never strikes you.

I quartered myself on Saxon royalty at Eisenerz ; not with his Majesty *in propria persona*, but in the inn, Zum König von Sachsen, to the beer of which the people of the iron-mines and furnaces paid the most unmistakeable and oft-renewed marks of homage. How happy would royalty be, if it could count on such constant attachment as that which I saw devoted to the cream crown of the malt liquor ! A bright fire gleamed from the kitchen into the vaulted entrance of the court-yard ; and the public room was frequented by clerks of the mines, with one of whom I got into conversation, and found that the social and political feelings of Vordenberg and Eisenerz, although so near each other, were quite different : Eisenerz is bureaucratic, Vordenberg burgherly and industrial ; Eisenerz is proud and poor, Vordenberg is rich and purse-proud. The bureaucrat of Eisenerz would fain see the State buy every furnace in Vordenberg ; the Vordenbergers detest them for this feeling. The person with whom I was conversing being a sharp man, I asked him if he had been here all his life ; and he answered, as nearly as possible, as follows : " Oh, no such thing ! I have seen something of the world in my time. I was brought up at the

Institute of Krems, where every thing goes on as smooth, dull, and uniform as the wheels of a new-wound-up clock ; and then afterwards I went to the mines of Schemnitz ; but, Herr Jesus, what a contrast ! fire and fury, what long oaths and long moustachios ! *Bassama Teremtete !* And now, sir, I am royal and imperial clerk, thank God ! My salary is not very large," continued he, with an air of mock humility, which was exquisitely comic ; " but I have house, fuel, and candle, and am free from vicissitudes ; so that I have only to take care not to cheat his Majesty the Kaiser out of a kreuzer, and then I should really need to exert a peculiar talent to get kicked out of my berth.—Nani, my dear ! another glass of beer."

" You seem to lead a happy and contented life," said I, " and to have a cheerful disposition."

" *Nur lustig, nur lustig ;* merry, but orderly, quite orderly. My philosophy is soon said : to deal with all men according to their humours ;—with my equals friendly and civil ; but if they seek to shew their airs, oh, then, *Himmel sacrament !* I am ready to kick out like a young stallion ;—with inferiors kind, but strict ; never miss punishing a fault, but meet repentance half way. As for superiors, you must not suppose I have never seen the *beau monde*. Every year I go to Ischl in the gay season for a few days—white gloves, sticking-plaster boots, dress-coat—'Madam, I kiss your

hand'—'Herr Baron, your obedient servant.'—Thus wags the world with me; and in fourteen years I am my own master, claim my pension, and then have nothing to do."

"But without occupation, you will wish yourself back to the mines again."

"Not so quick, Herr Engländer; if I live to fourteen years hence, I can read or hunt the *chamois*; then there is music that remains your servant, and not your master,—as avarice always does in age; for, believe me, even a grand duchess of Russia, when at Ischl, made me come to her drawing-room to tinkle my guitar, and *yodel* our Styrian ditties. Nay, nay, in youth and manhood let my superiors choose my occupation; when I am old, let me determine quantity and quality for myself."

In the midst of our discourse, the door opening, an itinerant harpist came in, and began to play and sing with a voice of small compass but some sweetness:

"Rauschender Strom, brausender Bach,
Du bist mein Lieblings Aufenthalt."

When the song had ended, a plate was produced to collect *kreuzers*, and up she went to one of the company with a most rubicund visage, and held out the plate; but with the leer of a satyr, he caught her by the arm, and declared that he wanted to whisper something in her ear.

"Well," said the girl coolly; "my ears are open."

"But a secret, thou enchanting being," continued the Falstaff of Upper Styria, with a grin like the immortal frontispiece of Punch.

"A secret! *Ein Geheimniss! Dass du bist ein Spitzbube, dass ist ya gar kein Geheimniss.*"

"You are in a bad humour," said the satyr; and putting a six-kreuzer piece of copper upon her plate, she continued her round. When I had given her my mite, I asked her whence she came, and she answered, from Czaslau, in Bohemia; that her present tour had lasted six weeks, and that she made four tours a-year, and returned to Czaslau to see her family.

In intellectual acuteness, the peasantry are in general much inferior to the Germans of the north; but whoever sets the qualities of the heart above those of the head must be charmed with the Styrian mountaineer. He has an undoubted turn for drollery; but mingled with his jovial good nature is a dogged obstinacy, which at once reveals the Gothic race. Anger shews itself not, as in Italy, with violent gesticulation, clenched fist, rolling eye, and ear-splitting strife; but the more infuriated the peasant becomes, the more provokingly does he ape the mild tone of civility, and assumes a sardonic grin, that is wormwood itself. When the Styrian peasant is in this humour, he is as obstinate as a mule; hence he makes a tough,

but not a dashing, brilliant soldier ; and although I cannot approve of the way in which the Slaavs have been often dealt with, whether decimated for Protestantism by the bloody bigotry of Ferdinand the Second, or regarded as mere machines by Joseph, yet it is impossible not to be convinced that, in all useful qualities, and for all practical ends, there is no sounder population in the monarchy than that of the Styrian Alps, who unite the vigour of the mountaineer with the material comfort of the inhabitants of the plains.

The process of smelting ore is not one that requires describing to an English reader. Here, instead of mineral coal, charcoal is used ; but the forests have been so thinned, and the demand for iron so great, that wood has risen from 3*s.* 6*d.* to 7*s.* English money per cubic fathom in about ten years. What a beautiful process smelting the ore is, when one stands in the dark, dismal furnace-cellar at the time the font is opened, and out gushes the liquid metal like the molten mid-day sun, shooting up countless diamond-sparks of the first water ! There are three of these furnaces in Eisenerz worked by the State, and thirteen in Vordenberg, two of which belong to the Archduke John, two to the town of Leoben, and the rest to private individuals ; but they form a joint-stock company in all that regards ore and wood. As an incorporation, they possess large timber estates, and take care of their own poor. Each furnace

has 45,000 quintals of ore dealt out ; and as the production of metal is 20,000 quintals, and the profit after payment of expenses about a florin per quintal, each blast-furnace has an income of about 2000*l.* sterling a year.

All the district was in prosperity, and pauperism was unknown ; and this state of things is the great argument of the protectionists in Austria. “ What ! ” say they, “ would you change the smile of this and twenty other valleys in Styria to despair ? The argument of the smuggler intervening does not apply to iron, except in ports ; for it is too heavy an article to be smuggled,” &c. No one denies this prosperity. Why should it not exist ? The Austrian empire, in its infinite good nature, allows itself to be taxed for this prosperity, and pays forty or fifty per cent for iron beyond what it ought. It must be admitted that the tax is levied fairly and equitably : if the house of the pauper in Vienna needs four kreuzers’ worth of iron for a latch, it costs six ; if a company of capitalists require 1000*l.* worth of iron, they must pay 1500*l.* When the government needed a large quantity of iron rails for the railways undertaken by them, they did not order them from Styria ; they imported them from England, for the sake of rigidity and cheapness. Strange, that it should be an advantage to the government to buy in the cheapest market, and the same principle be disadvantageous to the millions from whom the taxes are drawn !

Heaven forbid that pauperism and distress should cover so fair a region as this, or that a single workman should be thrown out of employment! Can competition remove the Erzberg or mountain of ore from its place, efface those waving woods, or deprive any man of his strength and skill? Surely not; and it would be found that free-trade had the same effect on the Styrian iron-worker as it had on the million of ploughmen who were to have been deprived of food by the repeal of the English corn-laws. So soon as the minister adopts such a tariff as disables the smuggler of manufactures and colonials, and destroys the narrow sugar monopoly, not only would the iron-worker have the benefit of these reductions, but away goes the land-tax, the effect of which would be palpable, and come home to every man's interest. I certainly think it doubtful that under a free-trade system each blast-furnace would yield 2000*l.* a year; but if, under proper regulations, the customs revenue of a state may produce a half of the total income, I cannot understand why that of Austria should be kept down to a miserable sixth, in order to make the fortunes of a select few, who might content themselves with a fair competence.¹ The foundation of all manufacturing prosperity is cheap raw materials, of which iron is the corner-

¹ The revenue of Austria is between 12,000,000*l.* and 13,000,000*l.* sterling; the customs revenue about 1,800,000*l.* per annum.

stone : without cheap iron, all industry is on a hollow basis. Free-trade might abridge the profits of a few ; but the ore, the woods, the skill of the workmen, and the material condition of the mass of the people in the iron-districts, would remain in as satisfactory a state as before ; the state would receive the revenue to which it is fairly entitled ; and the industry of Austria, like that of Switzerland—a country to which she is eognate in nationality and similar in physieal geography—would rest on a solid and immovable foundation.

In Upper Styria we have Swiss scenery and mineral wealth. In the lowlands, agriculture takes the place of the latter ; and the art of the landscape gardener is occasionally put in requisition to make up for the want of the bolder beauties of nature ; for if all Germany were explored throughout, the rural residences and parks of Styria might carry off the palm. In the last century the French taste was all the fashion in gardens, as well as in furniture ; with the parterre, the geometrical walks, and statues of Olympic deities, of the heroic period of Louis Quinze, with the air and costume of ballet-dancers. Now the English taste has invaded parks, stables, and nurseries ; and even some Styrian castles, such as that of Eggenberg, near Gratz, have been spoiled by attempting to Anglify them ; for the French garden is, after all, a very grand affair in a champaign country.

In the English style, no park is admired more

than that of Baron Mandell, twelve miles south of Gratz; and on receiving, along with Mr. B—, a highly accomplished and erudite English clergyman resident in Gratz, an invitation to pay a visit, we took a carriage, and struck into the country to the south, first across the level plain, and in about an hour and a half came to Dobbelbad, a watering-place of the citizens of Gratz, with the inn in the form of a temple. The landscape often reminded me of England, but wilder and prettier, with fewer enclosures, and much more wood; and at length, after up hill and down dale, we saw the schloss of the Baron in the distance, rising from the slope of a hill, and overlooking a wide plain with a wooded hill behind; just such as Mr. Allworthy's mansion must have appeared to the eye of Fielding. The schloss, or castle, formed a quadrangle, the ground-floor devoted entirely to servants, and the upper floor with the windows looking out in all directions on the park and gardens, and an open corridor, or gallery, paved with brick, running round the interior, from which the rooms opened.

Baron Mandell and his amiable family gave us a Styrian welcome; and the rest of the morning passed in instructive conversation, for the provincial estates of Styria were soon to assemble for the discussion of the momentous questions of the day; and no doubt that, had any one surmised that in six short months France would have a Republican and Austria a Constitutional government, we should

have congratulated ourselves on a far higher capacity to look into the future than any such dreamer or enthusiast! After dinner we descended to the garden; and, passing through a dark alley, we came suddenly on a Swiss cottage, overlooking a valley; every table, chair, and carved balcony as if it had come direct from Unterscn. This Swiss aspect was not strictly in unison with English landscape; but so distinguished a gardener as the Baron, like poets who set at naught critical rules, had still an appeal open to Nature herself. Here coffee was served; and when the heat of the day had somewhat abated, we pursued our walk, and were soon lost in the woods; not in impervious forest, but in clumps and groves; even the distant walks kept in the trimmest order, and in a wide secluded meadow was as smooth a carpet of velvet grass as ever Dutch or English scythe mowed.

The aspect of the peasantry and their families, their dresses and their dwellings, was equally pleasing, and shewed the signs of institutions based for a great number of years upon the comfort of the poor. I do not believe that any form of a general Constitution could ever have fused in a community of interests the Lombard and German. To adopt constitutional government, a previous exchange of her Polish and Italian provinces was indispensable; and how that was to be accomplished, no one could tell. But free-trade, a free press, and municipal institutions, were called for

by the best friends of Austria long before the shock of the last French Revolution; and the want of them kept the most intelligent inhabitants of the towns and cities in a state of dissatisfaction. On the other hand, the government of the rural districts is entitled to our unqualified approbation, and was the real secret of the apparently unaccountable cohesion of the empire up to the last irresistible shock. Other governments have had the bayonets of the soldiery and the delations of the police spies, as well as Austria, and yet succumbed; but the defunct government of Austria took the precedence of all the great monarchies that I know of, in a disposition for the welfare of the great mass of the people, and presented the extraordinary contradiction of being the most obstinately retrograde in political liberty and political economy, and the most forward with measures of social superintendence.

In order to make this understood, we must take a retrospective view of political affairs.

CHAPTER XXI.

POLITICAL REFLECTIONS.

THE first Carlovingsians might say, like Napoleon, "*C'est l'anarchie que nous avons détroné.*" For ten centuries and more the feudal principle prevailed through most parts of Europe, and at the end of that period it fell down in France with a deafening crash. But a similar catastrophe, if not clearly foreseen, was at least systematically anticipated by the Emperor Joseph. This remarkable man understood that, after the adoption of standing armies, feudalism was a form from which the vital principle had fled, and was therefore doomed to rottenness; and while Turgot and Malesherbes were soon dismissed and their intentions defeated, Joseph saw the abuses engendered by the privileged classes, abolished serfage, shut innumerable convents; and, in fact, substituted for the principle of *aristocracy*, that of *bureaucracy*. Joseph committed a capital error in putting the provincial estates altogether on the shelf, from fear of the aristocratic principle again opposing him on plausible pretexts, and with a legal machine; but it cannot be denied

that his reforms, sweeping though they were, rendered an immense service to Austria and to public order. He averted a bloody revolution ; and the fabric of feudalism, being taken to pieces by a strong hand, did not explode from below, as in France.

The rural bureaucratic system, which Joseph substituted for feudalism, worked as follows up to the present year 1848.

The aristocracy and the landed proprietors were unable to avail themselves of their social superiority, as in some other more liberal countries, to follow their own inclinations in differences with the peasantry. It was to the functionaries of the circle that the peasant had recourse, to counter-balance the disadvantages resulting from the inferiority of his position to that of the proprietor in the social scale ; and it was in the equitable arbitration of the differences between these two classes that we are to find the grand secret of the immense power which the defunct bureaucratic government wielded. There was not one law for the rich and another for the poor, as in many more liberal countries ; or if a doubt existed at all, it was always the peasant, and never the landlord, that had the benefit of it.

In France, before the first Revolution, the aristocracy abused their position ; and the middle classes joining with an exasperated peasantry, the whole machine was reversed. In Austria, the aris-

tocrat might be as exclusive as he pleased in his saloon; but it was only as a member of the bureaucracy, and following its instincts, that he could pretend to political influence. This bureaucratic government was therefore in a position to view both peasants and landlords with perfect indifference. The latter often complained that they had not a more efficient control of the peasantry; but, in reality, the bureaucracy, by their impartiality, rendered the greatest service to the aristocracy, by preventing that class of evils which produced the first French Revolution. In a hundred rural male inhabitants of a great European monarchy, one may be considered as belonging to the aristocracy, or superior class; nine to the middle class; but the other ninety, or nine-tenths of the whole, form the people. The French Revolution of July, and the English Reform Bill, produced a slight extension of previously existing oligarchies; but the great mass of the people, and the lower part of the middle class, remained, as regards political privileges, precisely in the same position as before: hence Chartism and Socialism. In Austria, the condition of the ninety forming the people was the first consideration of the bureaucrat; it was through him that the poor man fought his battle with the rich one. Hence the defunct rural government was a sort of joint-stock company, of which the peasantry were partners, and the bureaucracy directors. Hence the stability and

solidity of the Austrian institutions during the French revolutionary wars, during national bankruptcy, and even during the confusions and disruptions of 1830 and 1831; powerfully aided and abetted, as they undoubtedly were, by the consummate skill with which, in these stormy times, Prince Metternich managed her diplomatic relations; some questions, of course, excepted,—those of Cracow and Servia in particular. From the moment that the other states of Italy were revolutionised, the Austrian empire was certainly thrown off its balance; nevertheless, even the shock of events in Paris was resisted; not a province of the empire rose for weeks after the February Revolution; but from the moment that the Archduke Louis put his veto on the resolutions of the Austrian Estates, then the machine fell to pieces. Here was the cardinal and fatal error of the defunct government of Austria: when a population is in a state of ferment, and a government has to deal with anarchists in the streets, the path of duty is a plain one,—to resist to the utmost, and, so long as the ferment lasts, to persevere in the most stringent policy that law and reason permit; but the moment the crisis is fairly past, to accept the lesson, and lose no time in adopting an emollient policy. But the Landstände were a legally constituted body, representing the four estates of the archduchy, in which property had a complete preponderance; for the Archduke Louis, therefore, to

put his veto on the resolutions of such a body, was to endanger the vitals of the monarchy; and I remain in the firm persuasion and conviction, that had the Archduke Louis, then the representative of the Emperor in the cabinet, drawn a proper distinction between the wishes of a legally constituted body and the clamour of the populace, Austria might have weathered the storm. The sequel is too well known to the reader to require any recital; and we may say or sing of half of Europe :

Colin, conduisant sa charrette,
Par trop négligeant d'aller droit,
Dans un ornier elle s'arrête,
Et s'embourbe au fatal endroit.
Mais voyons; ce troupeau novice
Veut relever le char crotté,
Et loin de rendre un bon service,
Le verse de l'autre côté.

I have no doubt that constitutional government will *ultimately* be productive of weal to Austria; but an intermediate phase of municipal and financial regeneration would have been more in accordance with the principle of progressive development, while the future tree of liberty would have flourished all the better for having its roots deeply embedded in the past.

And what is now the chief desideratum of the Austrian states? Unquestionably free-trade. Of all the levers of prosperity, that of the abolition of

the protective system would be the most powerful. We have for some years been hearing of the heavy public debts and financial difficulties of Austria; but that they are of her own making is as clear as daylight. Great Britain, with a population of 27,000,000, has a customs revenue of 23,000,000*l.* or 24,000,000*l.* sterling. Austria, with a population of 37,000,000, has a customs revenue of 1,800,000*l.* sterling. The Englishman, with his open tariff, contributes, in round numbers, eighteen shillings a head to the customs revenue; the Austrian Minister, with his prohibitive system, cannot extract above a shilling a head from the lieges. If, under a moderate tariff, the Austrian, who will probably never consume so many colonials and luxuries as the British subject, were to be set down at only one-third of the islander, the Austrian customs revenue, instead of something less than 2,000,000*l.* sterling, would be something more than 11,000,000*l.* sterling; thus offering facility for an enormous reduction of the direct taxation.

That the present system has some advantages is not to be denied: the native industry of the smuggler has been fostered in a truly remarkable manner; more than one snug little villa was pointed out to me at Trieste, which, but for the profits of secret free-trade, might not have been built. It is true that these snuggeries cost the Chamber of Finances eight or ten millions sterling a year; but what cares the smuggler, sitting in his

garden and smoking his pipe? His native industry is protected; and as for the manufacturers, provided they can discover no moderate duty in the tariff, they imagine themselves safe; like the African bird, which puts its head in the sand, and thinks that not to see danger is to avert it.

If we look to the extent of the Austrian empire, to the large agricultural population, to the few ports, and to the difficulties between the manufacturing districts and the interior and the coast, it is evident that no system of legislation should be continued which inflicts an injury on the great majority of the population. Austrian manufactures being, in the interior of the empire, on an average fifty per cent dearer than those of Trieste, the observation which suggests itself thereon, however much a truism in England, is quite the reverse in Austria, where they have still to learn that, if the price of the day's labour of a peasant be twenty kreuzers, he that pays one florin for a piece of cotton for his wife instead of forty kreuzers, gives three days' labour instead of two. Is the peasant alone the sufferer? No; the landed proprietor not only suffers in his own person the difference between forty and sixty, but he shares the loss of his numerous peasantry, from whose cultivation he derives his subsistence, with whose riches he is rich, and with whose poverty he is poor. I have supposed that the Austrian subject might, on an abolition of the protective system,

contribute one-third of the proportion of the Briton; but if, instead of eleven millions sterling as the prospective customs revenue of Austria, I set down only the half of that sum, the finance ministers would be at once enabled to abolish the land-tax, a heavy and unpopular impost, which produces more than three millions sterling. Is there a landed proprietor—is there a peasant in the whole empire, who would not most sensibly feel this alleviation? And far from cutting down the salaries of officials, government would be in a position to raise them; as they are in many instances, more especially in the lower ranks, too badly paid to offer a satisfactory guarantee against corruption. What, then, is the obstacle to this most indispensable reform? The present prohibitive system of Austria forms a species of net, the one interest being closely interwoven with the other: the cotton manufacturer is afraid of foreign competition, because he pays too much for his twist; the twist manufacturer could compete more easily with the foreigner, if there was no duty on raw cotton: the ironfounder cries out for cheap raw iron; and the blast-furnace proprietor is afraid of foreign iron, until cheaper colonials, cheaper articles of dress, and, as a result of the abolition of the land-tax, somewhat cheaper food, place him in his true position, and enable him to be above the fear of competition. The connexion of the reticulation is complete; the honest trader with a cargo cannot pass the net; but a

smuggler sends a thousand of his people like minnows through the intervening spaces.

Is Austria to be reduced to the condition of a purely agricultural country, and is she to be extinguished as a manufacturing country? By no means. Bohemia can never compete with England as an exporter of long cloths and grey domestics, because she is not under the same geographical conditions of facility for the import of the raw cotton and the export of the completed article; but in woollen and mixed manufactures, Austria cannot be undersold, and would become a largely exporting country. The increase in the importations of colonials and foreign manufactures would be paid by the healthy and natural manufactures becoming exportable in larger masses.

If a gradual and moderate foreign competition stimulates alike the skill, taste, and activity of the manufacturer, defeats the smuggler, and improves the revenue, it is clear that the manufacturer ought to enjoy every facility as well in the price of raw material as of labour. An experiment in one article is not to be recommended, but rather a comprehensive scheme, so as to affect the whole reticulation; the following articles ought therefore to be at once struck out of the sources of revenue:

	florins.
Oils, producing . . .	1,107,664
Cottons . . .	209,895
Building materials . . .	148,888
Carry forward . . .	<u>1,466,447</u>

	florins.
Brought forward . . .	1,466,447
Chemical stuffs . . .	58,406
Gums	15,496
Raw cotton	711,972
Dry raw materials . . .	1,011,366
Woolen stuffs, &c. . . .	7,438
	<hr/>
	3,271,125

I repeat, and maintain, that the grand obstacle to the development of the industry of Austria is the state of the iron duties. There is not a single manufacture into which iron does not enter most largely. The cheapness of iron is one of the principal causes of the manufacturing prosperity of England; and there is not a palace, a cottage, a ship, a manufactory, in which iron is not an important article of consumption. But while the price of foreign iron in Trieste, in bar or rods, is sixty to sixty-five florins per 1000 lbs. Vienna, that of Styria and Carinthia is ninety-four to ninety-six florins. Beginning with a fixed duty which would scarcely affect the present price, an annual reduction would, in a few years, without inflicting any sudden injury on the blast-furnaces, give a large revenue to the State, and, in all probability, a stimulus to the manufacture of steel articles requiring flexibility, to which the Styrian iron is suited; but which, at present, is hindered by the raw material being so dear, in consequence of its being so extensively, indiscriminately, and unsuitably used for purposes requiring rigidity.

There is not a single family engaged in the iron manufacture of Carinthia and Styria which does not consume colonials ; but while the duty on raw sugar for the use of the refineries is 7½ florins per cwt., that for consumption is no less than 15 florins. Every poor man is therefore in a manner morally compelled to use refined white sugar, and to pay the exorbitant price which the thirty or forty sugar refineries choose to demand. If I am rightly informed, the total number of sugar refineries in the Austrian empire is thirty-five ; and it is really surprising that every poor man in the empire should be taxed to protect so small an interest.

So much for sugar. In coffee, an isolated experiment shews a most striking result, and proves to a certainty the elasticity that lurks under the dead weight of the prohibitive system. On the 1st of July, 1844, the duty was reduced from 21 florins to 12 florins 30 kreuzers. In 1843, the last clear year of the old duty, the value of the coffee imported was 4,195,975 florins, producing a revenue of 2,507,585 florins ; and in 1845, the first clear year of the new duty, the imports were of the value of 6,218,100 florins ; and although it usually takes several years, in the case of such reductions, before the new revenue equals the old, yet we find, in the same year, 1845, that the revenue was 2,220,750 florins, or very nearly the same revenue ; and there can be no doubt that

even in the first clear year of the new duty it would have surpassed the revenue of the last, if it had not been for the circumstance, that the organisation of the smuggling-insurance system on the land-frontier still existed for other articles, which enabled a large amount of coffee to enter without paying duty; but were the duties on the other articles reduced, so as to knock the system of smuggling by insurance on the head, the present duty would be a sufficient protection against contraband.

Under present circumstances in Austria, I consider the first desideratum to be, the creation of a House of Peers, as the palladium of temperate liberty; shielding the people from military despotism—the usual accompaniment of universal suffrage—and shielding the crown from the effects of popular caprice. But the institution, to be permanent and enduring, must be used, and not abused; and it is to be hoped that its members will comprehend, that the indispensable condition of the existence of an aristocracy now-a-days is the complete and total renunciation of class-legislation. By the avoidance of all unfair stewardship of the commonwealth, the fair precedence of high lineage and large territorial possessions is indefeasible.

In the midst of these convulsions, it is impossible not to rejoice at the spectacle which the constitution of Great Britain has presented to the world, standing like a pyramid in the earthquake,

mainly owing to the circumstance, that in the heart of the landed aristocracy there existed a statesman neither a pioneer nor a lagger behind, but abreast of the exigences of his age, who wished our mixed constitution to endure, not for an age, but for all time. Sir Robert Peel, by proposing the abolition of the Corn-laws, destroyed the great stronghold of the principle of class-legislation in Great Britain ; and therefore saved the aristocracy from being destroyed. If he has not met with gratitude from those whom he has served and preserved, he must rest content with the unanimous applause of all the conservative and moderate parties through the length and breadth of Europe. A happy generation is ours ! The highest height, the most luminous space in the history of Great Britain is the age of Victoria ; of whom we may sing with Ariosto, the laureate of her own illustrious kindred :

“ Ercolea prole,
Splendor ed ornamento del secol nostro.’

CHAPTER XXII.

CONCLUSION.

I RETURNED home by way of Ischl and Salzburg; and in the midst of the composition of this work, the revolutions of 1848 broke out, altering the face of all Europe. I therefore, from fear of presenting to the public, matter which might be obsolete before publication, have adhered as much as possible to those topics of manners, history, or local description, that are not likely to lose their value by any political changes that might occur; and have avoided the events of the season, how tempting soever they might be. I therefore hope the reader will not consider me guilty of impertinence, if I stray for a single brief chapter from the business in hand, to an evolution of those principles which I, in all humility, imagine might be of some slight service in the reconstruction of the shattered elements of order in the Austrian and neighbouring states.

In the sixteenth century, Catholic was arrayed against Protestant. In the seventeenth, we find the struggle still theological, arising partly from

the great contest of the Thirty-years War, and partly from the debates of the subdivisions: Jesuit and Molinist against Jansenist, Episcopalian against Presbyterian, Arminian against Calvinist. All were indifferent to *nationality*, except in subordination to dogmatic theology.

In the eighteenth century, the Bohemian forgot his language; the Hungarian Germanised himself, to avoid being thought a barbarian. Frederick the Second, one of the greatest of men, was one of the most unpatriotic of Germans; and the Academy of Maupertius (!) preceded the splendid era of Goethe and Schiller. Italy allured the European loungeur to a splendid waste of time; a polemic on cameos, a paper-war on the merits of a tragedy of Alfieri, or a picture of Raffael Mengs, —was the only agitation in the land of the fierce Guelph and Ghibelline.

“*On a changé tout cela.*” Even in 1815, democracy was believed to be the only element pregnant with danger to Europe; but new and unforeseen combustions smouldered under these arrangements, which have at length burst forth with such violence, as to give a character to the combativeness of the nineteenth century peculiarly its own; and to the frictions of theology and democracy, have now succeeded those of intense nationality. Austria, the most heterogeneous of all continental states, was therefore the most exposed to the first shock of anarchy; and if she were com-

posed of only two nations, she would unquestionably have been riven asunder, never to be resoldered ; but the great variety of her population is the incentive to a recohension of nationalities which — too powerful to be refused self-government in their mother-tongues — are yet too weak to produce respect beyond their own confines except by a reunion. Such are not only the populations I visited, but others in the northern parts of the empire.

Of all recent phenomena, the most important is the attempt to make one empire of Germany ; the Germans are therefore entitled to our first consideration, for no nation has suffered more from disunion. Alsace was clutched by Mazarin through intestine discords ; and, a generation ago, the Confederation of the Rhine was a most parricidal and unnatural combination of domestic treachery and foreign despotism. The disunion and abasement of Germany after Austerlitz and Jena was coeval with the darkest period of doubt in our own British fortunes, and the liberation of Europe was the joy of both ; I therefore cannot help sincerely wishing the union of Germany, her success, her prosperity. Nor can I forget that the language I speak is substantially a Teutonic one ; that the illustrious occupant of the British throne is by sire and dame of Teuton race ; and that her consort has come from that Saxon land whence are derived the worthiest qualities of the national charac-

ter. From Germans the human race received the inestimable blessing of the invention of printing; and from their Anglo-Saxon cousins, *Steam*,—that avalanche of utility, as silent in its origin as rapid in its progress, as incalculable in its results.

If we pass from invention to art, what an Olympus opens to our view! A Rubens, the accidental education of whose eyes in the grossness of Flemish forms alone debarred his genius from access to the very highest place in the art of painting. A Gluck, whose genius, as dramatic as musical, ever renders him the greatest master of the relations of sound to sense. A Beethoven, who, like our own Shakspeare, is so suggestive, that, on hearing his productions, the dreams of the infinite mingle with the admiration of the definite. A Mozart, a Goethe, and a Schiller, each in his way standing in relation to the widest circle of art.

Whatever, therefore, gives real unity and solidity to Germany, must be viewed with satisfaction by the Briton, for the workmanship of 1815 was in many respects unfortunate. So speckled and patched a piece of joinery—here a chip and there a dovetail—has stood the wear and tear of little more than thirty years, and all Rhine-Germany and Saxon-Germany are indignant at a state of affairs that makes a map of those parts which, shewn to a Turk or an Arab, would be generally taken for an archipelago. For the petty Rhine and Saxon princes, there is therefore slender hope

of escaping some administrative fusion or mediation. If the Germans, therefore, aim at the removal of this inconvenience without impairing the efficiency of the Austrian and Prussian monarchies, who act as sentinels on the Danube and on the Rhine, it is evident that they must not only deserve, but command success : unfortunately, a powerful party in Frankfort meditates and aspires to a permanent dictatorship over the larger states. This attempt will not only destroy the union of Germany, but must prove destructive of the balance of power in Europe.

The German of Austria and of Prussia, and, to a certain extent, of Bavaria, stands in no need of administrative fusion, however the case may be with the scattered principalities of Saxony and Hesse. However destructive of German unity the career of the great Frederick may have been, Prussia is now an accomplished fact of above a century's standing. She has a dynasty and a diet of her own, a capital, an army, a bureaucracy, and the remains of an aristocracy : an administrative fusion, or a subordination to the Frankfort Assembly is, therefore, not only not a desideratum for her, but pregnant with confusion. The pretension of the Frankfort Assembly to intermeddle with the internal affairs of Austria is still more unsuitable ; for besides her diets, dynasty, and capital, Austria has a compact and extensive territory, that suffers from a class of evils that have

nothing in common with those of the miserable diminutive principalities of the north,—evils that demand a specific treatment, and which the panacea of Frankfort doctors would render chronic, without the hope of cure.

Bohemia, for instance, that important kingdom in the heart of Germany, can have nothing in common with German nationality, although an integral part of the confederation for defensive military purposes. Whether the aboriginal inhabitants of Bohemia were Celts driven westwards by the Germans, who were in turn compelled to make way for Slaavs from the eastward, no one seems to be able to say with precision; but certain it is, that for twelve hundred years they have been Slaavs. After the division of the Frankish empire in the ninth century, Bohemia formed part of the German *Reich*, and their kings paid tribute and homage; but their own language remained, and Bohemia ultimately attained to as high a civilisation as any state north of the Alps, the university of Prague being the most renowned in central Europe. Bohemia was the first of lands in the reform movement; her Hus, and her Jerome of Prague, defied the terrors of death in testimony of their creed; two centuries later, the war of thirty years ended with the joint prostration of the reformed faith and the ancient nationality of the Czechs of Bohemia. But the trumpet of her resurrection has sounded, and Austria cheerfully

acknowledges the right of all the nationalities in the empire to a political existence, in due subordination to the common good ; while the feelings of the Czechs of Bohemia, turbid and troubled for a while, run clearly and strongly in their natural channel. "Subjects of the house of Austria," say they in a hundred pamphlets, "we are obedient to our sovereign, and send members to the diet of Vienna. If the German confederation be attacked, and Austria be called on to furnish her contingent in either money or men, we are ready to respond to her call ; but we cannot forsake our ancient nationality. Germany has a right to the military contingent, Austria to our political obedience ; but Bohemia and her king have alone the command of our national sympathies."

Forming no part of the German confederation, but intimately connected with it through Austria and Prussia, is the kingdom of Poland, which occupied so splendid a place in the chivalric history of Europe. Few names in middle age stand higher than that of Casimir the Great ; and the day on which Stahrenberg, from the pinnacle of St. Stephen's in Vienna, beheld the sun rise on the Kahlenberg, with the legions of Sobieski deploying to the relief of the city, was one of the most critical events in the history of the world. From the time of Orchan to 1683, the tide of Ottoman conquest was constantly advancing ; from that period to the present generation, Ottoman history has recorded

an almost constant retrocession. In short, Polish chivalry was a reality; but when we get to the eighteenth century, we find that Poland possessed the varnish, but not the pervading reality of modern civilisation. Enormous tracts of country were in the hands of a few families; and the peasantry were in so brutal a state of subjection, that, until 1768, a proprietor could kill a serf without being amenable except to fine. Not one of the hundred links that, in this country, bind in a community of interests the landlord with the humblest cultivator of the soil, was known in Poland. The country was covered with vast forests, miserable villages, and badly tilled fields, with here and there a sumptuous palace, in which the accomplishments of the nobles degenerated into frivolity. With the most attractive social qualities, they were utterly deficient in the stamina and vigour requisite to infuse respect into their political neighbours; and in spite of a noble territory, and a population naturally valiant, the fatal absence of a hereditary monarchy constantly opened a field for foreign intrigue and corruption, and at length presented this unhappy country as a lure to partition.

The partition of Poland in the eighteenth century was undoubtedly both a crime and a blunder; but a crime and a blunder for which the statesmen of our day are not in the slightest degree responsible. I believe that eastern Europe can never be well at ease until the nationality of Poland be re-

constructed ; but this can never come from propagandist plots to massacre the Germans, and anticipatory massacres of the nobles by the peasantry at the instigation of the Germans, as at Tornow in 1846 ; but from a great act of international legislation.

The diplomacy of Europe has hitherto been conducted on the principle of cure rather than of prevention of disease ; it seems, therefore, desirable to reconcile the principle of authority and legitimacy as far as possible with national sympathies by a CONGRESS OF REVIEW, or revisal of the Treaty of Vienna by the powers that signed it, or by a majority of them. In various parts of Europe, right and might being at variance, legitimacy, instead of being cherished as it ought to be, is abhorred and rejected ; and surely if the Treaty of Vienna be the standard of reference, a thorough revisal of it is better than to see it broken by shocks that come like earthquake or bankruptcy.

The only secure basis of such reviewed or revised treaty would be that of *exchange*, to the exclusion of all gratuitous deprivation or donation of territory, or degradation of dynasty, except in the case of the smallest principalities, whose absorption has become unavoidable ; and it seems to me that the tranquillisation of Italy, the re-establishment of Polish nationality, the relief of Austria from her national embarrassments, and of Prussia from her inconvenient geographical configuration, are all to

be accomplished by a simultaneous set of moves on the politico-geographical chessboard of central Europe.

As regards Italy, Austria placing Lombardy at the disposition of the Congress of Review, the house of Hanover might cross the Alps and occupy that throne; while Italian nationality would be gratified by seeing the iron crown encircle the brows of the lineal descendant and representative of the illustrious houses of Guelph and Este.

“Conta costui per genitor latino,
Degli avi Estensi un lungho ordine e certo;
Ma German di cognome e di domino,
Nella gran casa de' Guelfoni è inserto.”

Tasso.

Prussia receiving Hanover, would thus bridge her now unconnected and disjointed halves in Brandenburg and on the Rhine, and might cede Silesia to Austria, as a compensation to that power for the surrender of Lombardy.

Casting our eyes eastward, the kingdom of Galicia, which was the Austrian share of Poland, forms a great half-moon, as a sort of north-eastern glacis to the Carpathians. In the eastern part of Galicia, the substratum of the population is Red-Russian. In the western part, Polish is spoken by the whole people. The Red-Russian part of Galicia, with nearly three millions of souls, would be more than a sufficient compensation to Russia for the cession of that part of the Grand Duchy of

Warsaw which is west of the Vistula, and includes the capital; this, along with the Polish part of Galicia, the Polish part of Posen, and the republic of Cracow, would make a compact little kingdom of five millions of souls, which might be offered to the house of Bavaria, Austria receiving the four millions of German Bavarians in exchange for the nearly five millions of Gallicians. This is not the complete re-establishment of Poland; but it is a much more practicable scheme.

Prussia giving so much, and receiving only Hanover, would come short of her equivalent; for this there would be no remedy but to make up the deficiency in the principalities contiguous to her, beginning with the smallest, until her cessions in territory and population are made up.

Let us, at all events, hope that the fibres that connect Vienna and Berlin with so many provinces, far from being snapped, may be extended; for they centre in hereditary monarchy, which, if blending in harmonious contrast the principles of order and liberty, forms the perfection of human government, as we see in our own happy islands. Attempt to compose a universal German empire, and internal jealousies and rivalries offer insurmountable obstacles; admit a double system, a northern and a Danubian, and the difficulties fly away at once. Russia sees, in a united northern Germany, a fully adequate barrier against French absorption of the German provinces on the left bank of the Rhine;

and France and England procure, in a powerful and united Austria and Hungary, an equipoise to Russia in the south-east. This indispensable division of spheres of action is securely founded on the traditions of the past. Let the Diet of Frankfort invalidate it, and it will rival more mercurial assemblies in the architecture of ruin.

Far from making these remarks in hostility to Russia, I would willingly see her twice as powerful as she now is. If the policy that inspired the Treaty of Unkiar Skelessi be regarded as exponent of her real interests, the formation of a strong Danubian empire would certainly be at variance with them. The accomplishment of this treaty was, according to the Levantine standard of intelligence, the *ne plus ultra* of human ingenuity; but if larger and more statesmanlike views now prevail at St. Petersburg (as I have no doubt they do), the policy that inspired this treaty must be regarded as in diametrical opposition to the true interests of Russia, which consist in evolving her destiny in harmony with the rest of Europe. The military and political expenditure bestowed by her upon Turkey since the war of 1828, combined with a military establishment at home proportioned to the unassailable position of Russia, would, if accumulated for a few years at compound interest, have been sufficient to connect with the capital not only the Black and the Caspian Seas, but to pierce the Oural, and create an uninterrupted concatenation

of railways and river navigation to the Baikal, which might render St. Petersburg one of the great emporia of the China trade. In Wallachia and Moldavia no power seems to have the disposition to interfere with the peculiar relations of Russia to them; and there, as well as in Servia, she has reaped only hatred, openly expressed or thinly disguised, in consequence of the conviction that her wars of liberation were from selfish motives.

Let the truth be spoken. The most brilliant prospects of Russia arise not from influences on the Danube, where, if Austria and Turkey conciliate the Illyrian population, she may always be kept in check; but in the adoption of free-trade, and the cultivation of her own resources, three-fourths of which are still dormant. As the most beautiful statues lie in every quarry, which the perseverance of the excavator and the art of the sculptor may discover to our admiration, what a series of Bacons, Galileos, and Newtons, might be dug out of that mass of Muscovite humanity by a line of benignant and intelligent rulers! With her present territory, Russia stands in far more need of the genius of utilisation than of acquisition; and how infinitely better read in the signs of the times was the philanthropic Alexander, than any mere military monarch that could have occupied his place! Even in the present monarch, how praiseworthy the triumphs of temperament over the allurements of youthful ambition! Could he

follow those tendencies, so rich in results, with a bolder and more unswerving gait, what an emblem of his renown could a future Titian or Rubens transmit to distant ages ; his august and imperial figure averted from the East with its bloody wars and fruitless wiles, and turned to the genius of Europe, who, with outstretched finger, points to the temple of immortal fame, through a lengthening vista of the monuments of art and of science, of wealth, commerce, and civilisation.

And now it is high time to take farewell of the reader, and to quit provinces so suggestive of serious reflection. If Roman Dalmatia reminds us of a unity of the civilised world which was created by military despotism, every tunnel through the Alps of Styria, every mile of fresh railway, must be regarded as a highway of progress to another unity of the European family, of which the bond will be neither the fear of a Proconsul and his legions, nor the name of a conquering race ; but the divine precepts of Christianity, better comprehended in the ordering of international affairs. We have seen in Ragusa, how municipal authority and liberty grew out of the shattered remnants of the Roman Empire. In the subsequent crystallisation of the greater monarchies, we find in the European system a variety and an equipoise, a concomitant civilisation of balanced powers, which has rendered abortive even an approach to an universal monarchy,

in imitation of ancient Rome. In this very eventful year, we have seen Hungary, a kingdom that, for a quarter of a century, has adopted the principle of the subjugation of all races to an illiberal and exclusive nationality, shaken to its very centre; and Austria, to which all Europe foreboded irretrievable destruction, still unsubmerged, still living in the tempest and floating, on the principle that all nationalities have a right to political existence. There are few of the greater monarchies that have been stancher allies of the British Crown, whether in the days of a Marlborough or a Wellington, and in few of the greater monarchies of Europe is the desire for the English alliance less alloyed with jealousy of our maritime or oriental power than Austria. I therefore hope she will weather the storm; but feelings of a higher order lead me to wish that, when the blast is over, she will lose no time in co-operating with the other powers in the erection of the unity of the European family into a permanent system by a diplomarchical constitution, that will make the infraction of a European treaty, by one or more powers, to belong as much to the past as the marauding of Norman barons in the middle ages. Let us all hope that the hour may not be distant when a Congress of Review will, by a series of skilful exchanges, entwine the sympathies of the nations round the principle of legitimacy; and as Man himself, with his genius and his elevation, has succeeded to the platitude of

amphibia, and may yield in turn his tenancy of earth to some more perfectly organised being,—that the time may come when even the unity of the European family may be the mere harbinger of a system that will encircle the globe; when a great book will be opened, and the territories of all kingdoms, principalities, and powers be registered therein; and anathema and annihilation be the inevitable doom of those whom military ambition may render the enemies of the human race. If this revolution of revolutions be awaiting only an adequate extension of existing principles of locomotion, then the shades of an Augustus may envy those of a Watt.



THE END.

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